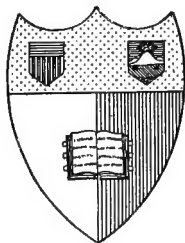


PR  
2753  
D99  
1875  
v.1



**Cornell University Library**

**Ithaca, New York**

FROM THE

**BENNO LOEWY LIBRARY**

COLLECTED BY

**BENNO LOEWY**

1854-1919

BEQUEATHED TO CORNELL UNIVERSITY

---

Date Dec 19 1964

DEC 8 1960

1910, S. A.



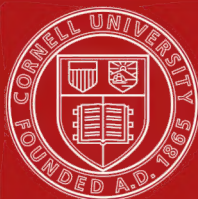
CAT. NO. 23239

Cornell University Library  
PR 2753.D99 1875  
v.1-9

**The works of William Shakespeare;**



3 1924 013 135 003



## Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in  
the Cornell University Library.

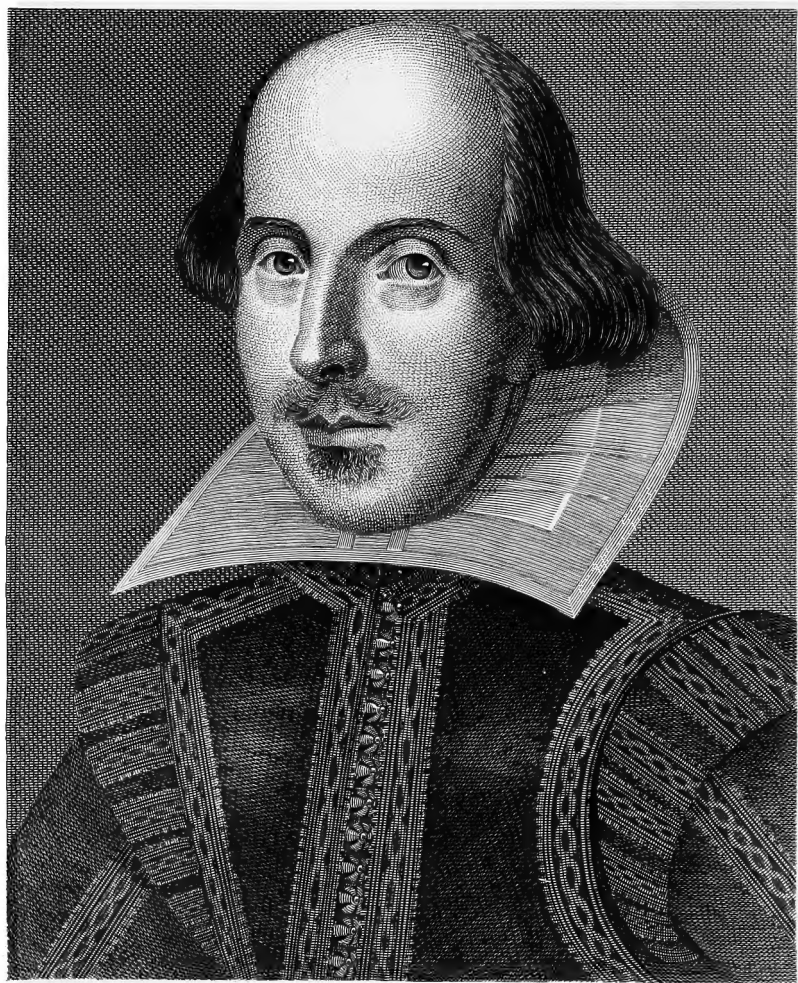
There are no known copyright restrictions in  
the United States on the use of the text.



THE WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:  
ROBSON AND SONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAE ROAD, N.W.





WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE .

*From the Folio of 1623*







THE WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEXT REVISED

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN NINE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

*THIRD EDITION.*

LONDON:  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

1875.

B

D

CORR  
UNIVERS  
LIBRARY

A. 613992

LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY  
OF MICHIGAN

TO

JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.

HISTORIAN, BIOGRAPHER, AND CRITIC,

*This Edition of Shakespeare,*

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF

THE ZEAL WITH WHICH HE PROMOTED ITS PUBLICATION,

IS INSCRIBED BY HIS FRIEND,

ALEXANDER DYCE.





## CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	PAGE
PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION . . . . .	ix
PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION . . . . .	xi
PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1857 . . . . .	1
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE . . . . .	13
SHAKESPEARE'S WILL . . . . .	132
APPENDIX . . . . .	139
EARLY EDITIONS . . . . .	149
DEDICATION, &c. . . . .	158
COMMENDATORY VERSES. . . . .	161
THE TEMPEST . . . . .	171
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA . . . . .	259
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR . . . . .	341
MEASURE FOR MEASURE. . . . .	441



## PREFACE

### TO THE THIRD EDITION.

---

THE latest employment of Mr. Dyce's life was a revision of the second impression of his Edition of Shakespeare. He was on his death-bed when I received from him the copy from which the present book is printed. 'The task on which he had set his heart he had not been able entirely to complete; but there were new touches throughout, and some important changes were made in the first four volumes.

In his first edition, to use his own words, he had too timidly adhered to sundry more than questionable readings of the early copies. His second edition exhibited a text greatly amended in this respect; though he had not less strictly conformed to rules of language and construction drawn from that full and varied knowledge of the phraseology of Shakespeare's age, which made him eminent among English scholars. The result was its acceptance generally as perhaps the nearest approach to a correct text now attainable.

The changes in this third edition had their origin in Mr. Dyce's just dread of the restless ingenuity and imperfect knowledge which have led to so many wanton alterations in our old writers. No longer an over-cautious editor, he is yet very far from an over-bold one. Not many months before his death, he prefaced by a remark to this effect a reprint of Shakespeare's text, unaccompanied by note or commentary, which appeared in the Leipzig series of English books; and the admonitory inscriptions which met the eye

of Spenser's Britomart in the castle of Busyrane, set apart to accompany that reprint, will suitably illustrate the volumes now placed before the reader.

'And as she lookt about, she did behold  
How over that same dore was likewise writ  
*Be bold, be bold*, and every where, *Be bold*.

At last she spyde at that rowme's upper end  
Another yron dore, on which was writ  
*Be not too bold*.'

It is only just that I should not omit, what I think Mr. Dyce would have prominently mentioned if he had himself written a preface to this book, the high opinion he had formed of a pamphlet by the Rev. W. R. Arrowsmith, published while his second edition was in progress, quoted by him before its close, and in the present edition more frequently referred to. I heard Mr. Dyce repeatedly say that he had never seen so forcibly stated, or supported by better examples, what he believed to be the only safe rule of guidance in settling disputed readings.

Mr. Robson, the printer of the two preceding editions, to whom the strongest obligations were expressed by their Editor, has again done invaluable service by his scrupulous attention to the accuracy of Mr. Dyce's text.

JOHN FORSTER.

*September 1874.*

## PREFACE

### TO THE SECOND EDITION.



THE present work is so far from being a reprint of the edition which appeared in 1857, that it exhibits a text altered and amended from beginning to end. Throughout the former edition, influenced, perhaps unconsciously, by the example of Malone and of some later editors (whom the over-boldness of Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, &c. had rendered over-cautious), I was content to allow readings of a much more than doubtful character to retain their places in the text, provided I made mention in the notes how a considerable portion of them had been corrected by critical conjecture. Of the impropriety of such a plan—as tending only to perpetuate error—I am now fully convinced; nor assuredly has my conviction on that head been at all shaken by the recently-published volumes of the Cambridge Shakespeare,<sup>1</sup> in which (whatever its merits in other respects) the editors adhere *passim* to the corruptions of the old copies with a pertinacity akin to that of Mr. Knight, before his superstitious devotion to the first folio had lost something of its fervour.<sup>2</sup> In short, I now believe that an exact reprint of the old text with its multifarious errors forms a more valuable contribution to literature

<sup>1</sup> Vols. i. ii.

<sup>2</sup> In consequence, I apprehend, of my *Remarks*, &c., 1844.



than a semi-corrected text, which, purged here and there of the grossest blunders, continues still, almost in every page, to offend against sense and metre.—If the most eminent classical scholars, in editing the dramas of antiquity, have not scrupled frequently to employ conjecture for the restoration of the text, I cannot understand why an editor of Shakespeare—whose plays have come down to us no less disfigured by corruption than the masterpieces of the Athenian stage—should hesitate to adopt the happiest of the emendations proposed from time to time, during more than a century and a half,<sup>3</sup> by men of great sagacity and learning;—always assuming that the deviations from the early editions are duly recorded. In several instances, when ancient Greek manuscripts have been unexpectedly discovered—among others, the Ravenna manuscript of Aristophanes—they have borne a striking testimony to the value of conjectural criticism; and I make no doubt that, were the original manuscripts of Shakespeare's works miraculously to turn up, we should have proof that his commentators and critics, from Rowe downwards, had retrieved the genuine readings in a vast number of passages, which the ignorance and presumption of the actors, the somnolency of the transcribers, and the carelessness of the player-editors had conspired to ruin.

With reference to the present edition,—I would fain hope that, in ceasing to be a timid editor, I have not become a rash one; and that, in dealing with the corruptions of the early copies, I shall be thought to have properly distinguished between emendations which may be regarded as legitimate, and such extravagant alterations as would almost lead to the conclusion that nature bestows the gift of common sense but

<sup>3</sup> Rowe published his first edition in 1709. At what date Mr. Collier's *Ms. Corrector* "flourished" is still a mystery.

very sparingly. Indeed, I have passed over in silence an immense mass of so-called “corrections” of the latter description,—not a few of which belong to a very recent period. Here, however, it may not be amiss to subjoin some specimens of the newest attempts at the improvement of Shakespeare’s text.—To illustrate the words “*Time and the hour*,”—in a line of *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 3,

“*Time and the hour* runs [or run] through the roughest day,”—

Steevens and Malone adduced from old English writers phraseology almost parallel; and, several years ago, I showed that the expression “*il tempo e l’ora*” occurred in the earlier Italian poets:<sup>4</sup> it might have been presumed therefore that not the slightest suspicion would henceforth attach to the line. But no: Mr. Samuel Bailey declares that it “is not merely tautological, but marked by real incongruity of thought;” and he proposes to read

“*Time’s sandy hour* runs through the roughest day.”<sup>5</sup>

Further on in the same tragedy, act i. sc. 7,—

“Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dress’d yourself? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time  
Such I account thy love.

\* \* \* \* \*

What beast was’t, then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?”—

the same writer detects “four spurious words materially weakening or perverting the sense;” and he gets rid of them by reading

<sup>4</sup> See note *ad l.* in the present edition.

<sup>5</sup> On the Received Text of Shakespeare’s Dramatic Writings, and its Improvement, pp. 89, 90. (The “sandy hour” of “the glass” is an expression which occurs in *The First Part of King Henry VI.* act iv. sc. 2.)

“ Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you *blest* yourself? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it *eyed* so freely? From this time  
Such I account thy *liver*.

\* \* \* \* \*

What *baseness* was't, then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?”

As to the third of these emendations, “*liver*,” Mr. Bailey allows that it “is almost sure to startle the reader, but,” he continues, “I entertain no doubt that on reflection he will become reconciled to it.”<sup>6</sup>—Part of a soliloquy in *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5,—

“ O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!  
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;  
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark: [ *Writing*.  
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;  
It is, ‘ Adieu, adieu! remember me.’  
I have sworn’t,”—

has been reficte*d* as follows by a gentleman whose initials are A. E. B.;<sup>7</sup>

“ O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!  
My tables! meet it is I set it down.—  
That one may smile and smile and be a villain!  
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark;  
So, uncle, there you are!—now to my word;  
It is ‘ Adieu, adieu, remember me.’ [ *Writing*.  
I have sworn it. [ *Having kissed the tables*.”

And lest the passage as altered by A. E. B. should fail to attract the attention it deserves, and should happen not to be clearly understood, Dr. Ingleby has eagerly brought it forward, from the recesses of *Notes and Queries*, as “a true restoration,” and expounds it thus: “Hamlet’s speech is

<sup>6</sup> *Id.* pp. 72-76.

<sup>7</sup> In Dr. Ingleby’s *Complete View of the Shakspeare Controversy*, &c. p. 181, we are told that “A. E. B.” are “Mr. Brae’s well-known [?] initials.”

broken from excitement and impulse. He begins to say that he must set 'it' down; but does not say what. Then comes his admiring comment on the King's smiling villany; then the statement of the known instance. 'So, uncle, there you are!' means *So, uncle, I've found you out!* Then checking himself, he says—'Now to my word' (or 'words,' as the quarto 1608 has it), *i. e.* the thing which he is to set down. 'Meet it is I set *it* down' \* \* \* 'It' is 'Adieu, adieu, adieu [*sic*], remember me!'"<sup>8</sup> On another soliloquy in *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 2,—

" and yet, within a month,—  
Let me not think on't,—Frailty, thy name is woman!—  
A little month; or e'er those shoes were old  
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears;—why, she, even she,—  
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,  
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle," &c.

Dr. Ingleby has tried his own hand: he substitutes

" A little month; or e'er those *shows* were old,  
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears," &c.<sup>9</sup>—

recollecting that Theobald had won praise for altering "shoes" to "*shows*"<sup>10</sup> in *King John*, act ii. sc. 1, and concluding that the change of a word which was good in one place could not but be good in another.—I must be allowed to add, that when I find Dr. Ingleby deliberately proclaiming the "consistency and beauty"<sup>11</sup> of A. E. B.'s "true restoration," and also deliberately depriving the Danish queen of her world-famed "shoes,"—I am no longer surprised at the contempt he expresses<sup>12</sup> for the Ms. Corrector's palmarian emenda-

<sup>8</sup> Ingleby's *Shakspeare Fabrications*, &c. p. 52.

<sup>9</sup> *Id.* pp. 109-112.

<sup>10</sup> One of those emendations which I now blame myself for not admitting in my former edition.

<sup>11</sup> Ingleby's *Shakspeare Fabrications*, &c. p. 53.

<sup>12</sup> *A Complete View of the Shakspeare Controversy*, &c. pp. 239, 350.

tion, "this *bisson multitude*,"<sup>13</sup> and for me because I have adopted it.

The present edition differs from the former as much in the notes as in the text,—the changes made in the text having necessitated equal changes in the notes, which are now more than twice as numerous as before. In marking how the text varies from the old copies, I have not thought it needful to mention such alterations as "thou art" to "thou'rt" (or *vice versâ*), "he will" to "he'll" (or *vice versâ*), "I would" to "I'd" (or *vice versâ*), &c.; and where the old copies have a plural noun with a singular verb I have silently substituted (except in particular cases) a plural verb;—in all which minutizæ the old copies are quite inconsistent.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>13</sup> *Coriolanus*, act iii. sc. 1. "The folio," observes Mr. Grant White *ad l.*, "has the extravagant misprint 'this *Bosome-multiplied*,' which yet remained uncorrected till the discovery of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, and which—so stolidly tenacious is hide-bound conservatism of its *mumpsimus*—has since then found defenders."—In *The Parthenon* for Nov. 1st, 1862, p. 848, the late Mr. W. W. Williams, a critic of no ordinary acuteness, speaking of the "ridiculous blunders in the old copies" of Shakespeare, writes thus; "He [the reader] may not know that, when he finds Hamlet addressing the Queen of Denmark as 'good mother,' the earliest authority makes him apostrophize her as 'coold mother,' and a subsequent one as 'could smother;' that, in the same play, 'the dreadful summit of a cliff' is printed 'the dreadful sonnet of a cliff,' suggestive of cadence, but scarcely of a precipice; and that 'the life-rendering pelican' is presented as 'the life-rendering *Politician*'—a sturdy patriot, ready to 'die upon the floor' of an ornithological House of Commons. Our little friend, 'the temple-haunting martlet,' in *Macbeth*, appears as 'the temple-haunting *Barlet*,'—one of those rare visitants to our shores of which we have not even a stuffed specimen in our museums. That 'white beards' should be transformed into 'white bears' need create no alarm, for one may detect the conjuration as one reads. But there was an old word 'bisson'=blind, whose presence was not so readily recognised. When, in *Coriolanus*, Menenius humorously calls blind eyes 'bisson conspectuities,' the revered folio favours us with '*beesome* conspectuities,'—a thrilling epithet, but certainly misplaced; and when Coriolanus alludes with patrician scorn to the 'bisson multitude,' he is made to vent his sarcasm in '*Bosome-multiplied*'—a compound more curious than caustic—which was 'explained' by Malone, and has since found a chivalrous defender."

<sup>14</sup> This Preface was already in the hands of the printer when a long article on the Cambridge Shakespeare appeared in *The Times* newspaper for Sept. 29, 1863,—a portion of the critique running thus;



—To the last volume is appended a Glossary, wherein the language of the poet, his allusions to customs, &c. are fully explained.

In preparing this edition I have been greatly assisted by the late Sidney Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., and

---

"We should not, however, insist on such inaccuracies as these, were they not accompanied by other errors systematically committed, not from oversight, but from choice. It is well known, for example, that the word *its* was only coming into use in Shakespeare's time. Milton hardly ever used it; the translators of the Bible also avoided it. Shakespeare for the possessive case of *it* sometimes wrote *its*, sometimes *his*, and sometimes *it*. An example of this last is the line,—‘The innocent milk in *it* most innocent mouth;’ and again,—‘Go to *it* grandam, child, and *it* grandam will give it a plum.’ When *it* therefore appears in Shakespeare as the equivalent of *its*, there is a philological interest attached to it which we should expect that the editors of what professes to be a scholarly edition of the plays would respect. Instead of this, they modernize Shakespeare's grammar, and insist upon his writing *its* where in accordance with the usage of the time he wrote *it*. So again, verbs ending in *t* and *d* constantly throughout the original editions of Shakespeare's works are found making their second person singular in *ts* or *ds* instead of *t'st* and *d'st*. This form we find in Burns. In one of his most celebrated songs, addressing a little bird on the banks of Doon, he says,—‘Thou *minds* me o' departed joys.’ When the form occurs in Shakespeare, the editors have determined to ignore it and to modernize it. Another habit of Shakespeare's is to use a noun plural with a verb singular. Every one will remember the song in *Cymbeline* in which we hear of the springs ‘on chalcid flowers that *lies*.’ Now such a grammatical construction as this is frequent in the plays,” &c.

1. With respect to “*it*” and “*its* :”—In the above-cited passage of *King John*, act ii. sc. 1, I retain (with Malone, Mr. Collier, &c.) the “*it*” of the folio; and my reason for doing so is obvious enough from the nature of the passage;

“Do, child, go to *it*’ grandam, child;  
Give grandam kingdom, and *it*’ grandam will  
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:  
There’s a good grandam.”

But in the above-cited line of *The Winter’s Tale*, act iii. sc. 2,—

“The innocent milk in *it* most innocent mouth,”—

I substitute “*its*” for “*it*,” because, unless I were indifferent about preserving consistency, I could not retain “*it*” in that line, and yet in another passage of the same play, act i. sc. 2, print with the folio (the only authority for the text of *The Winter’s Tale*),

“How sometimes nature will betray *it’s* folly,  
*It’s* tenderness, and make itself a pastime,” &c.

To me, who firmly believe—nor am I singular in the belief—that not one of

his *Critical Examination*, &c.,—works which undoubtedly form altogether the most valuable body of verbal criticism on our poet that has yet appeared from the pen of an individual.

Though not relying implicitly on the former work for

Shakespeare's dramas was originally printed from his own manuscript, there is something passing strange in the reviewer's unqualified assertion that Shakespeare "sometimes wrote *its*, sometimes *his*, and sometimes *it*."

2. The statement that "verbs ending in *t* and *d* constantly throughout the original editions of Shakespeare's works are found making their second person singular in *ts* or *ds* instead of *t'st* or *d'st*," is disproved by the following passages, which half-an-hour's cursory examination of the early copies has enabled me to adduce ;

- "Thou *cut'st* my head off with a golden axe."  
*Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 3.
- "Thou *want'st* a rough pash," &c.  
*The Winter's Tale*, act i. sc. 2.
- "And if thou *want'st* a cord," &c.  
*King John*, act iv. sc. 2.
- "*Mett'st* thou my posts?"  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, act i. sc. 5.
- "And start so often when thou *sitt'st* alone."  
*First Part of King Henry IV.* act ii. sc. 3.
- "Nay, Hall, if Percy be alive, thou *get'st* not my sword."  
*Id.* act v. sc. 3.
- "If thou *get'st* any leave of me, hang me."  
*Sec. Part of King Henry IV.* act i. sc. 2.
- "Which, like a usurer, *abound'st* in all."  
*Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 3.
- "Thou *find'st* to be too busy is some danger."  
*Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4.
- "And, England, if my love thou *hold'st* at naught."  
*Id.* act iv. sc. 3.
- "When thou *hold'st* up thy hand."  
*Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. 2.
- "And give the letters which thou *find'st* about me."  
*King Lear*, act iv. sc. 6.
- "Thou *spend'st* such high-day art in praising him."  
*The Merchant of Venice*, act ii. sc. 9.
- "There's not the smallest orb which thou *behold'st*," &c.  
*Id.* act v. sc. i.

3. As to "a noun plural with a verb singular :"—Where the rhyme requires it, as in the case of the above-cited song in *Cymbeline*, act ii. sc. 3,

what concerns the metre of Shakespeare, I yet regard it as an incomparably better authority than the *History of English Rhythms* by Dr. Guest, who, if he has not a proneness to seek

---

“those springs  
On chalic'd flowers that *lies*,”—

an editor must necessarily follow the old copies: but I cannot think that, except where a rhyme is in question, or where some low character happens to be speaking, an editor is called upon to offend his readers by presenting them with nouns plural to verbs singular; for though it is certain that “such a grammatical construction is frequent in the plays” (i. e. in the old copies of the plays), it is also certain that there is no lack in those plays of plural nominatives to plural verbs.

In the same article apud *The Times* the reviewer seems decidedly to approve of the reading printed (not merely, as he tells us, “proposed”) by Capell in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i. sc. 4; according to which Simple, while describing Slender, says,

“he hath but a little *wey-face*, with a little yellow beard, a cane-coloured beard.”

Now, the folio, which alone preserves the complete and corrected text of that comedy, exhibits the passage *literatim* thus;

“he hath but a little *wee-face*; with a little yellow Beard: a Caine coloured Beard;”

while the quartos, which contain only an imperfect text of the first sketch of the play, have in the corresponding passage,

“*Quic.* . . . . And he has as it were a *whay* coloured beard.

*Sim.* Indeed my maisters beard is kane colored;”

which passage of the quartos suggested to Capell his emendation.—When the reviewer objects to the received reading, “a little *wee face*,” that it “gives two epithets of size which mean the same thing,” he cannot be aware how common the use of “*wee*” after “*little*” was formerly; and is even in our own day,—I myself, on many occasions, having heard the lower classes in the north of England and in Scotland apply the double epithet “*little wee*” both to persons and to things. Again, when the reviewer affirms that the folio’s having “*wee face*” hyphenated “is a principal argument in favour of Capell’s reading,” he writes very hastily indeed; for in old books the hyphen is often introduced with strange impropriety (see note 39, p. 424 of this vol., and my note on the words “thin bestainèd cloak” in *King John*, act iv. sc. 3); and just as “*wee-face*” is hyphenated in the folio ed. of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, so “*wee-man*” is hyphenated in the quarto ed. of Heywood’s *Fair Maid of the West*,—in a passage which is itself a host against Capell’s emendation;

“*Bes.* And where dwelt he?

*Clem.* Below here in the next crooked street, at the signe of the Leg. Hee was nothing so tall as I, but a little *wee-man*, and somewhat huckt-backt.” *First Part*, p. 14, ed. 1631.

out, seems to admit, every sort of irregularity in the versification of the Elizabethan dramatists, and, to a considerable extent, to mix up their metrical systems with those not only of the older English but also of the Anglo-Saxon poets. This would render him an unsafe guide for an editor of Shakespeare, even if he did not occasionally give, as examples of certain kinds of versification, lines which he either misquotes, or lines which are manifestly corrupted. E. g. *Hist. of Eng. Rhythms*, vol. i. p. 37 ;

“ ‘ *Let pit|y not | be believ|ed : there | she shook*  
*The holy water from her heavenly eyes.*  
*Lear, 4. 3.* ”

A passage found only in the quartos, and certainly not to be depended upon.

Vol. i. p. 197 ;

“ ‘ *With | such ho|liness : can | you do | it.*  
*[Sec. Part of] H. 6, 2. 1.* ”

Corrupted, and all but nonsense.

Vol. i. p. 218 ;

“ ‘ *Is | my kins|man : whom | the king | hath wrong'd|.*  
*R. 2, 2. 2.* ”

One of the hobbling lines in a speech which has suffered most cruelly from the transcriber or printer.

Vol. i. p. 219 ;

“ ‘ *But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes*  
*With | the love | juice : as | I bid | thee do|?*  
*M. N. D. 3. 2.* ”

Misquoted. The old copies read

“ *With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do.* ”

Vol. i. p. 221 ;

“ ‘ *Nay | if you melt|: then | will she | run mad|.*  
*1 H. 4, 3. 1.* ”

In this line a word is evidently wanting; nor is the old text to be defended by the line which Dr. Guest cites *ibid.*,—

“ ‘Poison’d, ill fare! dead! forsook! cast off.’

*Kg. John*, 5. 7.”—

for in that line “fare” is to be considered as a dissyllable: see Walker’s *Shakespeare’s Versification*, &c. p. 139.

Vol. i. p. 225;

“ ‘Which, look’d on as it is, is nought but shadows  
Of what | is not|: Then, | most gra|cious queen, |  
More than your lord’s departure weep not.’

*R.* 2, 2. 2.”

Misquoted. The old copies have

“Of what *it* is not. Then *thrice*-gracious queen,” &c.

Vol. i. p. 231;

“ ‘Lord Mar|shall command|: our of|ficers | at arms|,\*  
Be ready to direct these home alarmes.’

*R.* 2, 1. 1.”

\* “Fol. Ed. 1623. In the modern Editions the word *Lord* is omitted.”

Surely the modern editors are justified in omitting the word “*Lord*” as an interpolation, when (to say nothing of *the line being the first line of a couplet*) they find in sc. 3 of this act the same speaker (King Richard) saying,

“*Marshal*, demand of yonder champion  
The cause,” &c.

and

“Order the trial, *marshal*, and begin.”

Vol. i. p. 232;

“ ‘We may bold|ly spend|: upon | the hope | of what |  
Is to come in.’

[*First Part of*] *H.* 4, 3 [4], 1.”

Faulty beyond a doubt.

Vol. i. p. 233;

“ ‘In a char|iot of|: ines|tim|able val|ue.’

*Pericles*, 2. 4.”

No such line occurs in the old copies of this dreadfully vitiated play. They have

“When he was seated in a chariot  
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,” &c.

out of which the modern editors have made

“When he was seated, and his daughter with him,  
In a chariot of inestimable value.”

Vol. i. p. 238;

“‘Hu|bert, keep | this boy|: Phil|ip, make up|,  
My mother is assailed in her [our] tent,  
And ta'en I fear.’ *Ky. John*, 3, 2.”

In spite of the four lines of *Anglo-Saxon* (!) which Dr. Guest adduces as similar in metre to the first line of this speech, I feel confident that it is mutilated,—Shakespeare having most probably written

“Hubert, keep *thou* this boy.—Philip, make up,” &c.

Vol. i. p. 238;

“‘Stay|! the king | hath thrown|: his war|der down|.’  
*R.* 2, 1. 3.”

But what says Walker? “Read,—‘*Stay, stay!*’ The situation itself, surely, demands more than the simple ‘*Stay*’.” *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 144. (And the reduplication of the word “*Stay*” was very common;

“*Stay, stay* thy hands! thou art an Amazon,” &c.  
*First Part of King Henry VI.* act i. sc. 2.

“*Stay, stay, I say!*” *Id.* act iii. sc. 1.

“*Stay, stay*, here comes the fool with Apemantus,” &c.  
*Timon of Athens*, act ii. sc. 2.)

Vol. i. p. 239;

“‘Let’s to the sea-side, ho!  
As well to see the vessel that’s come in,  
As | throw out | our eyes|: for brave | Othel|lo.’  
*Othello*, 2. 1.”

Misquoted. The old eds. have

"As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello."

Vol. i. p. 240 ;

"And thus do we of wisdom and of reach  
By indirections find directions out,  
So | *by for|mer lec|ture : and | advice*|,  
Shall you, my son.'

*Hamlet*, 2, 1."

Misquoted. The old eds. have

"So by *my* former lecture and advice," &c.

Vol. i. p. 241 ;

"*See | him pluck | Aufid|ius : down | by the hair*|.' *Cor.* 1, 3."

That Shakespeare wrote

"I see him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair"

(the folio of 1623 having "th' hair") is almost proved by other lines of the speech ;

"Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum,"

and

"Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus."

Vol. i. p. 245 ;

"Come, | for the third, | *Laer|tes : you do | but dul|ly*.'

*Hamlet*, 5, 2."

In this line the folio of 1623 omits "do," and rightly.

Vol. i. p. 250 ;

"Have for|ty miles | to ride | yet : ere din|ner time|.'

1 *Hen.* 4, 3, 3."

The "yet" is plainly an interpolation. (The old eds. read "Have thirty miles," &c.)

Vol. i. p. 250 ;

"The morn|ing comes | upon | us : we'll leave | you, Bru|tus.'

*Jul. Cæs.* 2, 1."

The folio of 1623 has, what the author doubtless wrote,

“The morning comes *upon's* : we'll leave you, Brutus.”

Vol. i. p. 251 ;

“ ‘ *Who wears | my stripes | impress'd | on him : who | must bear |*  
*My beating to the grave.* ’ *Cor. 5, 6.* ”

Misquoted. In the folio of 1623 the passage stands thus ;

“ and his own notion,  
 Who wears my stripes impress'd *upon* him, *that*  
 Must bear my beating to *his* grave, shall join  
 To thrust the lie unto him.”

Vol. i. p. 299 ;

“ ‘ *But room|, fa|ëry : here comes Oberon.*  
*And here my mistress, would that he was [were] gone !* ”  
*M. N. D. 2, 1.* ”

In this passage the substitution of the trisyllabic archaism “faëry” for the “fairy” of the old editions is a most daring and ridiculous device to eke-out the metre of a line from which a word has evidently escaped. Shakespeare, of course, always writes “fairy” and “fairies” as dissyllables ; which words occur more than twenty times in the play now quoted.

Vol. i. p. 303 ;

“ ‘ In [For] that it sav'd me, keep it. In like necessity,  
*Which God protect thee from : it may | protect | thee|.* ’ ”  
*Per. 2, 1.* ”

Who would suppose that the second of these lines stands thus in the old editions,

“The which the gods protect thee, Flame may defend thee”?

Let me dismiss the subject of Shakespeare's metre with this remark :—it has sometimes happened that limping lines in our early dramatists, which had appeared more than suspicious to all except the sworn defenders of a very loose versification (who even recognised in them an “elegant retar-



dation" or "a pause filling up the place of a syllable"), have been found at last to be mutilated, on the discovery of quartos with a correcter text.

Though the frequent occurrence of my friend Mr. W. N. Lettsom's name in the notes is a sufficient proof that I am greatly indebted to him, it by no means shows the full extent of my obligations; for on every one of the plays he has favoured me with not unimportant suggestions, of which I have silently availed myself.

I have to return my thanks to Mr. Bolton Corney and to my fellow-labourer Mr. J. O. Halliwell for some useful information, bibliographical and biographical; to Mr. Swynfen Jervis, not only for various ingenious conjectures, but also for the very kind interest he has taken in my work; and to Mr. Robson, the printer of the present edition, for again rendering me those services which I had occasion to acknowledge at the close of my former Preface.

ALEXANDER DYCE.





## PREFACE

TO THE EDITION OF 1857.

---

PREVIOUS to the publication of the folio edition of Shakespeare's dramatic works in 1623 under the auspices of his fellow-actors Heminge and Condell, seventeen of his plays had appeared in quarto at various dates,—viz. *King Richard the Second*, *King Richard the Third*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Love's Labour's lost*, *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth*, *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth*, *King Henry the Fifth*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Titus Andronicus*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Pericles*, and *Othello*. As I have elsewhere enumerated the different impressions of those quartos (see *List of Editions* in vol. i.), and incidentally noticed their peculiarities (in my introductions to the various plays), I need only observe here, that, though they found their way to the press without the consent either of the author or of the managers, it is certain that nearly all of them were printed, with more or less correctness and completeness, from transcripts of ms. copies belonging to the theatre.

The folio of 1623 includes, with the exception of *Pericles*, the plays which had previously appeared in quarto, and twenty others which till then had remained in manuscript. The title-page of the volume runs thus,—*Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the True Originall Copies*: and in a prefatory address

“To the Great Variety of Readers,”<sup>1</sup> the editors announce what they have done in the following terms: “It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But, since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by

<sup>1</sup> Attributed by Malone and others to Ben Jonson.—In *Notes and Queries*, Sec. Series, vol. iii. p. 8, Mr. Bolton Corney expresses his conviction that Edward Blount “was the real editor” of the folio of 1623: and on that subject he has recently favoured me with several communications, of which I regret that the limits of a note prevent me from giving more than the following portions. “For some years before I ventured to ascribe the editorship of the entire volume to Edward Blount, it had been my firm notion that the two paragraphs of which the address ‘To the Great Variety of Readers’ consists could not have been written by the same person. The affectation of smartness, and the anxiety to vend, which disfigure the first paragraph, are utterly unlike the sober criticism and earnestness of feeling which form the substance of the second. What had Ben Jonson to do with the sale of the volume? What had Heminge and Condell to do with it after the transfer of the copy-right? The persons chiefly interested in the sale of it were W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, J. Smethwick, and W. Aspley; and as Blount had taken up the pen, on various occasions, for more than twenty years,—sometimes writing in a scholar-like way, and sometimes *fantastically*,—to him I am inclined to ascribe the first paragraph of the address. To Heminge and Condell I assign the rest,—and I admire the spirit of it.” After enumerating various works edited by Blount, and among them the *Ars Aulica* of Lorenzo Ducci, 1607, which he dedicated to William Earl of Pembroke and Philip Earl of Montgomery as an expression of his “particular dutie,”—Mr. Corney asks, “Can it be conceived that the other proprietors [of the folio *Shakespeare*, 1623] would not have urged him to edit the volume? Could he decently refuse the office of editor? He had, moreover, a threefold motive to accept it:—1. As a fulfilment of his ‘particular dutie’ to the noble brothers to whom the volume is dedicated; 2. As one of the printers of the volume, and therefore in part responsible for its due execution; and 3. As one of the four publishers at whose charges the volume was printed.” Mr. Corney also suggests that Blount may have had some influence in procuring the commendatory poems prefixed to the volume. The verses by Hugh Holland were not composed for the occasion; but those by I. M. (James Mabbe) would certainly seem to have been written at the desire of Blount, who, in 1623, edited and published Mabbe’s translation of *Guzman de Alfarache* (see note on Mabbe’s verses, p. 165 of the present vol.); and such, too, may have been the case with respect to the verses by Ben Jonson and Leonard Digges, both of whom contributed lines to the romance just mentioned.

When Mr. Corney ascribes to Blount the editorship of the first folio, he, of course, does not mean that Blount had any concern in selecting the materials of which it consists, but that Blount undertook to see through the press the “copy” (a jumble of printed books and manuscripts) which Heminge and Condell had handed over to him:—and how was that task performed? with a carelessness almost unexampled!

death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain, to have collected and published them; and so to have published them as where (before) you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it: his mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." But, as Malone long ago remarked, this statement concerning the imperfections of the quartos one and all "is not strictly true of any but two of the whole number, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *King Henry V.*;"<sup>2</sup> and "the quartos were in general the basis on which the folio editors built."<sup>3</sup> It is demonstrable that Heminge and Condell printed *Much Ado about Nothing* from the quarto of 1600, omitting some short portions and words here and there, and making some trivial changes, mostly for the worse:—that they printed *Love's Labour's lost* from the quarto of 1598, occasionally copying the old errors of the press; and though in a few instances they corrected the text, they more frequently corrupted it; spoilt the continuity of the dialogue in act iii. sc. 1, by omitting several lines, and allowed the preposterous repetitions in act iv. sc. 3, and act v. sc. 2,<sup>4</sup> to stand as in the quarto:—that their text of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* was mainly taken from Roberts's quarto,—by much the inferior of the two quartos of 1600,—its blunders being sometimes followed; and though they amended a few passages, they introduced not a few bad

<sup>2</sup> I need hardly observe that the quarto of *Hamlet*, 1603, which was unknown to Malone, does not form a third exception; for it was entirely superseded by the quarto of 1604.

<sup>3</sup> Preface to *Shakespeare*, 1790.

<sup>4</sup> See notes on *Love's Labour's lost*.

variations, to say nothing of their being chargeable with some small omissions:—that for *The Merchant of Venice* they used Heyes's quarto, 1600, retaining a good many of its misprints; and though in some places they improved the text, their deviations from the quarto are generally either objectionable readings or positive errors:—that in *King Richard II.* they chiefly adhered to the quarto of 1615, copying some of its mistakes; and though they made one or two short additions and some slight emendations, they occasionally corrupted the text, and greatly injured the tragedy by omitting sundry passages, one of which, in act i. sc. 3, extends to twenty-six lines:<sup>5</sup>—that their text of *The First Part of King Henry IV.* is, on the whole, more faulty than that of the incorrect quarto of 1613, from which they printed the play:—that their text of *King Richard III.*,—which materially differs from that of all the quartos, now and then for the better, but oftener perhaps for the worse,—was in some parts printed from the quarto of 1602, as several corresponding errors prove; and though it has many lines not contained in any of the quartos, it leaves out a very striking and characteristic portion of the 2d scene of act iv.,<sup>6</sup> and presents passages here and there which cannot be restored to sense without the assistance of the quartos:—that they formed their text of *Troilus and Cressida* on that of the quarto of 1609, from which some of their many blunders were derived; and though they made important additions in several passages, they omitted other passages, sometimes to the destruction of the sense:—that in *Hamlet*, while they added considerably to the prose-dialogue in act ii. sc. 2, inserted elsewhere lines and words which are wanting in the quartos of 1604, &c., and rectified

<sup>5</sup> “*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

\* \* \* \* \*

The man that mocks at it and sets it light.”

<sup>6</sup> “*Buck.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* How chance the prophet could not at that time

\* \* \* \* \*

I am not in the giving vein to-day.”

various mistakes of those quartos; they,—not to mention minor mutilations of the text, some of them accidental,—omitted in the course of the play about a hundred and sixty verses (including nearly the whole of the 4th scene of act iv.), and left out a portion of the prose-dialogue in act v. sc. 2, besides allowing a multitude of errors to creep in *passim*:—that their text of *King Lear*, though frequently correct where the quartos are incorrect, and containing various lines and words omitted in the quartos, is, on the other hand, not only often incorrect where the quartos are correct, but is mutilated to a surprising extent,—the omissions, if we take prose and verse together, amounting to about two hundred and seventy lines, among which is an admirable portion of the 6th scene of the third act,<sup>7</sup> as well as the whole of the 3d scene of act iv.:—but, not to weary the reader, I refrain from further details, though something might be added concerning their text of *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*, of *Titus Andronicus*, of *Romeo and Juliet*, and of *Othello*.<sup>8</sup> In short, Heminge and Condell made up the folio of 1623, partly from those very quartos which they denounced as worthless, and partly from manuscript stage-copies, some of which had been depraved, in not a few places, by the alterations and “botchery of the players,”<sup>9</sup> and awkwardly mutilated for the purpose of

7 “Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

\* \* \* \* \*

False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?”

<sup>8</sup> I may just notice that in *Othello*’s famous address to the Senate, describing his courtship of Desdemona (who, as her father tells us, was

“a maiden never bold;

Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion

Blush’d at herself”),

the folio has

“My story being done,

She gave me for my pains a world of kisses:

She swore,—in faith, ’twas strange,” &c. (act i. sc. 3);

which is certainly not a misprint, but an *improvement* introduced by some actor who thought that the older reading, “a world of sighs,” was comparatively tame.

<sup>9</sup> Gifford,—note on *Jonson’s Works*, v. 163.

curtailing the pieces in representation.<sup>10</sup>—For the strange inconsistency of such a procedure with what the editors of 1623 professed to do, Mr. W. N. Lettsom has perhaps satisfactorily accounted when he suggests, “that, in their eyes, autographs, transcripts to the third and fourth generation, and printed books, were all much on a level, if they were only used and sanctioned by their company.”<sup>11</sup>—As to the original manuscripts of Shakespeare’s plays, it is altogether improbable that any of them (especially when we recollect that the Globe Theatre was burned down in 1613) should have existed in 1623:—we know, on the testimony of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, that the original manuscript of *The Winter’s Tale*,—one of our poet’s latest compositions,—was “missing” in August 1623.<sup>12</sup>

The editor of the second folio, which appeared in 1632, was alike ignorant of Shakespeare’s phraseology and versification: hence he vitiated the text in numerous instances by capriciously altering what he did not understand, and by interpolating words in lines where he thought the metre halted. All he did in the way of real correction was to set right some of the more obvious mistakes of the first folio, while he left others as he found them, and not unfrequently substituted new errors for the old.—Since whatever changes he made were merely arbitrary,—for he certainly never consulted manuscript copies of the plays,—the second folio cannot be considered as an independent authority.

After what has been said, it is almost unnecessary to add that the text of this edition is eclectic. Mr. Collier justly

<sup>10</sup> With a boldness of assertion similar to that of Shakespeare’s earliest editors,—Humphrey Moseley, in an address “To the Readers,” prefixed to the folio of Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Comedies and Tragedies*, 1647, declares, “now you have both all that was acted, and all that was not; even the perfect full originals, without the least mutilation:” which is certainly not true with respect to two of the plays, *The Humorous Lieutenant* and *The Honest Man’s Fortune*, and is probably untrue with respect to many others. (See my ed. of Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Works*.)

<sup>11</sup> Preface to Walker’s *Shakespeare’s Versification*, &c., p. xvii.

<sup>12</sup> See Introduction to *The Winter’s Tale*.



remarks of *Hamlet*, that "any editor who should content himself with reprinting the folio, without large additions from the quartos, would present but an imperfect notion of the drama as it came from the hand of the poet. The text of 'Hamlet' is, in fact, only to be obtained from a comparison of the editions in quarto and folio:"<sup>13</sup> and the remark is applicable to nearly all the other plays which were first printed in quarto; for even when the quartos do not supply absolute deficiencies, and though in various passages they may be themselves defective or corrupt, they frequently enable us to restore the language of Shakespeare where it has suffered from the tampering of the players.<sup>14</sup>

Of the modern editions of Shakespeare, from Rowe's to the most recent, I need make no mention here. But on the *Emendations* of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, which are still the subject of acrimonious dispute, I feel myself compelled to give an opinion: and, waving the question, for how much of that immense farrago the Corrector is really answerable, I am bound to say, that, with all his ignorance and rashness,—the far greater proportion of his *novæ lectiones* being either

<sup>13</sup> Introd. to *Hamlet*.

<sup>14</sup> That Horne Tooke knew little or nothing of the quartos is manifest: if he had ever examined them even with ordinary attention, it is impossible that a man of his acuteness could have written about the folio in these extravagant terms: "The first Folio, in my opinion, is the only edition worth regarding. And it is much to be wished, that an edition of Shakespeare were given *literatim* according to the first Folio: which is now become so scarce and dear, that few persons can obtain it. For, by the presumptuous license of the dwarfish commentators, who are for ever cutting him down to their own size, we risk the loss of Shakespeare's genuine text; which that Folio assuredly contains; notwithstanding some few slight errors of the press, which might be noted, without altering." *Ἐπεα Περὸνεντα*, &c., vol. ii. 54, ed. 1829. Nor is Mr. Knight's encomium on the folio less extravagant: "Perhaps," he says, "all things considered, there never was a book so correctly printed as the first folio of Shakspeare" (see first note on act iv. sc. 5 of *Troilus and Cressida*): yet throughout his editions Mr. Knight has very great obligations to the quartos.

Mr. Hunter gives the true character of the folio: "Perhaps in the whole annals of English typography there is no record of any book of any extent and any reputation having been dismissed from the press with less care and attention than the first folio." Preface to *New Illust. of Shakespeare*, p. iv.

grossly erroneous or merely impertinent,—he yet deserves our thanks for having successfully removed some corruptions, and must be allowed the honour of having anticipated several happy conjectures of Theobald and others.<sup>15</sup>—Mr. Collier complains of the reception which the *Emendations* have met with in certain quarters:<sup>16</sup> but, even granting that they have

<sup>15</sup> 1863. But the unanimous opinion now is, that the manuscript emendations throughout Mr. Collier's folio, in spite of their antique appearance, are of modern date. See, among other publications on this subject, Mr. Hamilton's *Inquiry into the Genuineness of the Manuscript Corrections in Mr. J. Payne Collier's Annotated Shakspeare*, &c.

<sup>16</sup> In his Preface to *Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton by Coleridge*, &c., Mr. Collier writes at great length about those who have assailed the *Emendations*,—about their animosity to the Corrector and to himself; and, p. lxvi., speaking of what he conceives to be unfair dealing on the part of Mr. Singer, he says, "I dislike using hard words: all who are acquainted with me know that it has never been my practice; but if I acquit Mr. Singer of intentional misrepresentation, the *assertio falsi*, how is he to answer the accusation of *suppressio veri*? Of this minor offence proofs present themselves to me," &c. Further on, after attempting to support the Corrector's foolish alteration in *King Henry the Eighth*, act i. sc. 2,

"I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham  
Is one in your displeasure,"—

Mr. Collier notices certain mistakes in early books which have arisen from "the inability of some people to sound the letter *r*," and then observes, p. lxxxv., that "the most remarkable proof to the same effect occurs in Webster's '*Appius and Virginia*' (*Edit. Dyce*, ii. 160), where this passage is met with as it is printed in the old copy:

'Let not Virginia wate her contemplation  
So high, to call this visit an intrusion.'

It is clear that 'wate' must be wrong, and the editor suggests *waie* (i.e. weigh) as the fit emendation; when he did not see that it is only a blunder of *w* for *r*, because the person who delivered the line could not pronounce the letter *r*: read *rate* for 'wate,' and the whole difficulty vanishes." Now, in my edition of Webster the passage stands *verbatim* thus;

"Let not Virginia rate her contemplation  
So high, to call this visit an intrusion:"

and with the following note;

"*rate*] So the editor of 1816. The old copy, '*wate*.' Qy. if a misprint for '*waie*,' i. e. weigh."

Yet Mr. Collier,—who charges Mr. Singer with want of candour,—most carefully conceals the fact that "*rate*" is the reading in my text of Webster.

1863. In a note in his second edition of *Shakespeare*, vol. iv. p. 375, Mr. Collier, speaking of this passage of Webster, absolutely asserts that the reading "*rate*" never occurred to any one except himself.

not always been fairly criticised, he has himself, in a measure, to blame. He went far to create a prejudice against, if not to provoke a spirit of opposition to, the Corrector's labours *en masse*, when, in the commentary with which he encumbered them, he advocated hundreds of the most unnecessary changes ever devised by perverse ingenuity; and when, moreover, from his limited knowledge of what conjecture had attempted on the poet's text during the eighteenth century, he paraded as novelties a number of alterations already to be found in the editions of Pope, of Hanmer, and elsewhere.—It would seem that Mr. Collier's judgment, nay, his recollection of the phraseology of our old writers, was at times affected by his blind admiration of the Corrector. E. g. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iv. sc. 2, the first folio has

“ Her eyes are grey as glass,” &c. ;

on which line Theobald aptly cites from Chaucer, “ *hire eyen grey as glas.*” But the second folio, by a misprint, has

“ Her eyes are grey as *grass*,” &c.

The Corrector,—who used the second folio,—not perceiving that the error lay in the word “ *grass*,” altered the unoffending epithet “ grey ” to “ *green*,”—

“ Her eyes are *green* as *grass*,” &c. ;

“ *and such*,” says Mr. Collier, “ *we have good reason to suppose was the true reading* ;” though a little before he admits that the first folio “ may be right.” In *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth*, act iv. sc. 1, the old copies have

“ and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet and a point of war.”

The Corrector substitutes

“ and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet and *report* of war ;”

which Mr. Collier declares “ *ought to be printed in future*,” for “ *here ‘ point of war ’ can have no meaning :*” yet Mr. Col-

lier formerly edited an early drama which contains the following passage ;

“ Matrevers, thou  
Sound proudly here a perfect *point of war*  
In honour of thy sovereign's safe return.”

Peele's *Edward I.*,—Dodsley's *Old Plays*,  
vol. xi. 13, ed. Collier.

But enough of the Ms. Corrector's *Emendations*, with their particles of golden ore and their abundant dross.

When, at the desire of Mr. Moxon, I undertook this edition of Shakespeare,—with a reluctance arising from the conviction that, even if it proved not wholly unacceptable to others, it must fail to satisfy myself,—the arrangement was, that I should merely revise the text, without adding notes of any kind. But it soon became evident that, though notes explanatory of words, manners, customs, &c. might not be essentially necessary (for with such matters the reader is often as conversant as the editor<sup>17</sup>), yet notes regarding the formation of the text were indispensable. Hence it is, that an edition originally meant to be entirely free from annotation comprises a considerable quantity of notes :<sup>18</sup>—in disjoining which from the text, and placing them at the end of each play respectively, I have consulted the taste of those who have little relish for the minutiae of verbal criticism.

It was also originally understood between the publisher and myself, that I should not be required to supply the memoir of Shakespeare intended to accompany the present edition : circumstances, however, which it is needless to explain, eventually imposed on me that ungrateful task. Owing to the scantiness of materials for his history, and to our ignorance of what we most wish to know concerning him, a Life of Shakespeare, in spite of its subject, is generally among the least readable efforts of the biographer : and I cannot but

<sup>17</sup> 1863. In the above remark I have been thought to overrate the knowledge of the general reader ; and hence the Glossary to the present edition.

<sup>18</sup> 1863. Now enlarged to more than double the number.

feel that, if my own memoir of the poet has any claim to another character, it is solely on account of its comparative shortness.

I have to return my best thanks to Mr. W. N. Lettson for the extracts from the late Sidney Walker's unpublished papers on Shakespeare, as well as for his own critical remarks, with which from time to time he furnished me; to Mr. John Forster, for much kind and judicious advice on various points of difficulty; and to Mr. Singer, for his prompt assistance whenever I had occasion to request it: nor ought I to conclude without acknowledging my obligations to Mr. Robson, from whose press the present edition comes forth, not only for the care he has bestowed in revising the sheets with an eye to verbal correctness, but for innumerable suggestions during the whole progress of the work.

A. DYCE.

*December 1857.*



SOME ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

---

“ALL that is known with any degree of certainty, concerning Shakespeare, is—that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon—married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried.”<sup>1</sup> Such is the remark made long ago by one of the most acute of his commentators: and even at the present day,—notwithstanding some additional notices of Shakespeare which have been more recently discovered,—the truth of the remark can hardly fail to be felt and acknowledged by all, except by professed antiquaries, with whom the mere mention of a name in whatever kind of document assumes the character of an important fact.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Note by Steevens on Shakespeare's xciii<sup>d</sup> *Sonnet*.

<sup>2</sup> “All that insatiable curiosity and unwearied diligence have hitherto detected about Shakespeare serves rather to disappoint and perplex us, than to furnish the slightest illustration of his character. It is not the register of his baptism, or the draft of his will, or the orthography of his name that we seek. No letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, no character of him drawn with any fullness by a contemporary has been produced.—*Note*. I am not much inclined to qualify this paragraph in consequence of the petty circumstances relating to Shakespeare

Shakespeares abounded in Warwickshire: they were settled there as early as the fourteenth century; and, soon after, they spread themselves, in various branches, through the country: but genealogical inquiry has as yet been able to throw little light on the pedigree of the dramatist.—We have every reason to believe that his father, John Shakespeare, was the son of Richard Shakespeare, a substantial farmer at Snitterfield.<sup>3</sup> In 1552 we find John Shakespeare resident in Henley-street,<sup>4</sup> Stratford-upon-Avon; but his employment at that period is not recorded. In 1556 he was carrying on the business of a glover.<sup>5</sup> He did not, however, confine himself to glove-making,—he was also engaged in

---

which have been lately brought to light, and which rather confirm than otherwise what I have said.” Hallam’s *Introd. to the Liter. of Europe*, ii. 176, ed. 1843.

<sup>3</sup> Three miles from Stratford.—Richard Shakespeare of Snitterfield was a tenant of Robert Arden, whose daughter John Shakespeare married: at Snitterfield, too, lived a Henry Shakespeare; and John Shakespeare had a brother named Henry. (Mr. Collier first offered the conjecture, that Richard Shakespeare was the poet’s grandfather.)

<sup>4</sup> As is shown by a Court Roll, dated April 29th, 1552, in the Carlton Ride Record Office: “Item [juratores] præsent. super sacramentum suum quod Humfrudus Reynoldes (xij.<sup>d</sup>) Adrianus Quayney (xij.<sup>d</sup>) et Johannes Shakyspere (xij.<sup>d</sup>) fecerunt sterquinarium in vico vocato Hendley Strete contra ordinationem curiæ. Ideo ipsi in misericordia, ut patet.”

<sup>5</sup> This is proved by the following extract from the register of the proceedings of the bailiff’s court;—at least, there seems to be little or no doubt that the “Johannem Shakyspere” mentioned in it was the father of the poet;

“Stretford, ss. Cur. Philippi et Mariæ, Dei gratia regis et reginæ Angliæ, Hispaniarum, &c. secundo et tercio, ibidem tent. die Mercurii, videlicet xvij<sup>o</sup> die Junii, anno prædicto [1556], coram Johanni Burbage ballivo, &c.

“Thomas Siche de Arscotte in com. Wigorn. queritur versus Johannem Shakyspere de Stretford in com. Warwici *glover* in placito quod redd. ei octo libras,” &c. (i.e. Thomas Siche brings an action against John Shakespeare *glover* for the sum of £8.)



agricultural pursuits:<sup>6</sup> and it would seem that eventually he abandoned the glove-trade entirely; for he is styled “yeoman” in a deed dated 1579,—his name occurs in a list of “the *gentlemen and freeholders*” in Barlichway hundred, 1580,—and he is again called “yeoman” in a deed dated January 1596-7.—According to Aubrey, he was “a butcher;”<sup>7</sup> according to Rowe, “a considerable dealer in wool:”<sup>8</sup> and perhaps these several traditions are not utterly at variance either with each other or with what has been just mentioned; for if he was a yeoman, he might have raised for the market both sheep and cattle, which might occasionally have been killed on his own premises; and, in that case, he would have had wool to sell. But such an hypothesis is unsatisfactory: and, as John Shakespeare appears to have tried sundry occupations, it is not unlikely that at one period he was a butcher,<sup>9</sup> and at another a wool-stapler.

<sup>6</sup> In 1556 he brought an action against a certain Henry Fyld [Field] for unjustly detaining eighteen quarters of barley (“quæ ei injuste detinet”); and in 1564 he was paid by the Corporation “for a pec tymbur iijs.”

<sup>7</sup> “His [William Shakespeare’s] father was a butcher.” Aubrey’s *Mss. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*—What Aubrey immediately adds to these words will be afterwards cited.—We shall presently see, too,—and it is not a little remarkable,—that in 1693, the parish-clerk of Stratford, who was then more than eighty years old, asserted that our poet was “bound apprentice to a butcher.”

<sup>8</sup> *Life of Shakespeare.*

<sup>9</sup> “*Ralph Cawdrey, one of the aldermen of Stratford, at the time our poet was born, was a butcher, and was bailiff of the borough the very year before Mr. John Shakespeare filled that office.*” Malone’s *Life of*

On April 30th, 1557, he was marked one of the jury of the court leet, but not sworn; and on Sept. 30th, 1558, he was one of a like jury. In the former year he was also appointed an ale-taster; and soon after Michaelmas he was chosen a burgess. On Sept. 30th, 1558, and again on Oct. 6th, 1559, he was elected constable. On the day last mentioned, and again in May 1561, he was made an affeeror. In Sept. 1561, he was elected one of the chamberlains, and filled the office two years. On July 4th, 1565, he was chosen an alderman. From Michaelmas 1568 to Michaelmas 1569 he served as high-bailiff. On Sept. 5th, 1571, he was elected chief alderman for the ensuing year.—It may be added that in those days few of the Corporation of Stratford could write their names, and that among the markmen was John Shakespeare.

He married Mary,<sup>10</sup> the youngest daughter of Robert

---

*Shakespeare*, p. 71. Malone, however, thinks that in Aubrey's account John Shakespeare and his son William have been confounded with *Thomas Shakespeare, a butcher at Warwick, and his son John*, who in March 1609-10 was bound apprentice to William Jaggard the stationer, and who was admitted to his freedom May 22, 1617, &c.: but it is altogether unlikely that tradition should have mistaken the far-famed dramatist for Jaggard's insignificant apprentice.

<sup>10</sup> She was the youngest of the seven daughters of Robert Arden by his first wife, whose maiden name is not known. His second wife, Agnes Arden, was the widow of a person named Hill: her maiden name was Webbe.—1863. I have not altered this note (which is founded on the researches of the late Joseph Hunter): but I am now given to understand that it most probably contains at least one mis-statement. The exact truth must be left for those to discover who are more skilful in tracing pedigrees than myself.

Arden, of Wilmecote,<sup>11</sup> then deceased; who, though described in documents of the time as “husbandman,” appears to have been a considerable landed proprietor.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>11</sup> “A hamlet, partly in the parish of Stratford, and partly in Aston Cantlowe.” Halliwell’s *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 7, folio ed.

<sup>12</sup> 1863. What follows is extracted from *The Herald and Genealogist*, Part vi.

“But even as regards the Ardens all is not so clear as has been imagined. The Ardens of Wilmecote are unnoticed by the historian of Warwickshire, or by his editor, Dr. Thomas. Had they been gentry, it is probable that some epitaph or other memorial of them would have occurred at the place of their residence. They were attached by Malone to the main tree of the Warwickshire Ardens, who appear in the Visitations as having descended from Robert, a younger brother of John Arden or Arderne, of Parkhall, in the parish of Curdworth, who was ‘squire for the body to King Henry VII.’ Mr. Hunter accepted that affiliation.\* Having found the names of Thomas and Robert Arden at Wilmecote in some papers relating to taxation among the Exchequer records, he remarks,

‘Let any one observe the date of this will (that of John Arden, esquire for the body to Henry the Seventh), which is June 4, 1526, and bear in mind that Robert Arden, of Wilmecote, was a gentleman, and entitled to the same coat-armour which this testator used, and he may be disposed to come to the conclusion that the Thomas and Robert Arden of Wilmecote, of 1524, are the two brothers of that name mentioned in the will, and that this Robert, or another Robert, the son of Thomas or Robert, is the Robert Arden of Wilmecote, who made his will in 1556, and left a good amount of property to his youngest daughter, Mary Arden, one of his co-heiresses, who in the next year became the wife of John Shakespeare.’ (p. 34.)

Again, in p. 35, ‘But though we owe nothing to the heralds for the line of Arden of Wilmecote beyond the assertion that they were *gentlemen of worship*, and entitled to the ancient arms of Arden, we receive at their hands,’ &c.

Malone had discovered, and published, the grants made by Henry VII. to a Robert Arden, who is described in the patents as *unus gacionum camera nostræ*. They consisted of the keepership of two parks, and a gift of the manor of Yoxall in Staffordshire; but Mr. Hunter himself suggests, ‘That those grants to Arden which Mr. Malone has published belong to Arden of Wilmecote may be doubted, till some more decisive evidence is produced.’ (p. 37.)

---

\* “See his ‘New Illustrations of Shakespeare,’ 1845, vol. i. pp. 33-43.”

The marriage, it would seem, took place towards the close of 1557; for Mary Arden was unmarried on Nov.

---

Had Mr. Hunter turned to the parish of Yoxall, in Shaw's History of Staffordshire, he would have found still further reason to doubt the identity of the grantee of Yoxall, and the yeoman of Wilmcote. The epitaphs of the Ardens in the church of Yoxall there printed come down as late as the year 1783: and one of them (dated 1729), which commences—

Near this Monument, in the burying-place of the Family since their coming to Longcroft, lie the remains of HENRY ARDEN, esq. of the antient and worthy Family of the Ardens of Warwickshire,—

is accompanied by the Warwickshire coat, viz. Ermine, a fess chequy gules and azure.\* Further, in p. 102 of the same work will be found the pedigree of Arden of Longcroft, in the parish of Yoxall, deduced from Simon Arden, second son of Thomas Arden, of Parkhall, co. Warwick, esq. down to the Rev. John Arden, 'now living at Longcroft, and minister of King's Bromley,' whose youngest son had been born in March, 1796. The said Simon, at the head of the pedigree, is styled 'Symon Arden *esquire*' at the subsidy gathered in 32 Eliz. (1590).† On the other hand, the researches of Mr. Payne Collier have determined the contemporary status of the Ardens of Wilmcote. In two deeds, bearing date 1550, Robert Arden, of Wilmcote, appears only a 'husbandman,'—'Robertus Arden de Wilmecote in parochia de Aston Cantlowe in comitatu Warwici, *husbandman*.' *Life of Shakespeare*, 1844, p. lxxiii.

Yet neither Mr. Collier, nor Mr. Halliwell, nor any other of the recent biographers, has proceeded to doubt the engrafting of the Ardens of Wilmcote upon the great house commemorated in the Visitations; which engrafting, as we have remarked, was done by Malone, and not questioned by Hunter. The latter relied upon the assertion of the heralds (in the grants of arms to Shakespere) that 'Robert Arden was a *gentleman*,' and 'entitled to the same coat-armour' as John Arden, Esq., who died in 1526. We now find that he was a *husbandman*,‡ and on

---

\* "Shaw's History of Staffordshire, vol. i. p. 100." † "Ibid. p. 99."

‡ "The wills of Robert Arden and of Agnes his widow have been found, and were published, the former by Malone, the latter by Hunter. They are given, more literally, by Halliwell, *Life of Shakespeare*, 8vo, 1848, pp. 6, 12. Neither document presents evidence of a status in society higher than that of the 'husbandman.'"

24th, 1556, the date of her father's will (which was proved on the 16th of the Dec. following), and her first child, Joan, was baptized Sept. 15th, 1558,—her first child, at least, of whom there is mention in the Stratford baptismal registers, which do not commence till March of that year. Mary Arden inherited, under her father's will, a small estate at Wilmecote called Ashbies,<sup>13</sup> and the sum of six pounds, thirteen shillings, and four-pence: she also brought to her husband the interest in two tenements at Snitterfield; and, besides the estate of Ashbies, she appears to have had an interest in certain other land at Wilmecote.<sup>14</sup>

There can be little doubt that, during the earlier part of his career, John Shakespeare's circumstances were easy, though not affluent. On October 2d, 1556, the copyhold of a house in Greenhill-street, and that of another in Henley-street, were assigned to him; the

---

the heralds' own confession we shall see that he was *not entitled to the same coat-armour* as the great family. This admission on the part of the heralds escaped the notice of Mr. Hunter, and it has hitherto escaped every one else: and it affords a remarkable example how much the valuable aid afforded by heraldry to historical researches is disregarded by those to whom it would prove most useful." pp. 501-3.—For the continuation of what has just been cited, see note 27\*, p. 21.

<sup>13</sup> "Ashbies is variously described in different records as consisting of fifty, fifty-four, and fifty-six acres, but the probability is that it comprised fifty-four acres. The balance of evidence seems to be in favour of that estimate. There was also a residence upon this property, and, according to a fine dated 1579, there were two houses and two gardens," &c. *Ibid.* p. 28.

<sup>14</sup> See note of a fine in the Chapter House, printed by Mr. Halliwell, *ibid.* p. 53.

former house having a garden and croft attached to it, the latter a garden only.<sup>15</sup> In 1564, when Stratford was visited by the plague, his donations towards the relief of the poor “seem to denote a moderate, though not the lowest, rank among the contributors.”<sup>16</sup> In 1570 he rented a farm of about fourteen acres, known by the name of “Ingon, *alias* Ingon meadow;” and in 1575 he purchased for forty pounds a property consisting of two freehold houses<sup>17</sup> in Henley-street, with gardens and orchards annexed.

But before 1578 his affairs had become greatly embarrassed. In that year he and his wife mortgaged to Edmund Lambert<sup>18</sup> for forty pounds the estate of Ashbies. They also sold to Robert Webbe their interest in the tenements at Snitterfield: according to the indenture of sale, dated October 15th, 1579, the purchase-money was four pounds; but from a fine preserved in the Chapter-House, Westminster, dated in Easter Term,

<sup>15</sup> It is not known how long he remained possessor of the premises in Greenhill-street: but as late as 1590 he certainly owned the copyhold in Henley-street, as well as another copyhold tenement in the same locality, for they are mentioned in a survey made during that year. See Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, pp. 24, 31, folio ed.

<sup>16</sup> Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 83.

<sup>17</sup> Mr. Halliwell thinks “it admits of a doubt whether Shakespeare's father did not occupy the whole as one tenement. A minute examination of some deeds relating to the property has nearly convinced me that this must have been the case, and that it was not formed into two houses until long after the birth of Shakespeare.” *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 32, folio ed.

<sup>18</sup> Joan Arden, the sister of Mary Shakespeare, was married to an Edward Lambert.

22 Eliz. 1580, it appears that the reversionary interest<sup>18\*</sup> on the same property was parted with to the same Robert Webbe for forty pounds.—We find, too, in the notes of the proceedings of the Corporation, and in the registry of the Court of Record, at Stratford, a series of entries, which, taken together, sufficiently indicate John Shakespeare's failing fortunes. When it was agreed, Jan. 29th, 1577-8,<sup>19</sup> that every alderman should "paye towards the furniture of thre pikemen, ij billmen, and one archer, vjs. iiij*d.*," John Shakespeare was required to pay only "iijs. iiij*d.*" On the 19th of Nov. next, when it was ordered that every alderman should contribute fourpence a week for the relief of the poor, it was determined that he should "not be taxed to paye anythyng." In an account of money levied on the inhabitants of Stratford, March 11th, 1578-9, for the purchase of armour and defensive weapons, his name occurs among the defaulters. On "Jan. 19, 28 Eliz." the return made to a *distringas* was—"quod prædictus Johannes Shackspere nihil habet unde distringi potest. Ideo fiat capias versus eundem Johannem Shackspere," &c.: and on Feb. 16th, and again on March 2d, a *capias* was issued against him. In the same year he

<sup>18\*</sup> On the death of Agnes Arden : see note 10, p. 16.

<sup>19</sup> In a list of debts due to Roger Sadler, a baker at Stratford, appended to his will, dated Nov. 14th, of the same year, is "Item of Edmonde Lambarte and . . . Cornishe for the debte of Mr. John Shaksper, *vli.*" This debt probably was included in the moneys which (see p. 20) John and Mary Shakespeare allowed that they owed to Edmund Lambert.

was deprived of his alderman's gown: "[Sept. 6, 1586.] At thys halle William Smythe and Richard Courte are chosen to be aldermen in the places of John Wheler and John Shaxpere; for that Mr. Wheler dothe desyre to be put owt of the companye, and Mr. Shaxpere dothe not come to the halles when they be warned, nor hathe not done of longe tyme."<sup>20</sup> On "Mar. 29, 29 Eliz." he produced a writ of *habeas corpus* in the Stratford Court of Record,—“Johannes Shakesper protulit breve dominæ reginæ de habeas corpus cum causa,” &c.; from which it may be gathered that he was in custody or imprisoned for debt: and the registry of the same court might be cited to show that several years later he was still in difficulties.—Such is also the testimony of a document derived from a different source, which moreover exhibits him as lying under the suspicion of nonconformity. Eight commissioners (Sir Thomas Lucy, Sir Fulke Greville, &c.) were appointed to make inquiries respecting Jesuits, priests, and recusants, in Warwickshire; and the result of their inquiries, dated Sept. 25th, 1592,<sup>21</sup> is extant in the State-Paper Office. The return for “the hundred of Barlichewaye in the

<sup>20</sup> Mr. Halliwell thinks that the “absences” of John Shakespeare were occasioned by his wish to withdraw himself from the Corporation, and that they imply his ability to pay the fines for non-attendance. *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 64, folio ed. But let this entry prove what it may, we have ample evidence of his distress without it.

<sup>21</sup> During this same year John Shakespeare assisted on two occasions in taking inventories of the goods of persons deceased; which perhaps argues that the impaired state of his finances had not brought him into discredit with his neighbours.



parrishe of Stratford upon Avon" is headed "The names of all sutch recusantes as have bene hearetofore presented for not comminge monethlie to the church according to hir Majesties lawes, and yet are thoughte to forbear the church for debtt and for feare of processe, or for soom other worse faultes, or for age, sicknesses, or impotencye of bodie;" and among the names of nine men subjoined,<sup>22</sup>—with a memorandum opposite to them, "It is sayd that these laste nine coom not to church for feare of processe for debtte,"<sup>23</sup>—the name of "Mr. John Shackespere" stands third. Hence it certainly would seem that dislike of the established worship was not the cause of his absenting himself from church:<sup>24</sup> and we must recollect too, that as a member of the Corporation he had taken the customary oath.—In concluding this account of his embarrassments, it is proper to mention that they were never so extreme as to compel him to part with the freehold houses (or house<sup>25</sup>) in Henley-street.<sup>26</sup>

<sup>22</sup> Followed by the names of six women.

<sup>23</sup> In the original copies of the presentments at Warwick Castle, the memorandum runs thus, "Wee suspect theese nyne persons next ensuinge absent themselves for feare of prosses."

<sup>24</sup> Mr. Collier (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. 109, sec. ed.) thinks that he could not have been arrested on a Sunday; but the words of the document are express to the contrary.

<sup>25</sup> See note 17, p. 16<sup>d</sup>.

<sup>26</sup> In Jan. 1596-7 he made over to George Badger a small piece of ground—"a narrow slip extending the whole length between Henley-street and the Guild Pits" (see Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 33, folio ed.): but he would seem to have parted with it merely to accommodate his neighbour Badger.

In 1597, John and Mary Shakespeare filed a bill in Chancery, for the recovery of the estate of Ashbies, against John Lambert, son of the Edmund Lambert, to whom in 1578 they had mortgaged that property for forty pounds, on the condition that it should revert to them, if they repaid the money on or before Michaelmas-day 1580. They alleged that the money in discharge had been tendered to Edmund Lambert, who had refused to receive it unless other moneys which they confessed they owed him were also paid: and it was only to be expected that they should contrast the palmy state of the defendant with their own less fortunate condition,—“the sayde John Lamberte ys of greate wealthe and abilitie and well frended and alied amongst gentlemen and freeholders of the countrey in the saide countie of Warwicke where he dwelleth, and your saide oratours are of small wealthe and verey fewe frends and alyance in the saide countie.” In his answer to this bill John Lambert denied that the money had been tendered, and maintained that by his father’s death he had become legally possessed of the estate. His answer drew forth a replication from the complainants, in which they reiterated their former statements. How the business ended is not known: perhaps it was settled by some private arrangement, for no decree in the case has been discovered.—That John Shakespeare and his wife should have attempted to carry on so expensive a law-suit without pecuniary assistance from their son the dramatist is altogether unlikely: he was then in the receipt of a considerable income; and per-

haps it was solely by his advice that the proceedings were instituted.

In the Heralds' College are two drafts of a grant of arms by Dethick to John Shakespeare,<sup>27</sup> dated 1596, and a draft of another grant by Dethick and Camden, dated 1599; the second grant authorizing him to impale with his own bearings those of Arden.<sup>27\*</sup>

<sup>27</sup> If we could rely on a note at the bottom of one of the drafts of 1596, we must believe that long before that date John Shakespeare had been in communication with the heralds: "This John showeth a paterne thereof [i. e. a trick of the arms] under Clarent. Cooke's hand in paper xx. years past." But the said note is no more borne out by facts than the other notes which accompany it: and some have not scrupled to assert that these notes originated with Dethick, when he wished to clear himself from the charge of having granted arms improperly, and to John Shakespeare among others.—So I wrote in 1857: but, according to *The Herald and Genealogist*, Part vi., the notes in question are not without "claim to be credited." p. 500.

<sup>27\*</sup> 1863. The subjoined extract is the continuation of what I have cited in note 12, p. 16<sup>a</sup>, from *The Herald and Genealogist*, Part vi.

"The arms of Arden of Parkhall, in the parish of Curdworth, of which John Arden was chief, were: *Ermine, a fess checquy or and azure*,—a feudal coat derived from that of the Earldom of Warwick, Checquy or and azure, a chevron ermine.

The coat which was granted by Dethick and Camden to be quartered with Shakespere for Arden of Wilmcote was *Gules, three crosslets fitchée and a chief or, with a martlet for difference*—a coat totally different from the former.

There was every inclination on the part of Dethick, or whoever was the herald who made this sketch,\* to assign to Mistress Shakespere the coat of the Warwickshire Ardens; but his resolution failed. We see that, after the fess checquy was sketched in the first instance, it is scratched through, and the coat of cross-crosslets and a chief is placed in the margin instead. It evidently occurred to the herald's recollection

---

\* "Tricked in the margin of the draft grant of 1599" [and given here in *The Herald and Genealogist*].

—The mention made in these documents of the ancestors of John Shakespeare having been advanced and rewarded for their services by King Henry the Seventh is not a little perplexing: we find no memorial of any honours or rewards bestowed by that monarch on any person named Shakespeare. Are we, therefore, to refer the expressions, not to the ancestors of John Shakespeare, but to those of his wife? or must we regard them as mere flourishes of the heralds, by whom applicants were sometimes furnished with ancestors as well

---

that the Ardens of Parkhall were still flourishing among the gentry of Warwickshire,—a family of high connections, which in the three generations contemporary with Shakespere matched with Throckmorton, Corbet, and Fielding; and he could not venture so far as to proclaim, without proof, that their humble namesakes at Wilmcote were an offshoot from them. That such was really the case is still very probable; though not in the way which Mr. Malone and his followers in Shakesperian biography have assumed.

If it be inquired how it was that the heralds were so bold in their verbal assertions, and yet so timid in their actual concession of armorial insignia, it may be explained by a state of general knowledge very different to our own. Whilst letters were comparatively little understood, the language of arms was one which was then appreciated by those who had not learned their letters. Besides, it has to be considered that a grant of arms, though termed ‘patent,’ was really known but to few; and it was a document held by the family in whose favour it was issued; but the arms themselves were actually published to the world, were canvassed by the neighbours, and if unfairly acquired were as certainly disputed. So that in both respects the usages of Shakespere’s day placed the undue assumption of arms or of pedigree in a position the reverse of our modern reception and estimation of such matters.

The coat of the crosslets fitchée was really that of the Ardernes of Alvanley in Cheshire, and which has descended to the Lords Alvanley of our own day. It first appears upon a seal used by Sir Peter de Arderne of Aldford in the same county in the 17th of Edward I., which seal is

as with coat-armour?—In all probability John Shakespeare sought this distinction at the instance of his son William, whose profession of actor prohibited him from directly soliciting it for himself: and we certainly need not doubt that before 1599 the prosperity of the son had secured the father, during the remainder of his days, against any recurrence of those difficulties which had so long beset him.

According to Rowe, John and Mary Shakespeare

---

attached to a charter now in the possession of the historian of Cheshire. There would of course be the same reasons against the coat of Arden of Albanley being assigned as a quartering to Shakespeare, as applied to Arden of Parkhall, besides the greater improbability that the Ardens of Wilmcote had branched off from that more distant race; but, as Cheshire was further away, there was not the same danger of dispute.

It is still remarkable that this quartering, so far as we know, was *not actually assumed by Shakespeare*. Upon his monument in Stratford church the arms of Shakespeare appear alone. No armorial seal of Shakespeare has been discovered; but on that of the Poet's daughter Susanna the coat of Shakespeare alone is impaled with Hall. Nor even in any heraldic manuscript has there been found a quartering of Shakespeare and Arden.

From this it might be argued that the second patent did *not* pass, but only the first. If so, what becomes of the Poet's passionate love for the distinctions of Heraldry?

Some of those writers who have considered these matters have supposed that the grant of 1596 was not perfected, and that therefore the application was resumed in 1599. We are inclined to think that both grants were duly executed. The former bears a precise date, the 20th Oct. 1596; the date of the latter is in part accidentally torn away. A second patent was requisite in order to enable the Shakespeares to quarter arms for Arden; and, as we have already seen, there was great doubt what those arms should be. Therefore it was that a second application was made to the Office of Arms." pp. 503-5.

had "ten children in all;"<sup>28</sup> but no more than eight<sup>29</sup> are known from the Stratford registers, which give the dates of their baptisms in the following order: Joan, Sept. 15th, 1558; Margaret, Dec. 2d, 1562; William, April 26th, 1564; Gilbert, Oct. 13th, 1566; Joan, April 15th, 1569; Anne, Sept. 28th, 1571; Richard, March 11th, 1573-4; Edmund, May 3d, 1580.—The first Joan must have died an infant, though the entry of her burial has not been discovered in the register. Margaret and Anne were cut off immaturity: the former was buried April 30th, 1563, the latter April 4th, 1579. Gilbert, the second Joan, Richard, and Edmund, will afterwards be mentioned in the course of this Memoir.

The baptism of William Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon is thus recorded in the register,—

"1564, April 26, Gulielmus filius Johannes [*sic*]  
Shakspere;"

but the day on which he first saw the light cannot be exactly fixed. If we trust a faint tradition<sup>30</sup> that he

<sup>28</sup> *Life of Shakespeare.*

<sup>29</sup> See before, p. 16<sup>c</sup>.

<sup>30</sup> Oldys's *Ms. Notes on Langbaine*.—The inscription on Shakespeare's monument is "Obiit anno Domini 1616, Ætatis 53, die 23 Ap."—It seems unreasonable to question the constant tradition that he was born in the house in Henley-street, to which such crowds have flocked, like pilgrims to a shrine. But alas for the "Shakesperian relics," which are (or at least, when I visited the house, were) exhibited there to all "curious travellers"! They consist of a card-and-dice box, with a pin-cushion on its top, *presented to him by the Prince of Castile*; a Toledo; an iron box which enclosed his will; a table-cloth of black velvet, embroidered with gold, *the gift of Queen Elizabeth*; *his wife's shoe*; a drinking-glass, *made for him in his sickness*; a table on which he wrote

died on the anniversary of his birth, we are to believe that he was born on the 23d of the month; nor is the interval which this supposes between his birth and baptism inconsistent with the custom of the time.<sup>31</sup>

*his works*, &c.—“The most probable supposition is, that John Shakespeare lived in the birth-place during the whole of his residence in Stratford, first as tenant, and afterwards as owner; there being no reason for believing that he ever inhabited any one of his copyhold tenements, which were, in all probability, houses of a very inferior description.” Halliwell’s *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 32, folio ed. That in January 1596-7 John Shakespeare was inhabiting what Mr. Halliwell emphatically calls *the birth-place*, we learn from the deed of conveyance by which he made over to George Badger the small piece of ground already mentioned: see note 26, p. 19.

<sup>31</sup> Since the present Memoir first appeared, Mr. Bolton Corney has written as follows in *Notes and Queries*, Sec. Series, vol. vii. p. 337:

“Was Shakspeare born on the 23 April, 1564? Did he die on his *birthday*?”

The most important evidence on this question, though not in itself decisive of the fact, is the register of baptisms at Stratford. The item is thus given in print:—

‘William, son of John Shakspeare, was baptized April 26, 1564.’ [Malone, 1790.]

‘1564. April 26. Gulielmus filius Johannes [sic] Shakspeare.’ [Collier, 1844.]

But there is further evidence on this question—evidence which every one has read—which no one seems to have applied in illustration of it. I allude to the monumental inscription, which is as follows:—

‘OBIIT ANO. DOM. 1616. ÆTATIS 53. DIE 23. AP.’

[Wheler, 1806.]

The monument was in its place before 1623; perhaps in 1616—for Gerard Johnson, the *tombe-maker*, was then an old man.

If Shakspeare was born on the 23 April 1564, he just completed his *first-second* year on the day of his decease. But it is recorded that he died in his *fifty-third* year. Now, Mrs. Shakspeare survived till the 6 August 1623. Susanna, *witty above her sexe*, and her husband John Hall, *medicus peritissimus*, who were joint-executors of the will of the deceased poet, lived to a much later period. So did Judith. Did they authorise a deceptive inscription on the monument? Would they, on such an occasion, sanction an *equivoque*? I entirely reject the supposition; and believe, on the above evidence, that he was born *before* the 23 April 1564. If so, he did not die on his *birthday*. Should the in-

When he was only a few weeks old, the plague (which had been making great havoc in London) broke out in his native town; but though it raged there during several months with fatal violence, not a single individual of the name of Shakespeare appears to have become its victim.

The fact of his father's being a member of the Corporation sufficiently confirms Rowe's statement that he was sent to the Free-school at Stratford;<sup>32</sup> where the successive masters from 1572 to 1578,—the period during which we may assume that Shakespeare attended it,—were Thomas Hunt and Thomas Jenkins.—What was the extent of our poet's "learning," is a question which has given rise to much discussion, some of it not a little foolish. In opposition to those critics,—Gildon, Upton, &c.,—who asserted the wide erudition of Shakespeare, Farmer has incontrovertibly shown that, while composing several of his dramas, he had recourse to North's *Plutarch*, and to other vernacular books, instead of consulting the ancient authors in the original (which, by the by, even with competent scholarship, he might be excused for doing). The line in Ben Jonson's admirable verses to his memory,—

"And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,"—

---

ferences be doubted—no one, I am sure, can produce the smallest evidence of an opposite tendency.

I consider the current assertions—'He was born on the 23 April 1564'—'He died on his *birthday* in 1616'—as improbable conjectures; and I submit the case to the Stratford Club, to the unprejudiced consideration of future editors of biographical dictionaries and encyclopedias, and of all future editors of the *Works of Shakspeare*."

<sup>32</sup> *Life of Shakespeare*.



if taken literally, allows him at least a smattering of the latter language; and perhaps it may be urged that considerable attainments in learning would have appeared slight to Jonson, who, having devoted many a laborious hour to the study of the Classics, had stored his mind with all the treasures of antiquity: I believe, however, Jonson's meaning to be—that to his comparatively slender knowledge of Latin, Shakespeare never added any acquaintance with Greek; and such, I am persuaded, was the case.—Aubrey having related, on the authority of a Mr. “Beeston,” that Shakespeare “understode Latine pretty well, for he had been in his younger yeares a schoolmaster in the countrey,”<sup>33</sup> Mr. Collier conjectures that he might have been employed by the master of the Free-school at Stratford to aid him in the instruction of the junior boys.<sup>34</sup> The conjecture is not very probable: and yet “small Latin” would have qualified him for such a task.—Of French and Italian, I apprehend, he knew but little.<sup>35</sup>

<sup>33</sup> *Mss. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*

<sup>34</sup> *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 60, sec. ed.

<sup>35</sup> “That Shakespeare was acquainted with Italian sufficiently appears from the very curious entry relating to *Twelfth-Night* in Manningham's Diary, 1602.” Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 83, folio ed. Not so: Manningham's notice that incidents in *Twelfth-Night* resemble those in the *Inganni*—or rather, the *Ingannati*—does not prove Shakespeare's acquaintance with the Italian text of that comedy.

Mr. Armitage Brown, in *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems, &c.* 1838, concludes from certain passages of his plays that Shakespeare must have visited Italy; but those passages give nothing about Italian manners or places which he might not have obtained by means of books or hearsay. Mr. Brown's first proof of his having been in Italy is singularly unfortunate: “[*Taming of the Shrew*] Act I. Scene I. *A public place.* For an open place or a square in a city, this is not a home-bred expression. It may be accidental; yet it is a literal translation of *una piazza*

We are further informed by Rowe that, in consequence of "the narrowness of his father's circumstances," the youthful poet was withdrawn from school, his assistance being required at home:—the truth of which account is weakly disputed by Malone;<sup>36</sup> who, as unsuccessfully, endeavours to establish, from the frequent occurrence of law-terms in our author's dramas, that he was placed for two or three years in the office of a Stratford attorney. Rowe proceeds to say that "upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him," meaning that he became a dealer in wool; while Aubrey, to the express assertion that Shakespeare was the son of a butcher, adds, "and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours that when he was a boy he exercised his fathers trade, but when he kill'd a calfe, he wold doe it in a high style, and make a speech."<sup>37</sup> The conflicting statements of

---

*publica*, exactly what was meant for the scene." p. 104:—*the words*, "A PUBLIC PLACE," *are an insertion by the modern editors*. Rambling in Italy would have rather interfered with what seems to have been the grand object of Shakespeare from his earliest days,—the acquisition of a fortune, which was to enable him eventually to settle himself as a gentleman at Stratford: besides, I cannot but think that, if he had ever been in Italy, an incidental mention of his peregrination must have reached us from some quarter or other.

<sup>36</sup> "His brother Gilbert," says Malone, "was little more than two years younger than our poet, and, at the time now under our consideration, *was as capable of carrying out parcels of gloves* for his father (all that a boy could do) as his elder brother. For this purpose, therefore, it was not necessary to impede the progress of the eldest son's education." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 106. But we have seen that, even before the dramatist's birth, John Shakespeare had other occupation besides glove-selling.

<sup>37</sup> *Ms. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.* And, curiously enough, one Dowdall, in a letter to Mr. Edward Southwell, dated 1693 (and printed 1838), writes

Rowe and Aubrey about his father's occupation have been already considered: and here I need hardly remark what an amusing variety of business has been crowded by tradition and conjecture into the poet's earlier years,—he was a wool-stapler, a butcher, a schoolmaster, and an attorney's clerk!<sup>38</sup>

---

thus: "The clarke that shew'd me this church [Stratford church] is above 80 years old: he says that this Shakespear [the dramatist] was formerly in this towne bound apprentice to a butcher, but that he run from his master to London," &c.—"The singular statement in Aubrey's account that Shakespeare, 'when he kill'd a calfe, he would doe it in a high style, and make a speech,' *has been supposed by Mr. Raine to allude to an old semi-dramatic entertainment, called Killing the Calf, played by a person who was concealed from the spectators behind a curtain,*" &c. Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 78, folio ed. A stranger "supposition" cannot well be.

<sup>38</sup> After giving an account of a play performed by the men of Coventry at Kenilworth Castle in July 1575, during Leicester's magnificent entertainment of the Queen,—Percy continues: "Whatever this old play or 'storiall show' was at the time it was exhibited to Q. Elizabeth, it had probably our young Shakespeare for a spectator, who was then in his twelfth year, and doubtless attended with all the inhabitants of the surrounding country at these 'Princely pleasures of Kenelworth,' whence Stratford is only a few miles distant. And as the Queen was much diverted with the Coventry play, 'whereat her Majestie laught well,' and rewarded the performers with 2 bucks and 5 marks in money: who, 'what rejoicing upon their ample reward, and what triumphing upon the good acceptance, vaunted their play was never so dignified, nor ever any players before so beatified:' but especially if our young bard afterwards gained admittance into the castle to see a play, which the same evening, after supper, was there 'presented of a very good theme, but so set-forth by the actors' well-handling, that pleasure and mirth made it seem very short, though it lasted two good hours and more,' we may imagine what an impression was made on his infant mind. Indeed, the dramatic cast of many parts of that superb entertainment, which continued nineteen days, and was the most splendid of the kind ever attempted in this kingdom; the addresses to the Queen in the personated characters of a Sybille, a Savage Man, and Sylvanus, as she approached or departed from the castle; and, on the water, by Arion, a Triton, or the Lady of the Lake, must have had a very great effect on a young imagination, whose dramatic powers were hereafter to astonish the

To turn from uncertainties to facts. While under the age of nineteen, Shakespeare took to wife Anne Hathaway, who was about eight years older than himself.<sup>39</sup> Neither the date of the marriage, nor the place where it was celebrated,<sup>40</sup> have been discovered: but the following preliminary bond,<sup>41</sup> preserved in the registry at Worcester, was given Nov. 28th, 1582, for the security of the bishop of the diocese in licensing the parties to be married with once asking of the banns:

“Noverint universi per præsentés nos Fulconem Sandells de Stratford in comitatu Warwici agricolam, et Johannem Rychardson ibidem agricolam, teneri et firmiter obligari Ricardo Cosin generoso, et Roberto Warmstry notario publico, in quadraginta libris bonæ et legalis monetæ Angliæ solvend. eisdem Ricardo et Roberto, hæred. execut. vel assignat. suis, ad quam quidem solucionem bene et fideliter faciend. obligamus

---

world.’ *On the Origin of the English Stage*, p. 143, — *Reliques of Anc. Eng. Poet.* i. ed. 1794.

<sup>39</sup> According to the brass-plate over her grave in Stratford Church, she died “the 6th day of August 1623, *being of the age of 67 yeares.*” — In a note on Shakespeare’s 23d *Sonnet*, Malone writes: “Mr. Oldys observes in one of his manuscripts, that this and the preceding Sonnet ‘seem to have been addressed by Shakespeare to his *beautiful* wife on some suspicion of her infidelity.’ He must have read our author’s poems with but little attention; otherwise he would have seen that these, as well as the preceding Sonnets, and many of those that follow, are not addressed to a female.” Steevens subjoins: “Whether the wife of our author was beautiful or otherwise, was a circumstance beyond the investigation of Oldys, whose collections for his life I have perused.”

<sup>40</sup> There is a tradition that the marriage-ceremony was performed in the chapel of Luddington, a hamlet of the parish of Stratford, not far from Shotton.

<sup>41</sup> Brought to light, in 1836, by Sir Thomas Phillipps, of Middle Hill, Worcestershire.

nos et utrumque nostrum per se pro toto et in solid. hæred. executor. et administrator. nostros firmiter per præsentis sigillis nostris sigillat. Dat. 28 die Novem. anno regni dominæ nostræ Eliz. Dei gratia Angliæ, Franc. et Hiberniæ reginæ, fidei defensor. &c. 25°.

The condicion of this obligacion ys suche, that if hereafter there shall not appere any lawfull lett or impediment, by reason of any precontract, consanguini-<sup>[ni]</sup>-tie, affinitie, or by any other lawfull meanes whatsoever, but that William Shagspere one thone partie, and Anne Hathwey of Stratford in the dioces of Worcester, maiden, may lawfully solennize matrimony together, and in the same afterwarde remaine and continew like man and wiffe, according unto the lawes in that behalf provided: and moreover, if there be not at this present time any action, sute, quarrell, or demaund, moved or depending before any judge ecclesiasticall or temporall, for and concerning any suche lawfull lett or impediment: and moreover, if the said William Shagspere do not proceed to solemnization of mariadg with the said Anne Hathwey without the consent of hir frindes: and also, if the said William do, upon his owne proper costes and expenses, defend and save harmles the right reverend Father in God, Lord John Bushop of Worcester, and his offycers, for licencing them the said William and Anne to be married together with once asking of the bannes of matrimony betwene them, and for all other causes which may ensue by reason or occasion therof; that then the said obligacion to be voyd and of none effect, or els to stand and abide in full force and vertue."

*The marks and seals of Sandells and Richardson* (one of the seals having the initials R. H.<sup>42</sup>).

Though not mentioned among his other children in his will, it seems indisputable that Anne Hathaway was the daughter of Richard Hathaway, a "husbandman,"<sup>43</sup> or "substantial yeoman,"<sup>44</sup> of Shottery in the parish of Stratford,<sup>45</sup> who had been dead<sup>46</sup> upwards of a twelve-month when the above bond was executed, and who appears to have been on terms of intimacy with John Shakespeare.<sup>47</sup>—The Hathaways were resident in Shottery<sup>48</sup> before the middle of the sixteenth century.

To free our poet from the imputation which is sug-

<sup>42</sup> The seal had probably belonged to the deceased Richard Hathaway. The two bondsmen, Sandells and Richardson, are mentioned in his will: he appoints the former to be one of its supervisors; and the latter is among the witnesses to it. They were his neighbours at Shottery.

1863. The Rev. Mr. Bellew, in a work entitled *Shakespere's Home*, &c., after giving the above preliminary bond, observes; "Here follow the signatures, or *marks*, of the witnesses; the first resembling the attempt that an aged person would make to draw a triangle; the second being a clumsy letter C. Two seals are added: the one is defaced, the other bears the impression 'R. H.'" p. 31. "When it was stated, at p. 31, that there are two seals to Shakespere's marriage-bond, one bearing the impression 'R. H.,' it would have been more correct to say there 'were,' because the seals have entirely vanished, and there is scarcely a trace of them on the parchment." p. 132.

<sup>43</sup> So he styles himself in his will.

<sup>44</sup> Rowe's *Life of Shakespeare*.

<sup>45</sup> Hence in the preliminary bond Anne Hathaway and the two bondsmen are described as "of Stratford."—Shottery is a hamlet about a mile from the town of Stratford.

<sup>46</sup> He was buried at Stratford, Sept. 7th, 1581.—Yet Mr. Collier (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. 64, sec. ed.) speaks of Richard Hathaway "concurring in the alliance" of Shakespeare and his daughter.

<sup>47</sup> Two precepts found among the papers of the Court of Record at Stratford seem to show that in 1566 John Shakespeare became security for Richard Hathaway.

<sup>48</sup> The house occupied by the Hathaways in Shakespeare's time (but now divided into three cottages) is still pointed out.

gested by a comparison of the date of the preliminary bond (Nov. 28th, 1582) with that of his first child's baptism (May 26th, 1583), some recent biographers have anxiously informed us that in those days betrothment was often regarded as a sufficient warrant for cohabitation before actual marriage. Such may have been the case: it by no means follows, however, that Shakespeare saw any excuse for his weakness in the conventional morality of the time.

All things considered, Mr. Hunter perhaps is justified in terming this "a marriage of evil auspices."<sup>49</sup> But it is unfair to conclude, as Malone and others have done, from certain passages in our author's plays,<sup>50</sup>—each of which passages more or less grows out of the incidents of the play,—that he had cause to complain of domestic unhappiness: indeed, without taking into account the tradition of his regular visits to Stratford, we have strong presumptive evidence to the contrary in the fact, that the wife of his youth was the companion of his latest years, when he had raised himself to opulence and to the position of a gentleman. Nor

<sup>49</sup> *New Illust. of Shakespeare*, i. 51.

<sup>50</sup> *e. g.*

"Let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him;  
So sways she level in her husband's heart:  
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,  
Than women's are.

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent."

*Twelfth-Night*, act ii. sc. 4.

assuredly is he to be charged with any want of affection as a husband, because he bequeaths to her only his "second best bed with the furniture;" for (as Mr. Knight first observed,—and it is strange that he should not have been anticipated in the remark) Shakespeare's estates, with the exception of a copyhold tenement expressly mentioned in his will, were freehold; and his widow was, of course, entitled to what the law terms dower.—Still, on the other hand, we must allow that the disparity in age between himself and his wife, the circumstances attending their marriage, and the want of proof that she ever resided with him in London, are enough to excite suspicions "that Shakespeare was not a very happy married man."<sup>1</sup>

Susanna, the first child of William and Anne Shakespeare, was baptized at Stratford, May 26th, 1583. Hamnet and Judith,<sup>2</sup> twins, baptized Feb. 2d, 1584-5, were the only other issue of their marriage.

The circumstance next to be noticed in our author's history is one of great importance, inasmuch as, if not the sole cause of his quitting Stratford and putting forth the efforts of his genius, it may at least have contributed to such a result. Having fallen, we are told, into the company of some wild and disorderly young men, he was induced to assist them, on more than one occasion, in stealing deer from the park of Sir Thomas

<sup>1</sup> Collier's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 66, sec. ed.

<sup>2</sup> They were doubtless christened after Hamnet Sadler and Judith his wife. Hamnet (or Hamlet) Sadler, a baker at Stratford, was to the last intimate with Shakespeare, who bequeathed him 36s. and 8d. to buy a ring.



Lucy of Charlecote, in the neighbourhood of Stratford. For this offence (which certainly, in those days, used to be regarded as a venial frolic) he was treated, he thought, too harshly; and he repaid the severity by ridiculing Sir Thomas in a ballad. So bitter was its satire, that the prosecution against the writer was redoubled; and forsaking his family and occupation, he took shelter in the metropolis from his powerful enemy. Such is the story<sup>3</sup> which tradition has handed down;

<sup>3</sup> First put in print by Rowe, *Life of Shakespeare*, 1709. But in the archives of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, are the Ms. collections of a learned antiquary, the Rev. William Fulman, who died in 1688, with additions by the friend to whom he bequeathed them, the Rev. Richard Davies, rector of Sapperton and archdeacon of Lichfield, who died in 1708. Among these papers, under the article *Shakespeare*, the following additions by Davies are found; "Much given to all unluckinesse in stealing venison and rabbits; particularly from Sr—— Lucy, who had him oft whipt and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country, to his great advancement: but his reveng was so great, that he is his Justice Clodpate [i. e. his foolish Justice—*Justice Shallow*]; and calls him a great man, and that, in allusion to his name, bore three lowses rampant for his arms."

Rowe speaks of the ballad on Sir Thomas Lucy as "lost."—According to Oldys; "There was a very aged gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Stratford (where he died fifty years since) who had not only heard from several old people in that town of Shakespeare's transgression, but could remember the first stanza of that bitter ballad, which, repeating to one of his acquaintance, he preserved it in writing, and here it is, neither better nor worse, but faithfully transcribed from the copy which his relation very courteously communicated to me:

A parliemente member, a justice of peace,  
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse;  
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,  
Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it:  
    He thinks himself greate,  
    Yet an asse in his state  
We allowe by his ears but with asses to mate.  
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,  
Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.'"

*Mss. Notes*,—first printed by Steevens.

"One stanza of it [the ballad]," says Capell, "which has the appearance

and that it has some foundation in truth cannot surely be doubted, notwithstanding what has been argued to the contrary by Malone, whose chief object in writing the Life of our poet was, to shake the credibility of the facts brought forward by Rowe.<sup>4</sup>—There is no mistaking

---

of genuine, was put into the editor's hands many years ago by an ingenious gentleman (grandson of its preserver) with this account of the way in which it descended to him. Mr. Thomas Jones, who dwelt at TARBICK, a village in Worcestershire, a few miles from Stratford-on-Avon, and dy'd in the year 1703, aged upwards of ninety, remember'd to have heard from several old people at Stratford the story of Shakespeare's robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park: and their account of it agreed with Mr. Rowe's, with this addition,—that the ballad written against Sir Thomas by Shakespeare was stuck upon his park-gate, which exasperated the knight to apply to a lawyer at Warwick to proceed against him. Mr. Jones had put down in writing the first stanza of this ballad, which was all he remember'd of it, and Mr. Thomas Wilkes (my grandfather) transmitted it to my father by memory, who also took it in writing, and his copy is this," &c. *Notes and Various Readings*, &c. ii. 75.—Except that it has "Sing O lowsie Lucy," &c., Capell's version of the stanza agrees exactly with that given by Oldys. Though it is quite good enough for the occasion, we may hesitate to believe it genuine.—That the entire ballad, said to have been found in a chest of drawers at Shottery, and the two stanzas of a different pasquinade on Sir Thomas Lucy by Shakespeare in Chetwood's *Ms. History of the Stage* (see Malone's *Shakespeare* by Boswell, ii. 144, 565), are rank forgeries, no one can doubt.

1863. It appears that a Manuscript Pedigree of the Lucys exists at Charlecote, which contains a note about "the deer-stealing" and its consequences to Shakespeare; but, as far as I can learn, the said note is of comparatively recent date, and therefore of no authority.—I first became aware of the existence of this document from the *History of William Shakespeare*, &c., by S. W. Fullom,—a most preposterous and disgusting piece of "book-making," which Mrs. Lucy thus mentions in a letter to me, dated August 4th, 1862; "Mr. Fullom had no note whatever from me, or from the Manuscript Pedigree of the Lucys, to justify the *absurd and untruthful* story he has published in his *History of William Shakespeare*."

<sup>4</sup> Malone took great pains to prove that Sir Thomas Lucy *had no park* at Charlecote. He may, however, have *had deer*; for his son and successor sent a buck as a present to Lord Ellesmere in 1602: see *The Egerton Papers* (printed for the Camden Society), p. 355.

the allusion to the Lucy family in the opening scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Justice Shallow is highly indignant at Falstaff for having “killed his deer:” Slender informs us that the arms of the Shallows are a “dozen white lues,”—which the broken English of Sir Hugh Evans transforms into a “dozen white *louses*.”<sup>5</sup>

Various sets of players,—the Queen’s company, the servants of Lord Worcester, of Lord Leicester, of Lord Warwick, and of other noblemen, had been in the habit of resorting to Stratford, and usually exhibiting their performances in its Guildhall.<sup>6</sup> Before Shakespeare forsook his home, he had doubtless seen the best dramatic productions, such as they were, represented by the best actors then alive; and it is not unlikely that, his inclination for the theatre having early manifested itself, he had formed an acquaintance with some of the players at Stratford.<sup>7</sup> Even supposing that he was not then under the mortal displeasure of Sir Thomas Lucy, his own circumstances must at the time have been affected by the unprosperous state of his father’s affairs:

<sup>5</sup> The coat of Sir Thomas Lucy was “gules, three lues [i.e. pike-fishes] hariant, argent.” Even Malone is forced to allow that passages of this scene “afford grounds for believing that our author, on some account or other, had not the most profound respect for Sir Thomas Lucy.” *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 112. — 1863. Not long ago, a copy of the 4to edition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1619, was discovered by Mrs. Lucy among the family records,—the only old edition of any of Shakespeare’s plays which has been found at Charlecote.

<sup>6</sup> The earliest notice of theatrical performances at Stratford is in 1569, when John Shakespeare was bailiff.

<sup>7</sup> The elder Burbadge is believed to have been of a Warwickshire family; and Thomas Greene was certainly our poet’s townsman.

it was natural, therefore, that he should have recourse to the theatre as a means of subsistence; and, in all probability, he was nothing loth to exchange the dull uniformity of his original occupation (whatever that was) for the more exciting profession of the stage.

His arrival in London may be fixed about the year 1586. According to Rowe,<sup>8</sup> "he was received into the company, at first in a very mean rank;" which agrees with the account given by the old parish-clerk of Stratford to Dowdall<sup>9</sup> in 1693, that he "was received into the playhouse as a serviture." Another tradition,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Life of Shakespeare.*

<sup>9</sup> See note 37, p. 28.

<sup>10</sup> "Here I cannot forbear relating a story which Sir William Davenant told Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe; Rowe told it to Mr. Pope, and Mr. Pope told it to Dr. Newton, the late editor of Milton, and from a gentleman [Dr. Johnson] who heard it from him, 'tis here related. Concerning Shakespear's first appearance in the playhouse. When he came to London, he was without money and friends, and being a stranger, he knew not to whom to apply, nor by what means to support himself. At that time, coaches not being in use, and as gentlemen were accustomed to ride to the playhouse, Shakespear, driven to the last necessity, went to the playhouse door, and pick'd up a little money by taking care of the gentlemen's horses who came to the play; he became eminent even in that profession, and was taken notice of for his diligence and skill in it; he had soon more business than he himself could manage, and at last hired boys under him, who were known by the name of Shakespear's boys. Some of the players, accidentally conversing with him, found him so acute, and master of so fine a conversation, that, struck therewith, they [*sic*] and recommended him to the house, in which he was first admitted in a very low station, but he did not long remain so, for he soon distinguished himself, if not as an extraordinary actor, at least as a fine writer." *Lives of the Poets, &c. By Mr. Cibber*, 1753, vol. i. 130. (The title-pages of the latter volumes have "*By Mr. Cibber, and other Hands.*"—Johnson's assertion (in his *Life of Hammond*, and in his conversation *apud* Boswell) that these *Lives* were written wholly by Robert Shiels is incorrect:—Theophilus Cibber contributed largely to them; see Croker's note on Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, p. 504, one-volume ed.). — "*To the foregoing accounts of Shakespear's life I have*

—that he used to hold the horses of those who rode to the theatre without attendants, till the performance was concluded,—is extremely improbable; for we can hardly suppose his situation to have been desperate enough to subject him to so degrading an employment. It is most likely that he gained access to the stage by means of some of the players, with whom he had become acquainted during their visits to Stratford.—But however subordinate may have been his rank at first, he quickly raised himself to distinction: if we now lose sight of him for a period, it is only to meet with him again as a successful actor and a popular dramatist.—There is no proof that he was ever attached to any other company than that which owned the Blackfriars and the Globe, the latter of which was first opened, if not in 1594, early in 1595.

---

*only one passage to add, which Mr. Pope related, as communicated to him by Mr. Rowe. In the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play; and when Shakespear fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for *Will Shakespear*, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while *Will Shakespear* could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakespear, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when *Will Shakespear* was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, *I am Shakespear's boy, sir*. In time Shakespear found higher employment: but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of *Shakespear's boys*." Johnson's Prolegomena to *Shakespeare*, 1765.*

The following buildings were used for the representation of plays in London between the time of Shakespeare's first arrival there and his final retirement to Stratford: it must be understood, however, that some of them were constructed subsequent to his appearance in the metropolis.

*The Theatre* (so called by distinction) and *The Curtain*, in Shoreditch; *Paris Garden*, *The Globe*, *The Rose*, *The Hope*, *The Swan*, on the Bankside, Southwark; *The Blackfriars*, near the present site of Apothecaries' Hall; *The Whitefriars*; *The Fortune*, in Golden or Golding Lane, St. Giles's, Cripplegate; and *The Red Bull*, at the upper end of St. John Street. There was also *The Newington Butts Theatre*, frequented by the citizens during summer.<sup>11</sup>

Nearly all these buildings, it is probable, were of wood. Those termed (we know not why) private<sup>12</sup> theatres were entirely roofed-in from the weather, while the public theatres were open to the sky, except over the stage and galleries. On the outside of each was exhibited a sign indicative of its name; and on the roof, during the time of performance, was hoisted a flag.

Their interior arrangements resembled those of the

<sup>11</sup> *The Cockpit*, or *Phoenix*, does not appear to have been converted into a theatre until Shakespeare had finally retired to Stratford.

<sup>12</sup> For an account of all the distinguishing marks of private playhouses, see Collier's *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 335.

present day. There were tiers of galleries or *scaffolds*; beneath these, the boxes or *rooms* intended for persons of the higher class, and which at the private theatres were secured with locks, the keys being given to the individuals who engaged them;<sup>13</sup> and there was the centre area (separated, it seems, from the stage by pales), at the private theatres termed the *pit*, and furnished with seats, but at the public theatres called the *yard*, and affording no such accommodation. Cressets, or large open lanterns, served to illuminate the body of the house, and two ample branches, of a form similar to those now hung in churches, gave light to the stage. The band of musicians, which was far from numerous, sat, it is supposed, in an upper balcony, over what is now called the stage-box: the instruments chiefly used were trumpets, cornets, hautboys, lutes, recorders, viols, and organs.

The amusements of the audience, previous to the beginning of the play, were reading, playing at cards, smoking tobacco, drinking ale, and eating nuts and apples. Even during the performance, it was customary for wits, critics, and young gallants who were desirous of attracting attention, to station themselves on the stage;<sup>14</sup> either lying upon the rushes, or seated

<sup>13</sup> "At each side of this balcony [—the balcony at the back of the stage, described at p. 42—] was a box, very inconveniently situated, which sometimes was called the *private box*. In these boxes, which were at a lower price, some persons sate, either from economy or singularity." Malone's *Hist. Acc. of English Stage*, p. 80.—The exact situation of these private boxes is by no means certain.

<sup>14</sup> Malone thought this custom was confined to private theatres; but see Collier's *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 352.

on hired stools, while their pages supplied them with pipes and tobacco.

At the third *sounding*, or flourish of trumpets, the exhibition began. The curtain, which concealed the stage from the audience, was then drawn, opening in the middle and running upon iron rods. Other curtains, called *traverses*, were used as a substitute for scenes. At the back of the stage was a balcony,<sup>15</sup> the platform of which was raised about eight or nine feet from the ground; it served as a window, gallery, or upper chamber; from it a portion of the dialogue was sometimes spoken; and in front of it curtains were suspended, to conceal, if necessary, those who occupied it, from the audience. The internal roof of the stage, either painted blue, or adorned with drapery of that colour, was termed *the heavens*. The stage was gener-

<sup>15</sup> "It appears," says Malone, "from the stage-directions given in *The Spanish Tragedy*, that when a play was exhibited within a play (if I may so express myself), as is the case in that piece and in *Hamlet*, the court or audience before whom the interlude was performed, sat in the balcony, or upper stage, already described; and a curtain or traverse, being hung across the stage *for the nonce*, the performers entered between that curtain and the general audience, and on its being drawn, began their piece, addressing themselves to the balcony, and regardless of the spectators in the theatre, to whom their backs must have been turned during the whole of the performance." *Hist. Acc. of English Stage*, p. 108. Though, as Mr. Collier remarks (*Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 363), the authorities here cited by Malone do not bear out his supposition, I cannot help thinking that it is right. There was no necessity, however, that, on such occasions, the actors should absolutely turn their backs on the audience.—1863. During the last twenty or thirty years, it has been not unusual for actors, in certain scenes, to turn their backs on the audience, under the idea that, from the particular circumstances of those scenes, they were following *nature* by doing so. To this, however, my friend the late Charles Kemble was strongly opposed, insisting (I think, justly) that *stage-nature* is a *conventional nature*.



ally strewed with rushes, but on extraordinary occasions was matted. We have reason to believe that when tragedies were performed it was hung with black.

Movable painted scenery there was none :

“The air-blest castle, round whose wholesome crest  
The martlet, guest of summer, chose her nest,—  
The forest-walks of Arden's fair domain,  
Where Jaques fed his solitary vein ;  
No pencil's aid as yet had dar'd supply,  
Seen only by the intellectual eye.”<sup>16</sup>

A board containing the name of the place of action in large letters was displayed in some conspicuous situation. At times, when a change of scene was necessary, the audience was required to suppose that the performers, who had not quitted the stage, had passed to a different spot.<sup>17</sup> A bed thrust forth showed that the stage was a bed-chamber ; and a table with pen and ink indicated that it was a counting-house. Rude contrivances were employed to imitate towers, walls of towns, hell-mouths, tombs, trees, dragons, &c. ; trap-

<sup>16</sup> Charles Lamb.

<sup>17</sup> So in Peele's *Old Wives' Tale* ;

“*Clunch*. Well, masters, it seems to me you have lost your way in the wood : in consideration whereof, if you will go with Clunch to his cottage, you shall have house-room and a good fire to sit by, although we have no bedding to put you in.

*All*. O blessed smith, O bountiful Clunch !

*Clunch*. For your further entertainment, it shall be as it may be, so and so. [*A dog barks within.*] Hark ! this is Ball my dog, that bids you all welcome in his own language : come, take heed for stumbling on the threshold.—Open door, Madge, take in guest.

*Enter Madge.*

*Madge*. Welcome, Clunch, and good fellows all,” &c. See Peele's *Works*, p. 445, ed. Dyce, 1861.

doors had been early in use; but to make a celestial personage ascend to the roof of the stage was more than the mechanics of those days could always accomplish.<sup>18</sup>

Much money was often expended on theatrical apparel;<sup>19</sup> but the dresses were, of course, less costly at some theatres than at others. The performers of male characters occasionally wore periwigs. Female parts were played solely by boys or young men, who sometimes used visards. The person who spoke the Prologue, and who entered immediately after the third *sounding*, was usually dressed in a black velvet cloak: an Epilogue does not appear to have been a regular appendage<sup>20</sup> to a play.

During the performance the clown would break forth into extemporaneous buffoonery; there was dancing and singing between the acts; and at the end of the piece was a song or a *jig*,—a farcical rhyming composition of considerable length, sung or said by the clown, and accompanied with dancing and playing on

<sup>18</sup> A stage-direction at the end of Greene's *Alphonsus* is, "*Exit Venus; or, if you can conveniently, let a chair come down from the top of the stage, and draw her up.*" See Greene's *Dramatic and Poetical Works*, p. 248, ed. Dyce, 1861.

<sup>19</sup> In 1590, John Alleyn gave 16*l.* for "one cloke of velvett, with a cape imbrothered with gold, pearles, and redd stones, and one roabe of cloth of golde;" and in the next year, John and Edward Alleyn paid no less than 20*l.* 10*s.* for "one blacke velvet cloake, with sleeves ymbrodered all with silver and golde, lyned with blacke satten stryped with golde." *The Alleyn Papers* (printed for the Shakespeare Soc.), pp. 11, 12.

<sup>20</sup> Mr. Collier thinks that many epilogues which were spoken have not come down to us, the printer having chosen to omit them, rather than give an additional leaf to the play. *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 444.

the pipe and tabor. A prayer for the queen, offered by the actors on their knees, concluded all.

The price of admission appears to have varied according to the rank and estimation of the theatres: it would seem that, in Shakespeare's days a shilling was charged for a place in the best boxes or *rooms*; and that the entrance-money was the same to the pit as to the galleries, viz. sixpence, twopence, or a penny (a matter the more difficult to determine, because "*gallery*" was frequently synonymous with "*room*"). The performance commenced at three o'clock.<sup>21</sup> During the reign of Elizabeth, plays were acted on Sundays as well as on other days of the week;<sup>22</sup> but in the time of her successor, dramatic exhibitions on the Sabbath appear to have been tolerated only at court.

Of the dramatists who immediately preceded Shakespeare, the most distinguished were Lyly, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Kyd, Nash, and Lodge. The plays of Lyly are, on the whole, frigid and artificial: and it must be remembered that they were not intended for the public theatre. Neither Peele nor Greene were able to draw character with much strength or discrimination: their style is sometimes turgid, sometimes mean; and their blank verse, sweet and flowing as it is, fatigues the ear by its monotony. But in Peele's best drama, *David and Bethsabe*, there is no inconsiderable portion of ten-

<sup>21</sup> See Collier's *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 377.

<sup>22</sup> In 1580, the magistrates of the city of London obtained from the Queen a prohibition against plays on the Sabbath, which seems to have continued in force but a short time.

derness and poetic beauty ; and, till chance has discovered to us some common original of *Comus* and of *The Old Wives' Tale*, he must be allowed the honour of having afforded hints to Milton. Greene, too, has his redeeming points: though less rich in fancy than Peele, he is occasionally elegant and spirited ; and his *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, and his *George-a-Green, the Pinner of Wakefield*, may be pronounced the most pleasing comedies of the time :—after all, however, he is happiest in some of those lyric pieces, scattered through the vast variety of prose pamphlets which he produced with surprising facility. *The Spanish Tragedy* of Kyd excited great contemporary applause ; and it was long remembered by the parodies which its more ridiculous passages called forth : doubtless it is here and there absurd enough ; but if not so poetical as the plays of Peele and Greene, it excels them in touches of passion and in depth of thought. To the three writers last mentioned, Nash, as a dramatist, was decidedly inferior : as a prose satirist he was justly celebrated ; and in his controversy with Gabriel Harvey he exhibited such specimens of coarse wit and virulent invective as may have been equalled, but have never been surpassed in any language. Lodge, like Nash, was more eminent in other walks of literature than in the drama : his satirical poetry is not without force ; and several copies of verses interspersed among his different prose tracts are picturesque and graceful. Marlowe was gifted with a genius of far higher order, an intellect

far more vigorous than any of these play-wrights. In delineating character, he reaches a degree of truth to which they make comparatively slight approaches; and in *Faustus* and *Edward the Second* he attains to real grandeur and pathos. Even in his earlier tragedy, *Tamburlaine*, amid all its extravagance of incident and inflation of style, we recognise a power which none of his contemporaries possessed. He is, on good grounds, supposed to have been the first who introduced blank verse on the public stage, and he certainly was the first who harmonised it with variety of pause.

To the list of dramatic poets preceding Shakespeare may be added the names of Chettle, Munday, and Wilson, who also continued to write when his reputation as an author was established. Plays are still extant by the first two, containing scenes of some merit; but from what remains of Wilson's productions, we cannot entertain a favourable opinion of his talents.

The probability is, that Shakespeare<sup>23</sup> had been some time an actor before he displayed his powers as a writer for the stage.—In those days dramatists were frequently employed by managers to alter and make additions to pieces which had ceased to attract the public; and there is every reason to believe that he

<sup>23</sup> According to a Certificate of the Sharers in the Blackfriars Theatre, which was discovered by Mr. Collier in Lord Ellesmere's collection, Shakespeare was one of those "sharers" as early as 1589. See that more than suspicious document in Appendix No. I. to the present Memoir.

commenced author by remoulding the works of others, and not by original composition. Of his early performances in this way two yet remain,<sup>24</sup>—*The Second and Third Parts of King Henry the Sixth*, which he formed on the still-extant dramas entitled *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster* and *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*.<sup>25</sup> and it is far from unlikely that some of his *rifacimenti* may have perished along with that host of plays which, after serving the immediate purposes of the theatre, were laid aside to rot in manuscript.—Among his first productions as an original dramatist we need not hesitate to reckon *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Love's Labour's lost*;—in *The Comedy of Errors* and in *Titus Andronicus*,<sup>26</sup> which certainly belong to the early part of his career, we know not how much he may have been indebted to the labours of his predecessors.

If the following stanzas were intended to apply to Shakespeare, they contain the first notice of him which has yet been found in print ;

“ And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made  
To mock herselfe, and truth to imitate

<sup>24</sup> As to *The First Part of King Henry the Sixth* (which has not come down to us in any other form), the hand of Shakespeare is scarcely, if at all, to be traced in it. Yet the fact of its being inserted in the folio of 1623 warrants the belief that he improved it here and there.

<sup>25</sup> See more concerning these two pieces, p. 54, and note 41.

<sup>26</sup> Since this play is not only inserted in the folio of 1623, but is mentioned as Shakespeare's in a passage of Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, &c., 1598 (which will be afterwards quoted), I do not venture to say (what I would fain believe) that he had nothing to do with it.

With kindly counter under mimick shade,  
 Our pleasant Willy, ah ! is dead of late :  
 With whom all ioy and iolly meriment  
 Is also deaded and in dolour drent.

In stead thereof, scoffing scurrilitie,  
 And scornfull follie, with contempt, is crept,  
 Rolling in rymes of shameles ribaudrie,  
 Without regard or due decorum kept ;  
 Each idle wit at will presumes to make,<sup>27</sup>  
 And doth the learned's taske vpon him take.

But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen  
 Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe,  
 Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,  
 Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe,  
 Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell  
 Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell."

So speaks Thalia, grieving for the deterioration of comedy, in Spenser's *Teares of the Muses*, 1591 ;<sup>28</sup> and the passage has caused much dispute.—"Mr. Dryden," says Rowe, "was always of opinion that these verses were meant of Shakespear :"<sup>29</sup> but Dryden's opinion carries no weight, since it is notorious that he scarcely ever mentions the poets of Elizabeth and James's days without betraying his ignorance of all that concerns them ; and Rowe, in a subsequent edition of the memoir, omitted the statement just quoted.—Todd<sup>30</sup> conjectures, and not improbably, that *The Teares of the Muses* was

<sup>27</sup> i. e. compose.

<sup>28</sup> Forming a portion of *Complaints. Containing sundrie small Poemes of the Worlds Vanitie, &c.* (In my copy of the *Complaints*, the title-page to *Muioptomos* has the date 1590.

<sup>29</sup> *Life of Shakespeare.*

<sup>30</sup> In his ed. of Spenser's *Works*.

composed about 1580 ;<sup>31</sup> and he thinks that “ Willy ” means Sir Philip Sidney ;—who was a writer of masques (one of which is still extant),—who is elsewhere styled by Spenser “ *gentle shepherd of gentlest race*,” and “ the right *gentle minde*,”—and who is lamented, under the name of “ Willy,”<sup>32</sup> in *An Eclogue* in Davison’s *Poetical Rhapsody* ;<sup>33</sup>

“ *Willy* is dead . . .

. . . . .  
Phœbus himself, that conquer’d Pan,

Striving with *Willy*, nothing wan.

. . . . .  
The learned Muses flock’d to hear his skill,

. . . . .  
Of none but *Willy’s* pipe they made account,” &c.—

Malone once thought that Spenser pointed to Shakespeare ; but he afterwards laboured to show that the person in question was Lyly.—Mr. Collier maintains that “ Willy ”<sup>34</sup> can be no other than Shakespeare, who, “ although he had not composed any of his greatest works before 1591, may have done enough, besides

<sup>31</sup> Because prefixed to the *Complaints* is an address from “ *The Printer to the Gentle Reader*,” which opens thus: “ Since my late setting foorth of the *Faerie Queene*, finding that it hath found a fauourable passage amongst you ; I haue sithence endeauoured by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights), to get into my handes such smale poemes of the same authors as I heard were disperst abroad in sundrie hands, and not easie to bee come by, by himselfe ; some of them hauing bene diuerslie imbeziled and purloyned from him SINCE HIS DEPARTURE OUER SEA. *Of the which* I haue by good meanes gathered together *these fewe parcels present*, which I haue caused to bee imprinted altogether,” &c.

<sup>32</sup> *Willy*, indeed, was used as a general name for any *shepherd*, i.e. *poet*.

<sup>33</sup> Vol. i. 68, ed Nicolas.

<sup>34</sup> See in Appendix, No. II., to this Memoir some verses in which Shakespeare is spoken of as “ Will,” found by Mr. Collier at Dulwich College : they are evidently a forgery.



what has come down to us, amply to warrant Spenser in applauding him beyond all his theatrical contemporaries."<sup>35</sup> But, as has been observed, *The Teares of the Muses* was, in all likelihood, written about ten years previous to the date of its publication. Mr. Collier proceeds: "With regard to the lines which state that Willy

'Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell  
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell,'

we have already shown that in 1589 there must have been some *compulsory cessation* of theatrical performances; which affected not only offending, but unoffending companies: hence the certificate, or more properly remonstrance, of the sixteen sharers in the Blackfriars. [But see note 23, p. 47.] The choir-boys of St. Paul's were actually silenced for bringing 'matters of state and religion' on their stage, when they introduced Martin Mar-prelate into one of their dramas: and the players of the Lord Admiral and Lord Strange were prohibited from acting, as far as we can learn, on a similar ground. The interdiction of performances by the children of Paul's was persevered in for about ten years; and although the public companies (after the completion of some inquiries by commissioners specially appointed) were allowed again to follow their vocation, there can be no doubt that there was a *temporary suspension* of all theatrical exhibitions in London. This *suspension* commenced a short time before Spenser wrote his 'Tears of the Muses,' in which he notices *the silence of Shakespeare*."<sup>36</sup> Now

<sup>35</sup> *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 93, sec. ed.

<sup>36</sup> *Id.* p. 98, sec. ed.

these lines afford not the slightest ground for such an interpretation, or rather, they are directly at variance with it;—they tell us plainly enough, that Willy, scorning to imitate the rude and ribald style of the poets who had then caught the public ear, “DOTH RATHER CHOOSE to sit in idle cell,” &c.,—his retirement from the scene being *altogether voluntary*:—and how ill does such a description agree with what we know of Shakespeare,—with his unwearied diligence from first to last!—But enough of this subject. I do not pretend to determine who it is that lurks under the name of “Willy:” though I would not deny that it may be Shakespeare,—whose endowments are well characterised in the opening lines of the passage,—yet I am not convinced that it cannot mean Sidney;—for of the boundless admiration which Sidney’s poetry excited among his contemporaries, many proofs might be adduced besides the verses cited above from Davison’s miscellany, and the following hexameters from the same collection :

“ See where Melpomene sits hid for shame in a corner :

Hear ye the careful sighs fetch’d from the depth of her entrails ?

*There weeps Calliope, there sometimes lusty Thalia.*

Ah me ! alas, now know I the cause, now seek I no further :

Here lies *their glory, their hope, their only rejoicing :*

Dead lies *worthy Philip, the care and praise of Apollo :*

Dead lies his carcase, but *fame shall live to the world’s end.*”<sup>37</sup>

On Sept. 3d, 1592, Robert Greene, having run his reckless course, expired in utter destitution and neglect at the house of a poor shoemaker near Dowgate. It

<sup>37</sup> Davison’s *Poet. Rhaps.* ii. 253, ed. Nicolas.

appears that he had devoted his last days to the writing of a pamphlet entitled *A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, which, soon after his decease, was given to the public by Henry Chettle.<sup>38</sup> Towards the conclusion of the tract Greene exhorts his fellow-dramatists,<sup>39</sup> Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, to amend their lives, and to abandon the vain occupation of catering for the stage: and in this interesting address<sup>40</sup> the following memorable passage occurs: "Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery yee bee not warned: for vnto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleaue; those puppets, I meane, that speake from our mouths, those anticks garnisht in our

<sup>38</sup> The first edition (which I have not seen) was published at the close of 1592.

<sup>39</sup> Greene does not mention them by name. That the first is Marlowe, and the third Peele, there can be no doubt. "Dr. Farmer is of opinion that the second person addressed by Greene is not Lodge, but Nash, who is often called Juvenal by the writers of that time: but that he was not meant, is decisively proved by the extract from Chettle's pamphlet [see p. 56]; for he never would have laboured to vindicate Nash from being the writer of the *Groatsworth of Wit*, if any part of it had been professedly addressed to him. Besides, Lodge had written a play in conjunction with Greene, called *A Looking-Glass for London and England* [printed in 1594], and was author of some satirical pieces [his satire in verse, *A Fig for Momus*, appeared in 1595]; but we do not know that Nash and Greene had ever written in conjunction." Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 307.—"Other newes I am aduertised of, that a scald triuiall lying pamphlet, cald *Greens Groats-worth of Wit*, is giuen out to be of my doing. God neuer haue care of my soule, but vtterly renounce me, if the least word or sillible in it proceeded from my pen, or if I were any way priuie to the writing or printing of it." *A Priuate Epistle to the Printer*, prefixed to the sec. ed. of Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Diuell*, 1592 (I quote from ed. 1595).

<sup>40</sup> It is headed, "To those gentlemen his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making playes, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to preuent his extremities."

colours. Is it not strange that I to whome they all haue bin beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all haue bin beholding, shall, were yee in that case that I am now, be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an vpstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde*, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and, beeing an absolute *Johannes Fac-totum*, is, in his owne conceyt, the onely Shake-scene in a countrey." Here is a manifest allusion to Shakespeare; and it would seem by the expression "beautified with our feathers," that he had remodelled certain pieces, in the composition of which Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele had been either separately or jointly concerned: it would seem too that Greene more particularly alludes to the two old dramas entitled *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster* and *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, on which (as before mentioned) Shakespeare formed *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry the Sixth*; for the words "his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde*" are a parody upon a line in *The True Tragedie*,

"Oh, tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide!"<sup>41</sup>

That this address of the dying man gave offence

<sup>41</sup> Sig. B 2, ed. 1595. Shakespeare has retained the line: see *Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, act i. sc. 4.—Greene, Lodge, and Peele may each perhaps have had a hand in *The First Part of the Contention* and in *The True Tragedie*; but their undisputed works show that they were quite incapable of rising to the vigour of conception and expression which characterise some scenes in those two dramas. We might,

both to Marlowe, whom it charged with atheism,<sup>42</sup> and to Shakespeare, at whom it so sarcastically pointed, we learn from Chettle's epistle "To the Gentlemen Readers" prefixed to his *Kind-Harts Dreame*, &c., n. d. "About three moneths since," says Chettle, "died M. Robert Greene, leauing many papers in sundry booke-sellers hands; among other, his *Groatsworth of Wit*, in which a letter written to diuers play-makers is offensively by one or two of them taken; and because on the dead they cannot be auenged, they wilfully forge in their conceites a liuing author; and after tossing it two [to] and fro, no remedy but it must light on me. How I haue all the time of my conuersing in printing<sup>43</sup> hindered the bitter inueying against schollers, it hath been very well knowne, and how in that I dealt I can sufficiently prooue. With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them [i. e. Marlowe] I care not if I neuer be: the other [i. e. Shakespeare], whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I haue moderated the heate of liuing writers, and might haue vsde my owne discretion (especially in such a case) the author beeing dead, that I

---

therefore, confidently ascribe to Marlowe a large portion of both, even if both did not in some passages closely resemble his *Edward the Second*: see the *Account of Marlowe*, &c. p. xlviii. prefixed to his *Works*, ed. Dyce, 1858. Indeed, I have a strong suspicion that *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie* are wholly by Marlowe.

<sup>42</sup> "Wonder not (for with thee will I first beginne), thou famous gracer of tragedians [*i.e.* Marlowe], that Green, who hath said with thee, like the foole in his heart, *There is no God*, should now giue glorie vnto his greatnesse," &c.

<sup>43</sup> Chettle was originally a printer.

did not, I am as sorry as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because myselfe haue seene his demeanor no lesse ciuill than he exclent in the qualitie he professes; besides, diuers of worship haue reported his vprightnes of dealing which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting that approoues his art. For the first, whose learning I reuerence, and, at the perusing of Greenes booke, stroke out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure writ, or, had it beene true, yet to publish it was intollerable; him I would wish to vse me no worse than I deserue. I had onely in the copy this share; it was il written, as sometime Greenes hand was none of the best; licensd it must be, ere it could bee printed, which could neuer be if it might not be read: to be brieft, I writ it ouer, and, as neare as I could, followed the copy, onely in that letter I put something out, but in the whole booke not a worde in; for I protest it was all Greenes, not mine, nor Master Nashes, as some vniustly haue affirmed."<sup>44</sup> A striking testimony indeed, not only to Shakespeare's ability as an actor and as an author, but to his worth as a man.

In 1593 Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, and in

<sup>44</sup> Mr. Collier observes (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. 102, sec. ed.): "We have some doubts of the authenticity of the 'Groatsworth of Wit' as a work by Greene. Chettle was a needy dramatist, and possibly wrote it in order to avail himself of the high popularity of Greene, then just dead." On which remark I must here repeat what I have said elsewhere (*Account of Marlowe, &c.* p. xxx. prefixed to his *Works*, ed. Dyce, 1858): "I cannot think these doubts well founded. The only important part of the tract, the Address to the play-wrights, has an earnestness which is scarcely consistent with forgery; and Chettle, though an indigent, appears to have been a respectable man. Besides, the *Groatsworth of Wit*, from beginning to end, closely resembles in style the other prose works of Greene."

1594 his *Lucrece*, issued from the press, both dedicated to Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, who was Shakespeare's junior by more than nine years.<sup>45</sup>—That the *Venus and Adonis* (which the author styles "the first heir of my invention") was not a recent composition in 1593, is probable enough. Mr. Collier "feels morally certain that it was in being anterior to Shakespeare's quitting Stratford;"<sup>46</sup> and it may have been: but I cannot agree with him in thinking that the scenery of the poem is any evidence that such was the case:—"it seems," he says, "to have been written in the open air of a fine country like Warwickshire, with all the freshness of the recent impression of natural objects." Mr. Collier might as well argue that, because *As you like it* has so much of pastoral life, it was written at a distance from the metropolis: and I have yet to learn that the fancy of Shakespeare could not luxuriate in rural images even amid the fogs of Southwark and the Blackfriars.<sup>47</sup>—Such was the popularity of *Venus and Adonis* that it had reached a fifth edition in 1602: the editions of the *Lucrece* appear to have followed each other less rapidly; yet both are mentioned together with equal praise by several contemporary writers,<sup>48</sup>

<sup>45</sup> He was born Oct. 6th, 1573.

<sup>46</sup> *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 88, sec. ed.: he thinks that *Lucrece* too might have been written at Stratford, p. 90: to which place Mr. Armitage Brown also refers the composition of both. *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems*, &c. p. 18.

<sup>47</sup> "Milton wrote his *Paradise Lost* in London, as did Thomson his three last *Seasons* and his charming *Castle of Indolence*." Note by J. Warton in his ed. of Pope's *Works*, vol. iv. p. 222.

<sup>48</sup> A passage of Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, &c., 1598, which contains

—for instance, by Barnfield in a copy of verses entitled  
*A Remembrance of some English Poets*;<sup>49</sup>

“And Shakespeare, thou, whose hony-flowing vaine  
 (Pleasing the world) thy praises doth obtaine,  
 Whose *Venus*, and whose *Lucrece* (sweete and chaste),  
 Thy name in fames immortall booke haue plac’t;  
 Liue euer you, at least in fame liue euer:  
 Well may the bodye dye, but fame dies neuer.”

Whether the dedication of the *Venus and Adonis* first introduced Shakespeare to the amiable and accomplished Southampton, or whether their acquaintance originated in the fondness of the latter for theatrical exhibitions,<sup>50</sup>—it appears that before long they were on terms as friendly and familiar as the usages of society would allow at a period when the profession of a player was reckoned far from reputable. “There is,” says Rowe,<sup>1</sup> “one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakespear’s, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William Davenant, who was probably very well ac-

---

a notice of Shakespeare’s *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, will be subsequently cited.

<sup>49</sup> Among *Poems in diuers humors*,—appended to his *Encomion of Lady Pecunia*, &c., 1598.

<sup>50</sup> Throughout life Southampton retained his love for the drama. Rowland Whyte tells Sir Robert Sidney, in a letter dated Oct. 11th, 1599: “My Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland came [come] not to the court: the one doth but very seldom: they pass away the tyme in London *merely in going to plaies every day*.” *Sidney Papers*, ii. 132. At that date Southampton “came not to court,” in consequence of the disgrace of his friend Essex, who was then in confinement at the Lord Keeper’s house for having returned from Ireland without the permission of the queen.

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Shakespeare*.



quainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my Lord Southampton, at one time, gave him a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to." The general truth of this need hardly be questioned: Southampton was the liberal encourager of poets; and in the case of one whom he so esteemed and admired, we can easily believe that his generosity would exceed its wonted limits: but since the sum above mentioned was equivalent to nearly five thousand pounds in our own day, there is no rashness in affirming that tradition has magnified the gift.<sup>2</sup>

However uncertain we may be about any allusion to Shakespeare in the passage of Spenser's *Teares of the Muses* already considered,<sup>3</sup> we can scarcely doubt that he is alluded to in the following lines of the same poet's *Colin Clout's come home again*, composed during 1594;<sup>4</sup>

"And there, though last not least, is Ætion;  
A gentler shepheard may no where be found;  
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts' invention,  
Doth, like himselfe, heroically sound."

Malone observes, "It may be conjectured that before this poem was written, Shakespeare had produced on

<sup>2</sup> During 1594 the building of the Globe Theatre on the Bankside was in progress (Richard Burbadge, as chief of the Lord Chamberlain's Players, having signed a bond for its construction, Dec. 22d, 1593, to a carpenter named Peter Street); and Mr. Collier conjectures that Lord Southampton "presented Shakespeare with 1000*l.*, to enable him to make good the money he was to produce, as his proportion, for the completion of the Globe theatre." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 116, sec. ed.

<sup>3</sup> P. 49.

<sup>4</sup> See Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 226.

the stage one or more of his historical plays, probably *King Richard the Second* and [*King Richard the Third*],”<sup>5</sup>—which tragedies might, with propriety, be said to “sound heroically” like the surname of their author, *Shake-spear*.

The Lord Chamberlain’s Servants,—of whom Shakespeare was one,—were in the habit of performing at the Globe on the Bankside (first opened either late in 1594 or early in 1595) and at the Blackfriars (built in 1576): during summer they acted at the Globe; and during winter at the Blackfriars,<sup>6</sup> which, though smaller than the Globe, was more effectually sheltered from the weather.<sup>7</sup>

Though his occupation obliged him to reside almost constantly in London,—and in 1596, at least, he appears to have been living in Southwark, near the Bear-garden,<sup>8</sup>—it is evident that Shakespeare never ceased

<sup>5</sup> Malone’s *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 274.

<sup>6</sup> Here, in the former edition of this Memoir, I inserted, from different publications of Mr. Collier,—first, A Petition to the Privy Council from the Lord Chamberlain’s Servants, praying that they might be permitted to carry on the repairs of, and to continue their performances in, the Blackfriars; secondly, a portion of a Letter to Henslowe concerning that Petition. But the Petition, after an official inquiry into its genuineness, has been pronounced to be spurious; and the original of the Letter, I am told, is now not to be found. See both these documents in Appendix, No. III. and No. IV.

<sup>7</sup> It appears that, before the erection of the Globe, they did not perform at the Blackfriars throughout the whole year,—that they occasionally played at the Curtain in Shoreditch, and at the Newington Butts Theatre.

<sup>8</sup> “From a paper now before me, which formerly belonged to Edward Alleyn the player, our poet appears to have lived in Southwark, near the Bear-garden, in 1596.” Malone’s *Inquiry into the Authenticity of certain Papers*, &c. p. 215. This paper is supposed by Mr. Collier to have

to turn his thoughts towards his birthplace, as the spot where he hoped to spend the evening of his days in honourable retirement. We are told—and why should we discredit the tradition?—that he was in the habit of annually visiting Stratford,<sup>9</sup> from which it would seem that his family never removed: and we may conclude that he was present, on August 11th, 1596, at the burial of his only son Hamnet, who died in his twelfth year.<sup>10</sup>—As actor, and dramatist, and perhaps as play-house proprietor, Shakespeare was now in the receipt of a considerable income; and he proceeded to lay out a portion of his well-earned gains on the purchase of a property at Stratford. Early in 1597 he bought, for sixty pounds, from William Underhill, one of the best houses in that town, called New Place,<sup>11</sup>

---

been the scrap which he discovered at Dulwich College, and which represents Shakespeare as having joined with ten other inhabitants of Southwark (not all of them the most respectable) in a complaint against some particular annoyance. But the fragment in question, which I inserted here in the former edition of this Memoir, has been declared by competent judges to be a forgery. See it in Appendix, No. V.

<sup>9</sup> "He was wont to goe to his native countrey once a yeare." Aubrey's *Mss.*, *Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*

<sup>10</sup> On the back of the panel of a jury called on the occasion of a suit between a Margaret Younge and a Jane Perat, Nov. 1596, are some memoranda beginning—

"Mr. Shaxpere, one boke.

Mr. Barber, a coverlet," &c. &c.

The "Mr. Shaxpere" was in all probability the poet, not his father; for a "boke" would have been a useless acquisition to the latter—who could not write his name. (See p. 16.)

<sup>11</sup> 1863. "The leading facts regarding New Place are these:

1st. New Place was built by Sir Hugh Clopton, *temp.* Henry VII., *circa* 1490. He died in London, 1496, and, being a bachelor, devised it to his great-nephew, William Clopton, who died in 1521.

2nd. From the Clopton family it passed by purchase to the family

said to have been originally built by Sir Hugh Clopton in the reign of Henry the Seventh: it was situated in Chapel-street ward,<sup>12</sup> close to the Chapel of the Holy Trinity; and consisted of one messuage, two barns, and two gardens, with their appurtenances. The following note of the fine levied on the occasion is in the Chapter House, Westminster:

“Inter Willielmum Shakespeare quer. et Willielmum Underhill generosum deforc. de uno mesuagio, duobus horreis, et duobus gardinis, cum pertinentiis, in Stratford super Avon, unde placitum convencionis sum. fuit inter eos, &c. scilicet quod prædictus Willielmus Underhill recogn. prædicta tenementa cum pertinentiis esse jus ipsius Willielmi Shakespeare ut illa quæ idem Willielmus habet de dono prædicti Willielmi Underhill, et ill. remisit et quietclam. de se et hæred. suis prædicto Willielmo Shakespeare et hæred. suis in

---

of Bott, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1563. [It was purchased by William Bott, a lawyer in practice at Stratford.]

3rd. By William Bott it was resold to Wm. Underhill, within a short space of time, between 1563 and 1570. [In Michaelmas Term, 1567.]

4th. William Shakespeare purchased from the Underhill family, for 60*l.*, New Place, consisting of ‘one messuage, two barns, and two gardens, with their appurtenances,’ during the Easter Term of 1597, in the 39th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the year after his only son, Hamnet, had died. By him it was repaired, renovated, and fitted up for his permanent residence,” &c. *Bellew's Shakespere's Home*, &c. p. 16.

<sup>12</sup> “A noate of corne and malte” in Stratford, taken during a dearth of grain, and dated Feb. 4th, 1597-8, mentions, among the dwellers in Chapel Street Ward, “Wm. Shackespere [the holder of] x. quarters.”

The Chamberlain's accounts for the same year show that he (not his father, surely) sold a load of stone to the Corporation of Stratford,—

“Pd. to Mr. Shaxpere for on lod of ston . . . *xd.*”

perpetuum; et præterea idem Willielmus Underhill concessit pro se et hæred. suis quod ipsi warant. prædicto Willielmo Shakespeare et hæred. suis prædicta tenementa cum pertinentiis in perpetuum. Et pro hac, &c. idem Willielmus Shakespeare dedit prædicto Willielmo Underhill sexaginta libras sterlingorum. [Pasch. 39 Eliz.]"

Of Shakespeare's prosperity we have further evidence in letters written by several of his townsmen.—On Jan. 24th, 1597-8, Abraham Sturley, writing from Stratford to a friend in London (who, though not mentioned by name, is undoubtedly Richard Quiney) commences his long epistle thus :

"Most lovinge and belovedd in the Lord, in plaine Englishe we remember u in the Lord, and ourselves unto u. I would write nothings unto u nowe, but come home. I prai God send u comfortabli home. This is one speciall remembrance ffrom ur ffathers motion. It semeth bi him that our countriman, Mr. Shakspere, is willinge to disburse some monei upon some od yarde land or other att Shotttri or neare about us; he thinketh it a veri fitt patterne to move him to deale in the matter of our tithes.<sup>13</sup> Bi the instruccions u can geve him theareof, and by the frendes he can make therefore, we thinke it a faire marke for him to shoote att, and not impossible to hitt. It obtained would advance him in deede, and would do us much good. Hoc movere, et

<sup>13</sup> A moiety of a lease of the tithes, great and small, of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe,—which, as will be afterwards seen, Shakespeare purchased in 1605.

quantum in te est permovere, ne negligas, hoc enim et sibi et nobis maximi erit momenti. Hic labor, hoc opus esset eximiæ et gloriæ et laudis sibi."

A letter endorsed "To my lovyng sonne Rycharde Qwyney, at the Belle in Carter Leyne, deliver thesse in London"—without date or signature, but probably written in 1598, and ascertained to be from the pen of Adrian Quiney,—contains a not very intelligible allusion to some pecuniary transaction with Shakespeare :

"You shalle, God willyng, receve from youre wyfe by Mr. Baylye thys brr. asowrance of x.s., and she wold have yow to bye sume grocerye, yff yt be resonable; yow maye have carryage by a woman who I wylyd to com to you. Mr. Layne by report hath receved a great summ of money of Mr. Smyth of Wotten, but wylle not be knowyn of hyt, and denyd to lend your wyff any, but hys wyffe sayd that he had receved v.li. which was gevyn hyr, and wysshd hym to lent that to your wyff, which he dyde; she hopyth to mayk provyssyon to paye Mr. Combes and alle the rest. I wrot to yow concernyng Jhon Rogerss; the howsse goythe greatlye to dekaye; ask secretli therein, and doo somewhat therein, as he ys in doubt that Mr. Parsonss wylle not paye the 3*li.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Wherfor wryte to hym yff yow maye have carryage to bye some such warys as yow may selle presentlye with profet. Yff yow bargin with Wm. Sh --- or receve money therfor, brynge your money home that yow maye. And see howe knite stockynes be sold; ther ys gret byinge of them at Ayssham. Edward

Wheat, and Harrye youre brother man, were both at Evysham thys daye senet, and, as I harde, bestow 20*li*. ther in knyt hosse; wherfor I thynke yow maye doo good, yff yow can have money.”

Great interest is attached to the following letter as being addressed to the dramatist himself, and the only one remaining of the many letters which he must have received. The writer, Richard Quiney,—father of the Thomas Quiney who afterwards became the husband of Shakespeare’s youngest daughter,—was then in London on the business of the Stratford Corporation;<sup>14</sup> and it is plain that when he requests the loan of thirty pounds,—no trifling sum in those days,—he does not anticipate a refusal:

“Loveinge contreyman, I am bolde of yow, as of a ffrende, craveinge yowr helpe with xxx*li*. uppon Mr. Bushells and my securitytee, or Mr. Myttons with me. Mr. Rosswell is nott come to London as yeate, and I have especiall cawse. Yow shall ffrende me muche in helping me out of all the debettes I owe in London, I thanck God, and muche quiet my mynde, which wolde nott be indebeted. I am nowe towards the Cowrte, in hope of answer for the dispatche of my buysenes. Yow shall nether loose creddytt nor monney by me, the Lorde wyllinge; and nowe butt perswade yowrselfe soe, as I hope, and yow shall nott need to feare butt with all heartie thanckefullnes I wyll holde my tyme, and content yowr ffrende, and yf we bargain farther, yow shalbe the paie-master yowrselfe. My tyme biddes me

<sup>14</sup> See next note.

hasten to an ende, and soe I committ thys [to] yowr care and hope of yowr helpe. I feare I shall nott be backe thys night ffrom the Cowrte. Haste. The Lorde be with yow and with us all, Amen! ffrom the Bell in Carter Lane, the 25. October 1598.

Yowrs in all kyndenes,  
Ryc. Quayney.

To my loveinge good ffrend and con-  
treymen Mr. Wm. Shackespere  
deliver thees."

The next quotation is the beginning of a letter dated Nov. 4th, 1598, written by Abraham Sturley at Stratford "to his most lovinge brother, Mr. Richard Quinei, att the Bell in Carter lane att London:"

"All health, happines of suites and wellfare, be multiplied unto u and ur labours in God our Father bi Christ our Lord!

"Ur letter of the 25. of Octobr came to mi handes the laste of the same att night per Grenwai, which imported a stai of suites by Sr. Ed. Gr. [Edward Greville's] advise, untill, &c. and that onli u should followe on for tax and sub.<sup>15</sup> presentli, and allso ur travell and hinderance of answeare therein, bi ur longe travell and thaffaires of the Courte: and that our countriman Mr. Wm. Shak. would procure us monei, wc. I will like of, as I shall heare when and wheare and howe; and I prai let not

<sup>15</sup> "The borough of Stratford at this time were soliciting the Lord Treasurer Burghley to be exempted from the subsidies imposed in the last Parliament, on the plea of poverty and distress occasioned by two recent fires." Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, Appendix (note), p. 569.



go that occasion, if it mai sorte to ani indifferent con-  
 ditions. Allso that if monei might be had for 30 or  
 40*l.*, a lease &c. might be procured. Oh howe can u  
 make dowbt of monei, who will not beare xxx*.tie* or xl*.s.*  
 towards sutch a match !”

At the Carlton Ride Record Office is preserved a  
 subsidy roll, dated October 1st, 1598, which shows that  
 our poet was at that period assessed on property in the  
 parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate :

“*Affid.* William Shakespeare, *vli.*—*xiijs. iiij*d.**”<sup>16</sup>

Ben Jonson himself records that his *Every Man  
 in his Humour* was originally played in 1598 by the  
 Lord Chamberlain's Servants ; and in a list of the  
 “ principal comedians” which is subjoined to it (but  
 does not enable us to appropriate the characters to the  
 actors respectively) the name of Shakespeare stands  
 first.<sup>17</sup>—That a sincere friendship existed between  
 Shakespeare and Jonson will never again be doubted  
 after the excellent memoir of the latter by Gifford ;<sup>18</sup>

<sup>16</sup> Mr. Halliwell thinks that “ the memorandum *affid.* attached to his  
 name may possibly exhibit him as one of the parties who did not live  
 in the district, and were consequently compelled to produce certificates  
 or affidavits of non-residence. If the poet ever did reside in that part  
 of London, it must only have been for a very short period.” *Life of  
 Shakespeare*, p. 153, folio ed.

<sup>17</sup> He probably acted Old Knowell.

<sup>18</sup> It is, however, right to mention that Octavius Gilchrist's *Exami-  
 nation of the Charges maintained by Messrs. Mulone, Chalmers, and others,  
 of Ben Jonson's enmity &c. towards Shakespeare*, was published a few  
 years before Gifford's edition of Jonson's *Works*.

As Jonson had no claim to the epithet which he, as well as others,  
 has applied to our poet,—“ gentle,”—it may be presumed that the fault  
 was his, if any thing ever occurred to ruffle for a time the friendship  
 between him and Shakespeare : and I am hardly disposed to agree

and, indeed, it is surprising that the alleged enmity of Jonson towards Shakespeare should not have had an earlier refutation, especially as Jonson's writings exhibit the most unequivocal testimony of his affectionate admiration of Shakespeare. A more glowing eulogy than the verses *To the memory of MY BELOVED, the author, Mr. William Shakespeare*, was never penned; and one of the latest of Jonson's labours contains these words concerning him, "*I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any.*"<sup>19</sup>

with Gifford (*Memoirs of Ben Jonson*, p. lx.) that in the following passage the word "purge" alludes merely to the effects of Shakespeare's overpowering genius:

"*Kemp*. Few of the vniuersity pen plaies well; they smell too much of that writer Ovid, and that writer Metamorphosis, and talke too much of Proserpina and Juppiter. Why, heres our fellow Shakespeare puts them all downe; I, and Ben Jonson too. O, that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow: he brought vp Horace giuing the poets a pill; but our fellow Shakespeare hath giuen him a purge that made him beray his credit." *The Returne from Pernassus, &c. Publicquely acted by the Students in Saint Johns Colledge in Cambridge*, 1606, Sig. G 2. (Though not printed till 1606, it was acted before the death of Queen Elizabeth.)

<sup>19</sup> The entire notice of Shakespeare in the *Discoveries* is too interesting to be omitted. "I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand! Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour: for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power: would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,' and such like; which were ridiculous..

According to Rowe,<sup>20</sup> Shakespeare's "acquaintance with Ben Johnson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature: Mr. Johnson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakespeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Johnson and his writings to the publick." This anecdote,<sup>21</sup>—like many other traditionary stories,—is perhaps in some respects erroneous; but there seems to be nothing which forbids our believing it to be based on truth.—Private dwellings in those days did not furnish the accommodations and comforts which they now afford; and conviviality was confined almost entirely to taverns and ordinaries. At the Mermaid Tavern, Sir Walter Raleigh had insti-

---

But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." *Discoveries*,—*Works*, ix. 175, ed. Gifford. Concerning the passage of *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 1, to which Jonson alludes, see more in note *ad l.*

<sup>20</sup> *Life of Shakespeare.*

<sup>21</sup> Gifford treated it as "an arrant fable," on the strength of a notice in Henslowe's *Diary*, of "the comodey of Umers" having been originally acted by the Lord Admiral's Men in 1597,—which comedy Gifford supposed to have been Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*: but Jonson (as before mentioned) expressly states that his play was first acted by the Lord Chamberlain's Servants in 1598; and therefore Mr. Collier (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. 133, sec. ed.) concludes that Henslowe's notice must refer to some other piece.

tuted<sup>22</sup> a club, which included among its members Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Donne, and others eminent for genius and learning. That Shakespeare also belonged to it we can hardly question; and there most probably it was that he and Jonson delighted the company with those brilliant and good-natured repartees, of which Fuller, from the accounts still current in his own time, has preserved a memorial. "Many," he says, "were the wit-combates betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great gallion and an English man-of-war: Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances; Shakespeare with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."<sup>23</sup>

<sup>22</sup> About 1603, if Gifford be right (*Memoirs of Jonson*, p. lxx.).—The Mermaid Tavern is generally said to have been in Friday-street: but, as Mr. P. Cunningham observes (*Handbook of London*), "Ben Jonson has settled its locality" by a passage in his lines *On the famous voyage*;

"At Bread-street's Mermaid having din'd, and merry,  
Propos'd to go to Holborn in a wherry."

*Works*, viii. 242, ed. Gifford.

<sup>23</sup> *Worthies*, p. 126, A a a, ed. fol.—After reading the above passage of Fuller, how are we disappointed to find that no better than the following have been handed down to us as specimens of Shakespeare's and Jonson's "wit"!

"Shakespeare was god-father to one of Ben Johnsons children, and after the christning, being in a deepe study, Johnson came to cheere him up, and askt him why he was so melancholy. No, faith, Ben, sayes he, not I; but I have beene considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last. I prythe what? sayes he. I faith, Ben, Ile e'en give him a dowzen good Lattin spoones, and thou shalt translate them." From *Merry Passages and Jeasts* (collected by Sir Nicholas L'estrangle), *Ms. Harl.* 6395.

In a work by Francis Meres, entitled *Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasury, being the Second Part of Wits Commonwealth*, 1598, is a remarkable passage concerning Shakespeare and the productions by which at that date he had established his fame :

“As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete wittie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and hony-tongued Shakespeare; witnes his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred *Sonnets* among his private friends, &c.

“As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best

“Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, occasioned by the motto to the Globe Theatre,—*Totus mundus agit histrionem*.

*Jonson.*

If but stage-actors all the world displays,  
Where shall we find spectators of their plays?

*Shakespeare.*

Little or much of what we see we do;  
We are all both actors and spectators too.”

From *Poetical Characteristicks*,—a Ms. formerly in the Harleian collection.

“Mr. Ben Johnson and Mr. Wm. Shakespeare being merrie att a tavern, Mr. Jonson haveing begune this for his epitaph,

Here lies Ben Johnson,  
That was once one,

he gives ytt to Mr. Shakspear to make upp, who presently wrightes,

Who, while hee liv'de, was a sloe thinge,  
And now, being dead, is no-thinge.”

*Ms. Ashmol. Oxon.* 38, p. 181.—

The letter from Peele to Marlowe, concerning Shakespeare and Jonson, which has been given in several publications, is undoubtedly a forgery : see Life of Peele, p. 327, prefixed to his *Works*, ed. Dyce, 1861.

for comedy and tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witnes his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love Labors Lost*, his *Love Labours Wonne*, his *Midsummers Night Dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice*; for tragedy, his *Richard the 2.*, *Richard the 3.*, *Henry the 4.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*.

“As Epius Stolo said that the Muses would speake with Plautus tongue, if they would speak Latin, so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeares fine filed phrase, if they would speake English.”

Of the various pieces thus mentioned by Meres in 1598, a portion only were then in print: the others afterwards found their way to the press at unequal intervals, some remaining in manuscript till the publication of the folio in 1623. To take them in the order of his enumeration. *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* first appeared (as already stated), the former in 1593, the latter in 1594; the *Sonnets* in 1609; *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Comedy of Errors* in 1623; *Love's Labour's lost* in 1598; *Love's Labour's won* (supposing that title to be, as it most probably is, only another name for *All's well that ends well*) in 1623; *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *The Merchant of Venice* in 1600; *King Richard the Second* and *King Richard the Third* in 1597; *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth* in 1598; *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* in 1600; *King John* in 1623; *Titus*

*Andronicus* (if not in 1594<sup>24</sup>) in 1600; *Romeo and Juliet* (with a most imperfect text) in 1597.

Among the *Epigrams* of Weever, published in 1599, but written earlier, are the following wretched lines in commendation of our author's poetry both narrative and dramatic;

“*Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare.*

Honie-tongd Shakespeare, when I saw thine issue,  
 I swore Apollo got them, and none other;  
 Their rosie-tainted features clothed in tissue,  
 Some heaven-born goddesse said to be their mother:  
 Rose-cheeckt Adonis with his amber tresses,  
 Faire fire-hot Venus charming him to love her;  
 Chaste Lucretia, virgine-like her dresses,  
 Proud lust-stung Tarquine seeking still to prove her;  
 Romeo, Richard, more whose names I know not;  
 Their sugred tongues and power-attractive beauty  
 Say they are saints, althogh that saints they shew not,  
 For thousand vowes to them subjective dutie.  
 They burn in love, thy children, Shakespeare, let them:  
 Go, wo thy Muse; more nymphish brood beget them.”

During the same year appeared a small poetical miscellany called *The Passionate Pilgrim*, the title-page attributing the whole to Shakespeare,<sup>25</sup> though it con-

<sup>24</sup> “This play,” says Langbaine, “was first printed 4<sup>o</sup> Lond. 1594.” *Account of Eng. Dramatic Poets*, p. 464: and, though no such edition is at present known, Langbaine's statement is probably correct; for *Titus Andronicus* was entered in the Stationers' Registers, Feb. 6th, 1593.

<sup>25</sup> That Shakespeare did not authorise the publication of *The Passionate Pilgrim* is certain.—No second edition of it is known.—To the third edition, 1612, the publisher, W. Jaggard, added two pieces from Heywood's *Troja Britannica*; which proceeding was thus noticed by Heywood in the Postscript to his *Apology for Actors*, also printed in 1612: “Here, likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke [*Troja Britannica*] by taking the two epistles of Paris to Helen and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a lesse volume under

tains some things that we know he did not write, and some others which their poverty of thought and expression forbids our believing to be his. As to those portions of it which had been printed the year before among the poems of Barnfield, a recent inquiry<sup>26</sup> would seem to show that they may nevertheless be from Shakespeare's pen.—In 1599 was also published the second edition of his *Romeo and Juliet*, “newly corrected, augmented, and amended.”

Of the marriage of Shakespeare's sister Joan to William Hart, a hatter at Stratford, the register has no mention: but their first child, William, was baptized August 28th, 1600, buried March 29th, 1639.<sup>27</sup>—Their other children were: Mary, baptized June 5th, 1603, buried Dec. 17th, 1607; Thomas, baptized July 24th,

---

the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steal them from him, and hee, to doe himselfe right, hath since published them in his owne name: but, as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath publisht them, so the author, I know, much offended with M. Jaggard that (altogether unknowne to him) presumed to make so bold with his name.” Heywood having thus claimed his own, Jaggard cancelled the title-page of the third edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1612, on which was the name of Shakespeare, and substituted a title-page without any author's name.

<sup>26</sup> By Mr. Collier: see his papers in *The Athenæum* for May 17th, 1856, and in *Notes and Queries*, Second Series, vol. ii. 8. After a minute examination of the two editions of Barnfield's volume, 1598 and 1605, he states that in the second edition, 1605, Barnfield omitted the pieces which had been printed in 1599 as Shakespeare's. The pieces in question are the Sonnet, “If music and sweet poetry agree,” &c. and the Ode, “As it fell upon a day,” &c.: and they form part of the fourth division (“*Poems in diuers humors*”) of Barnfield's work, which was originally entitled *The Encomion of Lady Pecunia; or the Praise of Money*, &c.

<sup>27</sup> See p. 89.



1605; Michael, baptized Sept. 23d, 1608.—In 1600,<sup>28</sup> besides the plays already mentioned,<sup>29</sup> our author's *Much Ado about Nothing* and his *King Henry the Fifth* (a mere abortion of the original) found their way to the press.

John Shakespeare, the father of the dramatist, about whom so much has been said in the commencement of this memoir, was buried at Stratford, Sept. 8th, 1601.<sup>30</sup>

<sup>28</sup> *The first part of the true and honorable history of the life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham*, was printed in 1600, with "Written by William Shakespeare" on the title-page. Copies, however, exist, which are without any author's name; and we may conclude that the original title-page had been cancelled. That Shakespeare was not concerned in the composition of this play is certain: it was, as we learn from Henslowe's *Diary*, the joint production of Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathway.—*The London Prodigall*, 1605, and *A Yorkshire Tragedie*, 1608, both having Shakespeare's name on the title-page; *The Lamentable Tragedie of Locrine, newly set forth, overseene and corrected, By W. S.*, 1595; *The True Chronicle Historie of Thomas Lord Cromwell*, by W. S., 1602; *The Puritaine, or The Widdow of Watling-streete*, by W. S., 1607; were all (together with *Sir John Oldcastle*) reprinted in the third folio of Shakespeare's dramatic works, 1664, though from internal evidence, it is clear that he did not contribute a single line to any of them. The copy of the third folio dated 1663 does not contain them.—With respect to *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, written by the memorable worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakspeare, Gent., 1634, I think that the case is very different: see *Some Account of the Lives and Writings of Beaumont and Fletcher*, p. lxxx., where I have given my reasons for believing that portions of this play are by Shakespeare,—an opinion to which I still adhere, in spite of all the arguments to the contrary put forth by various critics since the publication of that *Account*. [1863. In an invaluable work, published since the first edition of this Memoir appeared, Walker, quoting *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, says, "Surely aut Shakespearius aut diabolus." *A Crit. Exam. of the Text of Shakespeare*, &c. vol. ii. p. 75.]—*The Birth of Merlin*, written by William Shakespear and William Rowley, 1662, is a drama almost below contempt.

<sup>29</sup> See p. 72.

<sup>30</sup> "The latest notice of John Shakespeare hitherto met with occurs in a paper in the Council Chamber at Stratford, containing notes respecting an action of trespass brought by Edward Grevil against several

If Malone's conjecture be right,—and it can hardly be far wrong,—that he was “born in or before the year 1530,”<sup>31</sup> he had somewhat passed the age of threescore and ten.

The earliest date assigned by the commentators to the production of Shakespeare's *Twelfth-Night* was 1607, till the discovery of the following curious entry in the *Diary* of John Manningham, a member of the Middle Temple (*Ms. Harl.* 5353):

“1601[-2]. Febr. 2. At our feast wee had a play called *Twelve Night or What you Will*, much like the Commedy of Errors or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*.<sup>31\*</sup> A good practise in it to make the steward beleieve his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a lettre as from his lady in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparraile, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him beleieve they tooke him to be mad, &c.”

In 1602 Shakespeare made an important addition to his property by purchasing, for three hundred and twenty pounds, a hundred and seven acres of arable land<sup>32</sup> in the parish of Old Stratford: the indenture,

---

burgesses of Stratford in 1601. His name is in a list that appears amongst memoranda of the defendant's case, perhaps of the witnesses intended to be called,—‘Mr. Jhon Sackesper.’” Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 73, folio ed.

<sup>31</sup> *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 50.

<sup>31\*</sup> See Introd. to *Twelfth-Night*.

<sup>32</sup> In a fine levied on this property in Trinity Term 1611, “twenty acres of pasture land” are described in addition to the hundred and

“Betweene William Combe, of Warrwicke, in the countie of Warrwick, esquier, and John Combe, of Olde Stretford, in the countie aforesaid, gentleman, on the one partie, and William Shakespere, of Stretford-uppon Avon, in the countie aforesaide, gentleman, on thother partye,” is dated 1st of May; and, Shakespeare not being then at Stratford, the conveyance was executed by his brother Gilbert.<sup>33</sup>

On the 28th of the following September, a “*cotagium cum pertinentiis*,” in Walker’s Street, alias Dead Lane, Stratford, near New Place, was surrendered to Shakespeare by Walter Getley,—the former, it appears, being at that time absent from Stratford: and during Michaelmas-Term of the same year our poet bought, for sixty pounds, from Hercules Underhill, a messuage, with two barns, two gardens, and two orchards, described, not very precisely, in the original fine as situated “in Stretford super Avon.”

---

seven acres mentioned in the indenture; “so that Shakespeare,” observes Mr. Halliwell, “may then have added to his former purchase; and in a deed, which bears date in 1652, this land is also stated to be of the same extent.” *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 165, folio ed.

<sup>33</sup> “Mr. Collier cites an extract from ‘The Egerton Papers,’ to show that ‘Othello’ was acted for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, at the residence of Lord Ellesmere (then Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal), at Harefield, on the 6th of August, 1602;

[‘6 August, 1602. Rewardes to the vaulters, players, and dauncers (Of this x.<sup>h</sup> to Burbidges players for Othello), lxiij.<sup>h</sup> xvij.<sup>s</sup> x.<sup>d</sup>’]

but the suspicion long entertained that the Shakesperian documents in that collection are modern fabrications having now deepened almost into certainty, the extract in question is of no historical value.” STAUNTON,—Pref. Remarks to *Othello*. “The writing, the ink, and the signature [of the paper containing the above extract] equally condemn it at once.” Hardy’s *Review of the Present State of the Shakespearian Controversy*, p. 60.

Queen Elizabeth died on the 24th of March 1602-3. She was fond of theatrical performances; and we have the testimony of Ben Jonson that she justly appreciated the dramatist who was the brightest ornament of her reign;

“Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were  
To see thee in our waters yet appear,  
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames  
*That so did take Eliza and our James !*”<sup>34</sup>

To the same effect is a passage in Chettle’s *Englandes Mourning Garment*, 1603, where, under the name of Melicert, Shakespeare is admonished for having failed to celebrate in an elegy the lately deceased queen;

“Nor doth the silver-tongèd Melicert  
Drop from his honied Muse one sable teare  
To mourne her death *that gracèd his desert,*  
*And to his laies openèd her royall eare.*  
Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth,  
And sing her Rape done by that Tarquin, Death.”

Indeed, she could hardly have been insensible to the most enchanting compliment ever paid by genius to royal vanity,—the allusion to the Virgin Queen in *A Midsummer-Night’s Dream*; forming, as it does, so striking a contrast to the gross and vulgar flattery with which other contemporary poets strove to soothe her ear;

“That very time I saw—but thou couldst not—  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all arm’d : a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal thronèd by the west,

---

<sup>34</sup> *To the Memory of my beloved, the author, Mr. William Shakespeare, &c.*

And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
 As it should pierce a hundred-thousand hearts :  
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,  
 And the imperial votaress passèd on,  
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

Act ii. sc. 1.—

We are told that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was written by the command of her majesty, who had been so pleased with Falstaff in the Two Parts of *King Henry the Fourth*, that she desired to see him in the character of a lover: and the anecdote may possibly be true, though it cannot be traced farther back than the beginning of the last century.<sup>35</sup>

In King James the drama found a kind and liberal patron. On May 17th, 1603, but a few days after his arrival in London, the following warrant<sup>36</sup> under the Privy Seal was issued:

"BY THE KING.

"Right trusty and welbeloved Counsellor, we greeete you well, and will and commaund you, that under our

<sup>35</sup> Dennis in The Epistle Dedicatory to an alteration of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, entitled *The Comical Gallant*, 1702, writes as follows; "I knew very well that it had pleased one of the greatest queens that ever was in the world. . . . This comedy was written at her command and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation." It is supposed that Dennis had this story from Dryden, and Dryden from Davenant.—Rowe, in his *Life of Shakespeare*, 1709, says; "She [Elizabeth] was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff in the Two Parts of *Henry the Fourth*, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*."

<sup>36</sup> In the Chapter House.—The patent under the Great Seal bears date May 19th.

privie seale in your custody for the time being, you cause our letters to be derected to the keeper of our greate scale of England, commaunding him under our said greate seale, he cause our letters to be made patents in forme following. James, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, Fraunce, and Irland, defendor of the faith, &c. To all justices, maiors, sheriffs, constables, headboroughes, and other our officers and loving subjects greeting. Know ye, that we of our speciall grace, certaine knowledge, and meere motion, have licenced and authorized, and by these presentes doe licence and authorize, these our servants, Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillippes, John Hemmings, Henrie Condell, William Sly, Robert Armyn, Richard Cowlye, and the rest of their associats, freely to use and exercise the arte and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, moralls, pastorals, stage-plaies, and such other like, as thei have already studied, or hereafter shall use or studie, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall thinke good to see them, during our pleasure; and the said comedies, trajedies, histories, enterludes, moralls, pastoralls, stage-plaies, and such like, to shew and exercise publicquely to their best commoditie, when the infection of the plague shall decrease, as well within their now usuall howse called the Globe, within our county of Surrey, as also within anie towne halls, or mout halls, or other convenient places within the

liberties and freedome of any other citie, universitie, towne, or borough whatsoever within our said realmes and dominions: willing and commaunding you, and every of you, as you tender our pleasure, not only to permit and suffer them heerin, without any your letts, hinderances, or molestations, during our said pleasure, but also to be ayding or assisting to them yf any wrong be to them offered; and to allowe them such former courtesies, as hath bene given to men of their place and qualitie; and also what further favour you shall shew to these our servants for our sake, we shall take kindly at your hands. And these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalfe. Given under our signet at our mannor of Greenewiche, the seavententh day of May in the first yeere of our raigne of England, France, and Ireland, and of Scotland the six and thirtieth."

Our poet and his above-named associates were then at the head of the Lord Chamberlain's company, performing at the Globe in summer, and at the Blackfriars in winter,<sup>37</sup> though the former theatre only is noticed in the instrument. By virtue of it they now ceased to be the Lord Chamberlain's Servants, and were henceforth designated as the King's Players.<sup>38</sup>—Laurence Fletcher, the leading member of the association, had performed

<sup>37</sup> See p. 60.

<sup>38</sup> Here followed in the former edition of this Memoir; "It should be observed that the name of Shakespeare, which stands fifth in the actors' petition to the Privy Council in 1596, is placed second in the warrant; such importance had he acquired in the interval." But see note 6, p. 60.

before King James in Scotland with the company of English actors who were there from Oct. 1599 to Dec. 1601; and he is ascertained to have been at the head of that company by the fact of his having received the freedom of the city of Aberdeen on Oct. 22d, 1601, as "comedian to his Majesty." Perhaps the favour in which he at that time stood with James was not without its influence in determining the position occupied by his name in the warrant.—Mr. Collier's<sup>39</sup> conjecture that Laurence Fletcher was an elder brother of John Fletcher the dramatist is very questionable.<sup>40</sup>—We have no evidence that Shakespeare ever visited Scotland,

<sup>39</sup> *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 169, sec. ed.

<sup>40</sup> When Bishop Fletcher made his Will, Oct. 26th, 1593, he had nine children living, none of them "come to the age of one and twenty yeares:" but at the period of his decease, June 15th, 1596, as we learn from a document drawn up by his brother, they were eight in number, and "divers of them very young." The names of four of them are not known: the others were Nathaniel, Theophilus, Elizabeth, John (the dramatist), and Maria. Only two of them are mentioned by name in the Bishop's Will,—the two eldest sons then alive, it would seem,—Nathaniel and John (Theophilus, whose birth occurred between theirs, was probably dead): to these two he leaves "all his bookes, to be devyded betwene them equallie," and he gives moreover to Nathaniel "all his wearinge linen."

In Henslowe's *Diary* (p. 78, ed. Shakespeare Soc.), under a note of money lent to various persons "sence the 14 of Octobr. 1596," are two notices of "Fleacher;" and on the first one Mr. Collier remarks (*ubi supra*); "This has been supposed by Malone to mean John Fletcher the poet, but there was also Laurence Fletcher an actor, whose name stands first in the patent granted by King James on the 17th May, 1603, and a few years afterwards we hear of Laz. Fletcher." Assuredly, the dramatist is not meant: now that the date of his birth has been discovered (see my *Account of the Lives and Writings of Beaumont and Fletcher*, p. xviii.), we know that in October 1596 he was under seventeen years of age.—Laurence Fletcher was buried at St. Saviour's, Southwark, Sept. 12th, 1608: see Collier's *Memoirs of the principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*,—Introd. p. x.



either along with Laurence Fletcher, or ten years earlier as one of an English company, styled "her Majesty's players," who are known to have performed at Edinburgh in 1589.<sup>41</sup>

<sup>41</sup> A letter from Mrs. Alleyn to her husband, dated October 20th, 1603, which was first printed by Mr. Collier in his *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*, contains, as given by Mr. Collier the following "mention of Shakespeare," p. 63;

"Aboute a weeke agoe there came a youthe who said he was Mr. Frauncis Chaloner who would have borrowed x<sup>li</sup> to have bought things for \* \* \* and said he was known unto you, and Mr. Shakespeare of the globe, who came \* \* \* said he knewe hym not, onely he herde of hym that he was a roge \* \* \* so he was glade we did not lend him the monney \* \* \* Richard Johnes [went] to seeke and inquire after the fellow," &c.

But, since the publication of Mr. Collier's *Memoirs of Alleyn*, the original Ms. of the letter just cited has been minutely examined by variotus persons, who have all failed to discover the "mention of Shakespeare" which Mr. Collier found in it. "On collating this letter with the original," says Mr. N. E. S. A. Hamilton, "it appears to have been entirely misread by Mr. Collier, as there is not the smallest trace of authority for any allusion to Shakspeare, or to any of the words concerning him found there by Mr. Collier, and printed by him as forming part of the original document. \* \* \* I have broken the lines, both in my version of the document and in that of Mr. Collier, in exact accordance with the written document, so that the reader may see at a glance the average number of words contained in a line, and be thereby enabled to judge for himself of the actual impossibility of the paragraph in question having ever been contained in the original document where Mr. Collier avers that he found it. At the same time it will be observed that portions of three damaged lines are still legible, which are incompatible with the *Shakspeare paragraph*, and in regard to which Mr. Collier is wholly silent \* \* \*"

'Aboute a weeke agoe there [cam]e a youthe who said he was Mr. Frauncis Chalo[ner]s man . . . . ld have borrow[e]d x<sup>s</sup> to  
bought have a things for [h]is Mr. . . . . t hym  
Cominge without . . . : token . . . . d  
I would have . . . .  
& I bene su . . . .  
and inquire after the fellow,' &c.

*An Inquiry into the Genuineness of the Manuscript Corrections in Mr. J. Payne Collier's Annotated Shakspeare, &c.* pp. 86, 88, 92.

According to one of the Ellesmere Manuscripts discovered by Mr.

The exact date at which Shakespeare ceased to be an actor is uncertain. He was still on the stage in 1603, when he played a character in the *Sejanus*<sup>42</sup> of Jonson,—in whose *Every Man in his Humour*, as already noticed, he had been one of the original performers; but from Jonson's arrangement of the actors' names we can no more determine what character he represented in *Sejanus* than what was his particular part in the earlier production of his friend.—It is hardly to be doubted that not long after the last-mentioned period Shakespeare withdrew from the stage.—Among the papers at Dulwich College is the copy of a letter

---

Collier,—a letter from Daniel the poet to Sir Thomas Egerton,—Shakespeare would seem to have been a candidate for the office of Master of the Queen's Revels,—to which Daniel was himself appointed Jan. 30th, 1603-4; but that letter, if not a forgery, is certainly not the original. See it in Appendix, No. VI.

<sup>42</sup> On its first representation, this tragedy was unfavourably received; but having been subsequently remodelled by the author, it kept possession of the stage till long after the Restoration. In an address "To the Readers" prefixed to the quarto of 1605 (when it was originally printed), Jonson says; "Lastly, I would inform you, that this book, in all numbers, is not the same with that which was acted on the public stage; wherein a second pen had good share: in place of which, I have rather chosen to put weaker, and, no doubt, less pleasing, of mine own, than to defraud so happy a genius of his right by my loathed usurpation." Gifford thinks that by "a second pen" is meant Fletcher,—not Shakespeare, as had been generally believed: "Shakespeare," he says, "seems to be almost the last eminent writer to whom our author would look for assistance on the present occasion: *Sejanus* is entirely founded on the Greek and Latin historians, who are carefully quoted in the margin of the first copy, and the author values himself on the closeness with which he has followed his originals. Shakespeare, as Jonson well knew, derived all his knowledge of Roman story from translations, and this was scarcely sufficiently accurate or extensive to induce our author to solicit his aid in the production of his meditated tragedy, which he certainly intended to be 'a palmarian work' as to its fidelity." Jonson's *Works*, iii. 8.

from the Council to the Lord Mayor of London and the Magistrates of Middlesex and Surrey, dated April 9th, 1604, directing them to allow three companies of players—those of the King, the Queen, and the Prince—"publickly to exercise their plaies in ther severall usuall howses," &c. &c.; and to the letter is appended a list of the King's Players, who are thus enumerated, "Burbadge, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Phillips, Condle, Hemmingses, Armyn, Slye, Cowley, Hostler, Day." But, though the letter is undoubtedly a genuine document, we are now quite certain that the list of players which is annexed to it is spurious.<sup>43</sup>—In his cxi<sup>th</sup> *Sonnet* our

<sup>43</sup> The list differs from the letter both in the handwriting and in the ink.—Malone (see his *Inquiry*, &c. p. 215) was acquainted with the letter: but he makes no mention of the list of players; which, together with the letter, was first printed by Mr. Collier in his *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*, pp. 66, 68.—Since the appearance of this Memoir in my first edition, the following communication has been made to *The Athenæum* for April 30, 1864;

"A *Shakespearian Discovery*.

Stratford-on-Avon, April 26, 1864.

They who are listening anxiously for every whisper which may tell us something to increase the collection of facts that are by slow degrees substantiating a chronology of the main incidents in the material life of Shakespeare, will gladly welcome the announcement of a curious addition to them.

The new fact to be now published is imbedded in a large folio manuscript volume which has been kindly confided to the care of the Rev. J. Granville, the respected vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, by the authorities of the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and is now being publicly exhibited for a time, by their permission, at the Birth-place in Henley Street. It contains a minute account of the expenses incurred for the materials of the dresses for those who took a part in the procession at the visit of James the First to the City of London in the year 1604; and amongst the entries is one to the effect that our great dramatist was furnished with four and a half yards of 'skarlet red cloth' on the occasion. His name occurs at the top of the list of the same company to whom the patent was granted in 1603. The following is the title of the manuscript;

poet evidently expresses his real sentiments, when he says,

“O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
That did not better for my life provide  
Than public means which public manners breeds.  
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;  
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand,” &c.

‘The Accompte of Sir George Howme Knight, Master of the Greate Warederobe to the highe & mightie Prince, our gracious soveraigne Lord James by the Grace of God Kinge of England, Scotland, Fraunce & Ireland, Defendour of the Faith, &c., as well of all his receiptes as of his empcions & deliveries of all manner of furnitures & provisions whatsoever by hym bought & provided for his Majesties use & service against his royall Entrye & proceedinge throughe his honorable Citie of London, togeather with our soveraigne Ladie Queene Anne his wief, & the noble Prince Henrie his sonne, solemnized xv.th daie of Marche 1603, & in the first yeare of his Raigne of England, Fraunce & Ireland, & of Scotland the seaven & thirtieth.’

The date 1603 is 1603-4. The King's Players are entered in the list of the household, occurring after the Falconers, and appear thus in the Ms.;

		Skarlet red cloth.
‘PLAYERS.	William Shakespeare . . . . .	. iiij. yardes, di.
	Augustine Phillippis . . . . .	. iiij. yardes, di.
	Lawrence Fletcher . . . . .	. iiij. yardes, di.
	John Hemminges . . . . .	. iiij. yardes, di.
	Richard Burbidge . . . . .	. iiij. yardes, di.
	William Slye . . . . .	. iiij. yardes, di.
	Robert Armyn . . . . .	. iiij. yardes, di.
	Henry Cundell . . . . .	. iiij. yardes, di.
	Richard Cowley . . . . .	. iiij. yardes, di.’

Whether the position of the name of Shakespeare in this document proves anything, is a subject for further deliberation; but it is clearly demonstrated, at all events, that the great dramatist had not retired from the King's Company on March 15th, 1604. I have no book on the subject to refer to at this moment, and leave it to others to tell us the nature of the brilliant costume in which Shakespeare appeared in the procession, and whether there is not some contemporary engraving of the pageant in which the actors are introduced. If there be, its interest would be highly enhanced by the discovery, a note of which is thus hastily transmitted to you.

J. O. HALLIWELL.”

He had, therefore, conceived a distaste for the player's profession, regarding himself as degraded by it; and he must have felt any thing but regret at bidding \*farewell to the stage.

His contemporary Chettle (in a tract already quoted)<sup>44</sup> terms him "exclent in the qualitie he professes;" and though the passage which contains these words was intended to be apologetical to Shakespeare, yet Chettle would hardly have ventured to use so strong an epithet as "*excellent*," unless our author's histrionic powers had been of a superior order. Another contemporary, John Davies of Hereford, thus alludes to Shakespeare and Burbadge in his *Microcosmos*, 1603;

" If Pride ascende the stage (O base ascent !),  
 Al men may see her, for nought comes thereon  
 But to be seene, and where Vice should be shent,  
 Yea, made most odious to ev'ry one  
 In blazing her by demonstration,  
 Then Pride, that is more then most vicious,  
 Should there endure open damnation ;  
 And so shee doth, for shee's most odious  
 In men most base, that are ambitious.  
  
 Players, I love yee and your qualitie,  
 As ye are men that pass-time not abus'd ;  
 And some [W. S. R. B.] I love for painting, poesie,  
 And say fell Fortune cannot be excus'd,  
 That hath for better vses you refus'd ;  
 Wit, courage, good shape, good partes, and all good,  
 As long as al these goods are no werse vs'd ;  
 And though the stage doth staine pure gentle bloud,  
 Yet generous yee are in minde and moode."<sup>45</sup>

The same persevering rhymers, in his *Humours Heau'n*.

<sup>44</sup> See p. 56.

<sup>45</sup> P. 215.

on *Earth*, &c., 1605, speaking of the followers of Fortune, again pays a compliment to Shakespeare and his fellow-actor ;

“ Some followed her by acting all mens parts :  
 Those on a stage she rais'd (in scorne) to fall,  
 And made them mirrors, by their acting arts,  
 Wherin men saw their faults, thogh ne'r so small :  
 Yet some [W. S. R. B.] she guerdond not to their desarts ;  
 But othersome were but ill-action all,  
 Who, while they acted ill, ill staid behinde,  
 By custome of their maners, in their minde.”<sup>46</sup>

In a later, and somewhat more readable work, by Davies, *The Scourge of Folly*, &c., n. d., are these puzzling verses ;

“ *To our English Terence, Mr. Will. Shakespeare.*  
 Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,  
 Hadst thou not plaid some kingly parts in sport,  
 Thou hadst bin a companion for a king,  
 And beene a king among the meaner sort.  
 Some others raile ; but raile as they thinke fit,  
 Thou hast no rayling, but a rainging wit :  
 And honesty thou sow'st, which they do reape,  
 So to increase their stocke, which they do keepe.”<sup>47</sup>

Are we, then, to understand that, in consequence of having personated certain royal characters, Shakespeare had drawn upon himself the displeasure of King James? I more than doubt if such be Davies's meaning; for it is utterly improbable that Shakespeare would ever have taken part in, or even given his sanction to, any performance with which the king could have had reason to be offended.<sup>48</sup>—We now come to

<sup>46</sup> P. 208.

<sup>47</sup> P. 76.

<sup>48</sup> A letter from John Chamberlaine to Sir R. Winwood, dated Dec. 18th, 1604, informs us that the King's Company had very recently given

the traditions concerning Shakespeare in his capacity of player. According to Aubrey, "he did act exceedingly well."<sup>49</sup> Wright, on the other hand, had "heard" that he "was a much better poet than player."<sup>50</sup> and Rowe informs us, that soon after his admission into the company, he became distinguished, "if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer;" adding presently, "I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*."<sup>1</sup> But what Wright and Rowe had "heard" goes for nothing when weighed against the express declaration of his contemporary Chettle, that Shakespeare was "excellent in the quality he professed;" and perhaps it was only a natural consequence of his vast reputation as a dra-

---

great offence to the court by producing a play on the subject of the Gowry Conspiracy: "The Tragedy of Gowry, with all the action and actors, hath been twice represented by the King's Players, with exceeding concourse of all sorts of people. But whether the matter or manner be not well handled, or that it be thought unfit that princes should be played on the stage in their life-time, I hear that some great councellers are much displeased with it, and so 'tis thought shall be forbidden." Winwood's *Memorials*, &c., ii. 41. But most probably before the above date Shakespeare had ceased to act.—In 1606 James was very indecently caricatured upon the stage: on April 5th of that year, the French ambassador wrote home from London that the King's Players "had brought forward their own king and all his favourites in a very strange fashion. They made him curse and swear because he had been robbed of a bird, and beat a gentleman because he had called off the hounds from the scent. They represent him as drunk at least once a-day, &c." F. Von Raumer's *History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, illustrated by original documents,—English transl., ii. 219.

<sup>49</sup> *Mss. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*

<sup>50</sup> *Historia Histrionica*, 1699,—Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. i. cxlvii. ed. 1825.

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Shakespeare.*

matist, that his abilities as an actor should be almost forgotten.—If we may trust a story which has been handed down to us with variations, he used to perform the part of Adam in his own *As you like it*.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> “One of Shakspeare’s younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles II., would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother Will, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother’s fame enlarged, and his dramattick entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued, it seems, so long after his brother’s death as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors [exciting them] to learn something from him of his brother, &c., they justly held him in the highest veneration: and it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor amongst them, this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramattick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects), that he could give them but little light into their enquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother Will in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song.” *Oldys’s Mss.* In the preceding account “one of Shakespeare’s younger brothers” has been thought to mean Gilbert (of whose burial there is no entry in the register): most probably, however, Gilbert (who, if alive “some years after the Restoration,” would have been nearly a century old) was dead in 1616, since he is not noticed in the poet’s will: and at that date the other brothers of Shakespeare are known to have been dead. By “a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor amongst them,” is evidently meant the distinguished tragedian Charles Hart: but of his relationship to the Harts of Stratford no proof exists; and perhaps he has been confounded by Oldys’s informant with William Hart, the eldest son of Shakespeare’s sister Joan, who is supposed to have been the actor of that name mentioned in two warrants of the time of Charles the Second, and who was buried at Stratford, March 29th,



In 1604 an action was brought by Shakespeare in the Court of Record at Stratford against Philip Rogers to recover a debt of 1*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.* At different times between March and the end of May in that year, Shakespeare had sold to Rogers as much malt as amounted to the value of 1*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.*; and he had also, on June 25th, lent him two shillings: of all this debt Rogers had paid only six shillings; hence the action.—Pity that, for want of better materials, the poet's biographers should have to enter on such insignificant details!

The quarto of *Hamlet*, 1603, which had so grossly misrepresented the author's text, was superseded by a more correct edition in 1604,—“enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie.”

It has been shown that as early as Jan. 1597-8,<sup>3</sup> there was talk at Stratford of Shakespeare's “dealing in the matter of our tithes:” but the business came to no issue till 1605, when he purchased a moiety of a lease,—granted in 1544 for ninety-two years,—of the tithes, great and small, of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe. The indenture executed between “Raphe Husbande of Ippesly in the countye of Warwick esquier on thone parte, and William Shake-

---

1639.—“A traditional story was current some years ago about Stratford: that a very old man of that place—of weak intellects, but yet related to Shakespeare—being ask'd by some of his neighbours, what he remember'd about him, answered,—that he saw him once brought on the stage upon another man's back; which answer was apply'd by the hearers to his having seen him perform in this scene [*As you like it*, act ii. sc. 7] the part of Adam,” &c. Capell's *Notes*, &c. vol. i. part i. p. 60.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 63.

speare of Stratford uppon Avon in the saied countie of Warwick, gentleman, on thother parte," is dated July 24th; and for this purchase, the greatest he is known to have made, Shakespeare paid down four hundred and forty pounds.

In a "Certificate of the names and arms of trained soldiers within the Hundred of Barlichway, co. Warwick, taken at Alcester, before Sir Fulk Greville, Sir Edw. Greville, and Tho. Spencer," dated Sept. 23d, 1605, "the name of William Shakespere occurs in the list of soldiers of the town of Rowington;"<sup>4</sup> and (though Shakespeares abounded in Warwickshire) it is by no means unlikely that the said "William Shakespere" was our dramatist, who at that troubled period—somewhat more than a month before the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot—may have joined a band of soldiers, ready, in case of emergency, to defend the state.

Our author's *King Henry the Eighth* would seem to have been produced not long after the accession of James, who is elaborately complimented towards the conclusion of the play;<sup>5</sup> and his *Macbeth*, which also contains a flattering allusion<sup>6</sup> to the reigning

<sup>4</sup> *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the reign of James I.* 1603-1610, edited by Mrs. Green, 1857, p. 234.—A writer in *The Athenæum* for August 15th, 1857, remarks on the above extract; "The date is Sept. 23, 1605, the year of the Gunpowder Plot; and the lists were possibly prepared through instructions issued by Cecil in consequence of secret information as to the working of the plot in Warwickshire, the proposed head-quarters of the insurrection."

<sup>5</sup> "Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when  
The bird of wonder dies," &c.

<sup>6</sup> Act iv. sc. 1, "and some I see  
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry."

monarch, was probably brought upon the stage about 1606.—The tradition that King James, on some occasion, wrote with his own hand “an amicable letter”<sup>7</sup> to Shakespeare, is not to be dismissed as altogether unworthy of credit. Mr. Collier cannot believe “that James I. should have so far condescended :”<sup>8</sup> but it is certain that the condescension of that monarch was frequently extreme,—his familiarity most unking-like.

In the *Accounts* of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber to James the First, we find :

“Paid to John Heminges uppon the counCELLS warr<sup>t</sup>, dated at Whitehall, xx<sup>o</sup> die Maii 1613, for presentinge before the Princes Hignes [Charles], the La. Elizabeth, and the Prince Pallatynne Elector, fowerteene severall

<sup>7</sup> “That most learned prince, and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakespeare; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William D’Avenant, as a credible person, now living, can testify.” Advertisement to Lintot’s edition of *Shakespeare’s Poems*, 1710.—Oldys, in a Ms. note on his copy of Fuller’s *Worthies*, states that the Duke of Buckingham [Sheffield] told Lintot that he had seen the letter in the possession of Sir William Davenant.

The late Mr. Boswell (Malone’s *Shakespeare*, ii. 481, ed. 1821) printed, from a vol. of Ms. Poems in his possession, four lines entitled “*Shakespeare upon the King :*” but an earlier copy of them in the Ashmolean Museum, Ms. No. 38 (see Halliwell’s *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 160, folio ed.), gives the name of their real author,—“Mr. Robert Barker, his Majestis printer.”

<sup>8</sup> *Life of Shakespeare*, p. cexiv. first ed.: altered to “that James I. should have so done” in Mr. Collier’s sec. ed. p. 183.—Here, in my former edition, I cited from Cunningham’s *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court, &c.* (printed for the Shakespeare Society), pp. 203, 204, 205, 210, several entries to “prove how highly the dramas of Shakespeare were relished at the court of James.” But there is now not the slightest doubt that those entries are gross forgeries: see them in Appendix, No. VII.

playes, viz. . . . Much Adoe abowte Nothinge<sup>10</sup> . . . the Tempest . . . the Winter's Tale, Sr John Falstaffe [*i.e.* The Merry Wives of Windsor], the Moore of Venice . . . Cæsar's Tragedye [most probably Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar] . . . all which playes weare played within the tyme of this accompte, viz. p<sup>d</sup> the some of iiij. (xx.) xiiij.li. vj.s. viij.d."<sup>11</sup> And a considerably later entry in the *Accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber* runs thus; "To John Heminges, &c., upon a warrant dated 20 April 1618, for presenting two severall Playes before his Mat<sup>y</sup>, on Easter Monday Twelfte night the play soe called, and on Easter Tuesday the Winter's Tale, xx<sup>li</sup>."<sup>12</sup>—If the documents just cited had reached us in a completer state, it is likely that they would have furnished other notices of our author's dramas.

On June 5th, 1607, Shakespeare's eldest daughter, Susanna, was married to John Hall, a medical practitioner settled at Stratford, and in good repute throughout Warwickshire and the neighbouring counties:—of whom and his wife there will be further mention.—On Dec. 31st of the same year Shakespeare's brother Edmund was interred at St. Saviour's, Southwark, the burial register declaring him to have been a "player,"—belonging doubtless to the Globe and Blackfriars company; and, as the fact of his having been on the

<sup>10</sup> A subsequent entry in the same volume mentions *Much Ado about Nothing* under the title of *Benedick and Beatrice*.

<sup>11</sup> Rawlinson's *Coll.* A. 239. Bodl. Lib.

<sup>12</sup> Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court, &c.*, Introd. p. xlv.

stage is ascertained from no other source, it is clear that he never was distinguished in his profession.

The birth of Elizabeth Hall (the only child of her parents), who was baptized Feb. 21st, 1607-8, made our poet a grandfather.—On the 9th of the following September his mother, Mary Shakespeare,—at the age, we may presume, of something more than seventy,—was laid in the grave at Stratford, seven years and a day after the burial of her husband. Mr. Collier<sup>12</sup> supposes that they had both formed part of the household at New Place: but John Shakespeare most probably died in his freehold tenement in Henley Street, which he certainly occupied as late as January 1596-7;<sup>13</sup> and there too, most probably, his wife had continued to reside till her decease.—On the 16th of the next month Shakespeare was sponsor for a boy named William Walker,<sup>14</sup> whom he remembers in his will by a legacy of “xx.s. in gold.”<sup>15</sup>

Three editions of *King Lear*, all printed for the same bookseller, in 1608, attest the high celebrity which Shakespeare had now acquired as a dramatist.

<sup>12</sup> *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 185, sec. ed.

<sup>13</sup> See latter part of note 30, p. 25.

<sup>14</sup> His father, Henry Walker, was chosen an alderman, January 3d, 1605-6.

<sup>15</sup> See, in Appendix, No. VIII., the Copy (*vera copia*) of a Letter signed H.S., which, according to Mr. Collier, who discovered it among the Ellesmere Papers, was written by Lord Southampton, and relates to an attempt made in 1608 by the Corporation of London to expel the players from the liberty of the Blackfriars: but it is a manifest fabrication. See, too, in Appendix, No. IX., a document headed “*For avoiding of the playhouse in the Blacke Friars*,”—another of the Ellesmere Papers, and neither an original nor a copy of the time.

We learn from the records of Stratford that in August 1608 he brought an action against John Addenbroke for the recovery of a debt,—that, after a delay of several months, a verdict was given in his favour for 6*l.*, and 1*l.* 4*s.* costs; and that, the defendant having been returned as “non inventus,” Shakespeare proceeded against Thomas Horneby, who had become bail for Addenbroke. The latest date recorded in this action is June 7th, 1609.<sup>16</sup>

The sonnet, first introduced into our literature by Lord Surrey, was much cultivated during the reigns of Elizabeth and James; and it seems occasionally to have employed the pen of Shakespeare several years before 1598, when “his sugred *Sonnets* among his private friends” were mentioned by Meres in a passage of the *Palladis Tamia*, &c. which has been already quoted.<sup>17</sup> At length, in 1609, a volume containing one hundred and fifty-four *Sonnets*, the undoubted productions of Shakespeare, was given to the public by a bookseller who evidently had not obtained them from the author himself.—The greater portion of these *Sonnets* is addressed to a youth; and the kind of impassioned friendship which some of them profess can only surprise a reader unacquainted with the manners of the time: it was then not uncommon for one man to write verses to another in a strain of such tender affection as fully

<sup>16</sup> “A brief noat taken out of the poores booke,” &c., which was found by Mr. Collier at Dulwich College, and which I inserted here in the former edition of this Memoir, is now removed to the Appendix, No. X., having been condemned as a modern invention.

<sup>17</sup> See p. 71.

warrants our terming them amatory; and even in the epistolary correspondence between two grave and elderly gentlemen friendship used frequently to borrow the language of love.—Who was the youth in question, conjecture has long been labouring to discover.<sup>18</sup> According to the bookseller's Dedication,<sup>19</sup> “the only beggetter” of the *Sonnets* was “Mr. W. H.” Tyrwhitt, comparing these initials with a line of the xx<sup>th</sup> *Sonnet*, which stands thus in the quarto,

“A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling,”

imagined that the mysterious personage was a W. Hughes: and, more recently, Boaden exerted great ingenuity to show that “W. H.” meant William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke,—a supposition which is almost at once refuted by the extreme improbability that the bookseller would have presumed to address the Earl as “Mr. W. H.” How different was the language of Heminge and Condell, when, in 1623, they dedicated the first folio of Shakespeare's plays to that very Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Montgomery! “We have,” they say, “but collected them [the plays],

<sup>18</sup> There being no bounds to the folly of a critic, George Chalmers maintained that Queen Elizabeth was typified by the poet's masculine friend!—1863. I have now to add, that Mr. Fullom thinks it probable that a certain number of the *Sonnets* were addressed to Queen Elizabeth. “True,” he observes, “one of these sonnets salutes its object as ‘sweet love,’ which creates a difficulty; but the Queen allowed great latitude on this point, and in the next stanza [sonnet] Shakespeare acknowledges that his Muse is a ‘saucy bark’”! *History of William Shakespeare*, &c. p. 279.

<sup>19</sup> “*To the only beggetter of these ensuing Sonnets, Mr. W. H., all happiness, and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth, T. T[horpe].*”

and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans guardians ; without ambition either of self-profit or fame ; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare, *by humble offer of his plays to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed no man to come near your L.L. but with a kind of religious address, it hath been the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have ; and many nations, we have heard, that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approach their gods by what means they could : and the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remains of your servant Shakespeare,”* &c.<sup>20</sup>—For my own part, repeated perusals of the *Sonnets* have well nigh convinced me,

<sup>20</sup> *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems. Being his Sonnets clearly developed : with his character drawn chiefly from his works. By Charles Armitage Brown, appeared in 1838. Mr. Brown adopts Boaden's hypothesis, that Mr. W. H. is the Earl of Pembroke ; and he thinks that the Sonnets ought to be divided into Six Poems, each Poem consisting of a certain number of Stanzas (Sonnets) :*

“FIRST POEM. Stanzas 1 to 26. *To his friend, persuading him to marry.*

SECOND POEM. Stanzas 27 to 55. *To his friend, who had robbed the poet of his mistress, forgiving him.*

THIRD POEM. Stanzas 56 to 77. *To his friend, complaining of his coldness, and warning him of life's decay.*

FOURTH POEM. Stanzas 78 to 101. *To his friend, complaining that*



that most of them were composed in an assumed character, on different subjects, and at different times, for

*he prefers another poet's praises, and reproving him for faults that may injure his character.*

FIFTH POEM. Stanzas 102 to 126. *To his friend, excusing himself for having been some time silent, and disclaiming the charge of inconstancy.*

SIXTH POEM. Stanzas 127 to 152. *To his mistress, on her infidelity.*" (The two sonnets which close the collection he, of course, considers as quite foreign to all that precedes.)

From this examination of the *Sonnets* Shakespeare unfortunately does not come out spotless; for it ascertains that he had a mistress in London, while he had a wife at Stratford. "May no persons," says Mr. Brown, "be inclined, on this account, to condemn him with a bitterness equal to their own virtue! For myself, I confess I have not the heart to blame him at all,—purely because he so keenly reproaches himself for his own sin and folly." p. 98. Let us hope that, if a copy of the *Sonnets* reached Stratford, it was not read to Mrs. Shakespeare by some busy acquaintance:—that she herself *could* read, is not clear.

A writer in *The Westminster Review* for July 1857 is also a convert to Boaden's notion that Mr. W. H. is the Earl of Pembroke. "Does not the dedication," he says, "bear on the face of it a wish to conceal the person indicated, whoever he was,—plain commoner or peer of the realm? Why give only the initials, unless concealment was aimed at? The publisher had no other method than the one he adopted. Mr. W. H. was vague enough for the world generally, but not too vague for those who knew the Earl. Had the dedication ran [run] 'To the Earl of P., the only begetter,' &c., there would have been no secrecy, and the publisher might as well have given the title at full, for the choice is so limited among noblemen whose initial letter is P., whereas the letters W. H. told just sufficient, and no more. The publisher was like the watchman in the 'Agamemnon;'

Μαθοῦσιν αὐδῶ, κοῦ μαθοῦσι λήθομαι·

and the reason is obvious: the sonnets related purely to private and personal matters, and were, in the first place, never meant to meet any one's eye but to whom [*sic*] they were addressed." p. 123. All this is merely specious: the writer forgets that in those days noblemen were invariably treated by their inferiors with the most profound respect. The Earl would hardly have forgiven the strange familiarity of such a dedication, however "vague it might be for the world generally:" and if the *Sonnets* "were never meant to meet any one's eye but his own," he had good reason to be offended with the publisher.

1863. A privately-printed tract, entitled *The Sonnets of William*

the amusement, if not at the suggestion, of the author's intimate associates (hence described by Meres as "his

---

*Shakspeare: a critical Disquisition suggested by a recent Discovery* (1862), is put into my hands, by the kindness of its author, Mr. Bolton Corney, just as I am revising the present Memoir for a new edition. The "recent discovery" is that of M. Philarète Chasles, Conservateur de la Bibliothèque Mazarine, and relates to the inscription which precedes our poet's *Sonnets* in the quarto of 1609, and which stands there (in capital letters) with the following arrangement and punctuation:

" To . the . onlie . begetter . of .  
 These . insving . sonnets .  
 Mr. W. H. all . happinesse .  
 And . that . eternitie .  
 Promised .  
 By .  
 Ovr . ever-living . poet .  
 Wisheth .  
 The . well-wishing .  
 Adventvrer . in .  
 Setting .  
 Forth .  
 T. T."

Hitherto every reader of the above inscription has gathered from it that "T. T. dedicates the Sonnets to Mr. W. H.;" but M. Chasles has arrived at a very different conclusion: he determines—

"1. That we have here no dedication, properly so called, at all, but a kind of monumental inscription. 2. That this inscription has not one continuous sense, but is broken up into two distinct sentences. 3. That the former sentence contains the real inscription, which is addressed *by* and not *to* W. H. 4. That the person to whom the inscription is addressed is, for some reasons, not directly named, but described by what the learned call an *Autonomasia* (the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets). 5. That the latter sentence is only an appendage to the real inscription. 6. That the publisher, in the latter sentence, is allowed to express his own good wishes, not for an eternity of fame to the begetter of the sonnets, which would be an impertinence on his part, but for the success of the undertaking in which he, the adventurer, has embarked his capital."

The theory of M. Chasles is adopted without hesitation by Mr. Corney; who accordingly divides the inscription into two distinct sentences, newly punctuated. The first sentence (the real inscription) is—

sugred *Sonnets among his private friends*"): and though I would not deny that one or two of them reflect his

---

"To the onlie begetter of these insving sonnets, Mr. W. H. all hap-pinesse and that eternitie promised by ovr ever-living poet wisheth." (which we are required to construe thus—"To the onlie begetter of these insving sonnets, Mr. W. H. wisheth all happinesse and that eter-nitie promised by ovr ever-living poet.")

The second sentence (the subscription) is—

"The well-wishing adventurer in setting forth,  
T. T."

In the later and more original portion of his pamphlet Mr. Corney endeavours to show that "the only begetter of these Sonnets," or, in other words, the patron who caused the Sonnets to be written, was Henry Wriothlesly Earl of Southampton; that the Sonnets, as we now have them, were written soon after 1594, they being, in fact, "the future doings" which Shakespeare had promised Lord Southampton in the Dedication to *Lucrece*, first published during 1594; that the Sonnets are, with very slight exceptions, mere poetical exercises, and must not be regarded as containing any materials for the biography of the poet; that the initials W. H. denote William Lord Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, who inscribes the Sonnets to the Earl of Southampton; that T. T. is, of course, Thomas Thorpe, who does no more than express his wishes for the success of the publication; and that the Sonnets were published without the sanction of the author or of his patrons. "Nevertheless," continues Mr. Corney, "the volume of 1609 was no clandestine impression; nor was Thorpe an obscure man. . . . The discovery of the channel through which the manuscript of the Sonnets reached the press is now hopeless. A mystery was no doubt designed, and a mystery it remains. We must have recourse to the balance of probabilities, and I submit a *new theory*. Be it assumed that the volume of Sonnets was a transcript made by order of William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke—that it was then inscribed by him to the Earl of Southampton as a gift-book—and that it afterwards came into the possession of the publisher in a manner which required concealment. With this theory, which the inscription and the other peculiarities of the volume seem to justify, the perplexities of the question vanish! I anticipate one objection. As copies of the Sonnets were in the hands of the *private friends* of our poet, a copy was surely in the hands of his patron! How then could W. H. offer the noble earl so superfluous a gift?—It might have been a substitute for a lost copy, or a revised text, or a *specimen of penmanship*. This was a caligraphic age, and specimens of the art were frequently offered as gift-books. Esther Inglis, for example, presented one of her specimens to the Earl of Essex, and another to

genuine feelings,<sup>21</sup> I contend that allusions scattered through the whole series are not to be hastily referred to the personal circumstances of Shakespeare.—In the general excellence of these *Sonnets*,—in their depth of thought, their tenderness, their picturesqueness, their grace, their harmony,—we forget their occasional conceits and quibbles:<sup>22</sup> and, indeed, no English sonnets are worthy, in all respects, of being ranked with Shakespeare's, if we except the few by Milton,—so severe and so majestic.—A poem of considerable beauty, called *A Lover's Complaint*, and evidently written by our author in his earlier days, is appended to the original edition of his *Sonnets*.

*Troilus and Cressida* and *Pericles* were also printed in 1609. The title-pages of both attribute them wholly to Shakespeare; but that some parts of the former, and

---

Elizabeth. Other instances occur in the royal *Progresses*. W. H. himself, at a later period of his career, was a munificent donor of manuscripts—as Oxford witnesses. In short, the unceremonious title of the volume seems to have been copied from a *private memorandum*, and the arrangement of the inscription almost reveals the *imitation of an ornamented manuscript*."

But I am unable to persuade myself that the Inscription prefixed to the quarto of 1609 is any thing else than a *dedication of the Sonnets to Mr. W. H. by Thomas Thorpe*:—the idea of M. Charles, that the inscription consists of two distinct sentences, appears to me a groundless fancy; and his notion that, in the first of those sentences, "Mr. W. H." is the *nominative to the verb* "wisheth," offends me as a still wilder dream. I must confess, too, that Mr. Corney's attempt to account for the Sonnets having found their way to the press is very far from satisfying me,—ingenious as it doubtless is.

<sup>21</sup> e.g. *Sonnet cxi.*, cited in p. 85.

<sup>22</sup> What Robert Gould, in *The Play House, A Satire* (*Works*, ii. 245, ed. 1709), says of our author's dramas, applies also to his poems;

"And Shakespeare play'd with words, to please a quibbling age."

the greater portion of the latter play, are from another and a very inferior hand, is unquestionable.—Of the dramas produced by Shakespeare subsequently to this date none were committed to the press during his life. “*Timon of Athens*,” observes Mr. Collier,<sup>23</sup> “*Coriolanus*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter’s Tale*, and *The Tempest*, all seem to belong to a late period of our poet’s theatrical career, and some of them were doubtless written between 1609 and the period, whatever that period might be, when he entirely relinquished dramatic composition.”<sup>24</sup>

Of our author’s brother Gilbert, who, as before seen,<sup>25</sup> resided at Stratford, no particulars are known later than March 5th, 1609-10, when he signed his name as witness to a deed still extant.—The “*Gilbertus Shackspeare adolescens*,” whose burial is entered in the Stratford register under Feb. 3d, 1611-12, was perhaps his son.

In a list of donations “collected towards the charge of prosecutyng the bill in Parliament for the better repayre of the highe waies, and amendinge divers defectes in the statutes already made,” dated Wednesday, Sept. 11th, 1611, the name of “Mr. William Shackspere” occurs. “This Ms.,” observes Mr. Halliwell,<sup>26</sup> “evi-

<sup>23</sup> *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 200, sec. ed.

<sup>24</sup> The draft of a warrant, dated Jan. 4th, 1609-10, empowering Daborne, Shakespeare, Field, and Kirkham to train up a company of juvenile performers, which was discovered by Mr. Collier among the Ellesmere Papers, is certainly a forgery: see it in Appendix, No. XI.

<sup>25</sup> See p. 77.

<sup>26</sup> *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 202, folio ed.

dently relates to Stratford, but no sum is affixed to Shakespeare's name; and from its being placed in the margin, it would appear that he was not then in that town, and that the insertion was an afterthought."

The draft of a bill to be filed before Lord Ellesmere by "Richard Lane of Awston in the countye of Warwicke esquire, Thomas Greene of Stratford uppon Avon in the said county of Warwicke esquire, and William Shackspeare of Stratford uppon Avon afore-said in the said county of Warwicke gentleman,"—without date, but apparently drawn up in 1612,—exhibits Shakespeare as engaged in a law-suit arising out of his share in the tithes which he had bought in 1605.<sup>27</sup> Certain of the lessees, it seems, having refused to contribute their proportions towards a reserved rent of 27*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, which they were bound to pay under peril of forfeiture,—“Richard Lane and William Shackspeare and some fewe others” had been “wholly, and against all equity and good conscience, usually dryven to pay the same for preservacion of their estates;” and at last, finding the said lessees intractable, they submitted the case to the Court of Chancery. What was the issue of this suit is not known.—The amount of Shakespeare's income from the tithes is thus specified in the draft: “Your oratour William Shackspeare hath an estate and interest of and in the moyty or one half of all tythes of corne and grayne aryseinge within the townes, villages, and ffieldes of

<sup>27</sup> See p. 90.

Old Stratford, Byshopton and Welcombe, being of and in the said parishe of Stratford, and of and in the moity or half of all tythes of wool and lamb, and of all small and privy tythes, oblacions, and alterages arisyng or increasyng in or within the wholl parishe of Stratford uppon Avon aforesayd, for and duringe all the residue of the said terme, beinge of the yearely value of threescore powndes.”

Richard Shakespeare, brother to the dramatist, was buried at Stratford, Feb. 4th, 1612-13. His history is a blank.

In the next month Shakespeare purchased a house with a piece of ground attached to it, not far from the Blackfriars Theatre, and “abutting upon a streete leading downe to Pudle Wharffe on the east part, right against the Kinges Majesties Wardrobe.” The indenture of conveyance, dated the 10th of March, is “Betweene Henry Walker citizein and minstrell of London on thone partie, and William Shakespeare of Stratford upon Avon in the countie of Warwick gentleman, William Johnson citizein and vintener of London, John Jackson and John Hemmyng of London gentlemen, on thother partie,” the consideration money being 140*l.* : but 80*l.* only having been then paid down, Shakespeare on the day following mortgaged the premises to the vendor Henry Walker for the residue of the sum ; and subsequently, when he had paid off the whole of the purchase-money, he leased them for a term of years to John Robinson, who is mentioned in his Will as the

tenant in possession. The object of Shakespeare in this purchase may have been, as Mr. Collier conjectures, to accommodate in some way his friend and fellow actor John Heminge and the two other persons named with him in the deed.

It is probable that, after Shakespeare had bought New Place in 1597, his visits to Stratford became more frequent; and to the time when he finally took up his residence with his family at New Place it would seem that we may assign an earlier date than that of the conveyance just described, which he certainly executed in London, whither, when business called him, he still occasionally went.—We have seen that he first quitted Stratford, if not as a fugitive, at least as an adventurer with “the world all before him:” and we now behold him established there for the remainder of his life, with an income which enabled him to support the character of a gentleman, and (though only about one half of his immortal labours was as yet known to the public through the medium of the press) with a fame superior to that of any contemporary poet.—Ward, who was appointed to the vicarage of Stratford in 1662, had “heard” that Shakespeare “in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for itt had an allowance so large, that hee spent att the rate of 1,000*l.* a-year.”<sup>28</sup>

<sup>28</sup> *Diary* (printed in 1839), p. 183.—In a tract, entitled *Rutseis Ghost, or the Second Part of his Madde Prankes and Robberies, Printed by V. S.*, 4to, n.d., is a passage, the concluding portion of which seems plainly to allude to Shakespeare:—the hero of the tract, Gamaliel Rat-



But, as Mr. Collier remarks, "it is utterly incredible that subsequent to his retirement [to Stratford] he 'supplied the stage with two plays every year:'"<sup>29</sup> indeed, I suspect that before 1613 he had entirely abandoned dramatic composition. And of Shakespeare's wealth Ward had evidently received a very exaggerated account; for it represents him as living at the rate of about five thousand pounds per annum according to the present value of money.

"The latter part of his life," says Rowe, "was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is

---

sey, a highwayman, is addressing one of a set of strolling players, whom he had paid 40s. for acting before him, and had afterwards robbed of the money:—"And for you, sirrah (says he to the chiefest of them), thou hast a good presence upon a stage; methinks thou darkenest thy merit by playing in the country: get thee to London, for if one man [i. e. Burbadge] were dead, they will have much need of such as thou art. There would be none, in my opinion, fitter than thyself to play his parts; my conceit is such of thee, that I durst all the money in my purse on thy head to play Hamlet with him for a wager. There thou shalt learne to be frugal (for players were never so thrifty as they are now about London), and to feed upon all men; to let none feed upon thee; to make thy hand a stranger to thy pocket, thy heart slow to perform thy tongue's promise; and when thou feelest thy purse well lined, buy thee some place of lordship in the country, that, growing weary of playing, thy money may there bring thee to dignity and reputation: then thou needest care for no man; no, not for them that before made thee proud with speaking their words on the stage. Sir, I thank you (quoth the player) for this good council: I promise you I will make use of it; for I have heard, indeed, of some that have gone to London very meanly, and have come in time to be exceeding wealthy."

<sup>29</sup> *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 193, sec. ed.

said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them it is a story almost still remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury. It happened that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakespear in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately. Upon which, Shakespear gave him these four verses;

‘Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav’d;  
 ’Tis a hundred to ten, his soul is not sav’d:  
 If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?  
 Oh, ho, quoth the devil, ’tis my John-a-Combe.’

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely that he never forgave it.”<sup>30</sup> Though

<sup>30</sup> *Life of Shakspeare*.—A different version of the epitaph is given by Aubrey, who says that Shakspeare made it “at the tavern at Stratford” when Combe “was to be buried.” *Mss. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.* Another occurs in Brathwaite’s *Remains*, 1618. Indeed, the verses are found, with sundry variations, in our old miscellanies.—According to *Mss. Lansd.* 213, three officers, “a captaine, a lieutennant, and an ancient, all three of the military company in Norwich,” while on a tour in 1634, saw at Stratford Shakspeare’s monument, “and one of an old gentleman, a batchelor, Mr. Combe, upon whose name the sayd poet did merrily fann up some witty and facetious verses, which time would nott give us leave to sacke up.”—Nay, more; there is extant another epitaph, also attributed to Shakspeare, on *Thomas Combe*!

this story may not be altogether a fabrication, it cannot be true as related above. John Combe certainly appears to have been a highly respectable and charitable

---

The lines wrongly entitled *Shakespeare upon the King* have been already mentioned; see note p. 93.

An epitaph (or rather a double epitaph), said to have been composed by our author, is preserved in a collection of Epitaphs at the end of Dugdale's *Visitation of Salop*, a Ms. in the Heralds' College:—Dugdale, describing a monument in Tong Church, erected to the memory of Sir Thomas Stanley, Knight, informs us that “these following verses were made by William Shakespeare, the late famous tragedian :

*Written upon the east end of this tombe.*

Aske who lyes here, but do not weepe.  
He is not dead, he doth but sleepe.  
This stony register is for his bones,  
His fame is more perpetuall than these stones;  
And his own goodness, with himself being gone,  
Shall live when earthly monument is none:

*Written upon the west end thereof.*

Not monumentall stone preserves our fame,  
Nor skye-aspiring piramids our name.  
The memory of him for whom this stands  
Shall outlive marble and defacers' hands:  
When all to time's consumption shall be given,  
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven.”

A Ms. of the time of Charles the First also gives the above epitaph as the production of Shakespeare: see Mr. Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 162, folio ed.

A Ms. vol. of poems, by Herrick and others,\* among Rawlinson's Collections in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, contains the following

“ EPITAPH.

When God was pleas'd, the world unwilling yet,  
Elias James to nature payd his debt,  
And here reposeth: as he liv'd, he dyde;  
The saying in him strongly verefide,—  
Such life, such death: then, the known truth to tell,  
He liv'd a godly life, and dyde as well.

WM. SHAKESPEARE.”

In a Ms. volume of songs and poems collected by a Richard Jackson (which was formerly in the possession of Thorpe the bookseller) the

inhabitant of Stratford, and at the time of his decease<sup>31</sup> he undoubtedly was on the best terms with Shakespeare, to whom he left a legacy of five pounds in token of esteem: we find, too, that Shakespeare be-

---

song "From the rich Lavinian shore," &c., is called "*Shakespeare's rime which he made at the Mytre in Fleete Streete.*"—Mr. Collier, in his *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 276, committed a trifling mistake in printing as Shakespeare's four lines concerning the wine at the Mitre, which he found attributed to our author in the same Ms. volume: they are merely four verses of Ben Jonson's 101st Epigram, a little altered.

A story of Shakespeare and some of his companions having accepted the challenge of the Bidford toppers and sippers to drink with them, &c. was communicated to Malone by a native of Stratford, *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 500, sqq., and is related with some variations in Ireland's *Picturesque Views*, p. 229, sqq. Shakespeare, we are told, composed these lines on the occasion;

"Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,  
Haunted Hillborough, and Hungry Grafton,  
With Dadging Exhall, Papist Wixford,  
Beggary Broom, and Drunken Bidford."

[1863. A new and fuller version of this nonsensical story ("as related on the spot by Mr. Bagshawe, of Bidford, to whom it was told in his childhood by the old people of the village") is spun out into several pages of the sheerest absurdity by Mr. Fulford in his *History of W. Shakespeare*, &c. p. 109, sqq.]

To have done with such trash:—As Shakespeare was one day leaning over a mercer's door in his native town, a drunken blacksmith with a carbuncled face accosted him thus;

"Now, Mr. Shakespeare, tell me, if you can,  
The difference between a youth and a young man:"

The poet immediately answered;

"Thou son of fire, with thy face like a maple,  
The same difference as between a scalded and a coddled apple."

<sup>31</sup> July 10th, 1614.—"His principal residence was at the college [Stratford College,—very near New Place], which he purchased, about the year 1596, of the Crown," &c. Wheeler's *Guide to Stratford-upon-Avon*, p. 114; and his monument (executed, we are told, by Gerard Johnson,—Dugdale's *Life, Diary*, &c. p. 99, quoted *infra*), for the erection of which he had provided in his will, is yet to be seen in Stratford Church.—"In justice to this gentleman [John Combe] it should be remembered, that in the language of Shakespeare's age an *usurer* did

queathed his sword to Thomas Combe, the nephew of John. If, therefore, we are to believe the tradition that Shakespeare in the hour of mirth extemporised some verses on his friend, we must also believe that they were void of offence against friendship.

The absence of any allusion to theatres in Shakespeare's will, and his known prudence as a man of business, afford good grounds for assuming that, before he finally retired to Stratford, he had parted with the whole of his theatrical property, not choosing to rely on others for its management; and that consequently he sustained no loss by the destruction of the Globe Theatre, which was burnt down on the 29th of June 1613.<sup>32</sup> It must have been, however, with deep concern that he heard of a catastrophe by which his old associates suffered so severely: nor is it unlikely that he subsequently lent some assistance towards the rebuilding of the Globe, when, as we are told, the sovereign himself set the example of contributing money for that purpose.<sup>33</sup>—Of a very disastrous fire which

---

not mean one who took exorbitant, but any, interest or usance for money; which many then considered as criminal. The opprobrious term by which such a person was distinguished, 'Ten in the hundred,' proves this; for ten per cent was the ordinary interest of money." Malone's *Life of Shakespeare* (note), p. 499.

<sup>32</sup> The thatch caught fire from the wadding of the small cannon shot off during the performance of a piece, which Howes (*Contin. of Stowe's Annales*) and Thomas Lorkin (*Letter, Ms. Harl. 7002*) state to have been *Henry the Eighth*, while Sir Henry Wotton (*Reliq. Wotton.*, p. 425, ed. 1685) says it was "a new play, called *All is true*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the 8th," &c.

<sup>33</sup> According to some Ms. Notes in a copy of Stowe's *Annales*, 1631 (formerly in the possession of Mr. Pickering the bookseller), "The

broke out in Stratford on the 9th of July in the following year, no more need be said than that it does not seem to have extended to the locality where Shakespeare dwelt.

A project, at this time afoot, for enclosing certain common lands near Stratford, threatened to affect the interests of Shakespeare, both as regarded the property which he had bought from the Combes in 1602, and the tithes which he had purchased three years later. In a paper dated Sept. 5th, 1614, which sets forth the claims of the "Auncient ffreeholders in the ffields of old Stratford and Welcombe,"—viz. "Mr. Shakspeare," "Thomas Parker," "Mr. Lane," "Sir Frauncys Smyth," "Mace," "Arthur Cawdrey," and "Mr. Wright, vicar of Bishopton,"—the dramatist is mentioned thus:

"Mr. Shakspeare 4 yard land, noe common nor grownd beyond Gospell-bushe, nor grownd in Sandfield, nor none in Slow-hill-field beyond Bishopton, nor none in the enclosures beyond Bishopton."

And that he did not fail to take measures to save himself as far as possible from loss in the event of the enclosures being made, we have remarkable documentary evidence:

*"Copy of the articles with Mr. Shakspeare.*

"Vicesimo octavo die Octobris, anno Domini 1614.  
Articles of agreement indented [and] made betwene

---

Globe play house, on the Bank side in Southwarke, was burnt downe to the ground in the yeare 1612 [1613]. And new built up againe in the yeare 1613 [1614], at the great charge of King James and many noble men and others."

William Shackespeare of Stretford in the County of Warwicke gent. on the one partye, and William Replingham of Greete Harborowe in the Countie of Warwick gent. on the other partie, the daye and yeare abovesaid.

“*Inter alia.* Item, the said William Replingham for him, his heires, executours, and assignes, doth covenante and agree to and with the said William Shackespeare, his heires and assignes, That he the said William Replingham, his heires or assignes, shall, uppon reasonable request, satisfie, content, and make recompence unto him the said William Shackespeare or his assignes, for all such losse, detriment, and hinderance as he the said William Shackespeare, his heires and assignes, and one Thomas Greene gent. shall or maye be thought in the viewe and judgement of foure indifferent persons, to be indifferentlie elected by the said William and William and their heires, and in default of the said William Replingham, by the said William Shackespeare or his heires onely, to survey and judge the same to sustayne or incurre for or in respecte of the increasinge of the yearlie value of the tythes they the said William Shackespeare and Thomas doe joyntlie or severallie hold and enjoy in the said fieldes or anie of them, by reason of anie inclosure or decaye of tyllage there ment and intended by the said William Replingham; and that the said William Replingham and his heires shall procure such sufficient securitie unto the said William Shackespeare and his heires for the performance of

theis covenantes, as shal bee devised by learned counsell. In witnes whereof the parties abovesaid to theis presentes interchangeablie their handes and seales have put, the daye and yeare first above wrytten.

“Sealed and delivered in the presence of us, Tho. Lucas, Jo. Rogers, Anthonie Nasshe, Mich. Olney.”

To the scheme of enclosure,—among the chief promoters of which was William Combe,—the Corporation of Stratford were strongly opposed (contending that it would increase the distress of the poorer classes, already suffering from the fire which, as mentioned above, had broken out in July); and their clerk, Thomas Greene, a lawyer and some relation to Shakespeare,<sup>34</sup> was in London on this business, when he made the following merorandum :

“1614. Jovis, 17 No. My cosen Shakspear comyng yesterdy to town, I went to see him how he did. He told me that they assured him they ment to inclose no further than to Gospell Bush, and so upp straight (leavyng out part of the Dyngles to the ffield) to the gate in Clopton hedg, and take in Salisburyes peece ; and that they mean in Aprill to survey the land, and then to gyve satisfaccion, and not before ; and he and Mr. Hall say they think ther will be nothyng done at all.”

<sup>34</sup> The relationship between the Greenes and the Shakespeares has not yet been traced. (In the Stratford burial-register is the entry, “1589 [-90], March 6. Thomas Greene, alias Shakspere.”) The word “*cousin*,” which Greene applies to Shakespeare, was formerly equivalent to *kinsman*.—This matter of the enclosures concerned Greene personally; for we have seen that he, as well as Shakespeare, was a tithe-holder.



About a fortnight after the above date, Greene, having left Shakespeare in London, returned to Stratford; where he continued his notes:

“23 Dec. A hall. Lettres wrytten, one to Mr. Manyring, another to Mr. Shakspear, with almost all the company's hands to eyther. I also wrytte myself to my cosen Shakspear the coppies of all our acts, and then also a not of the inconvenyences wold happen by the inclosure.”

The letter to Arthur Mainwaring (Lord Ellesmere's domestic auditor) is still preserved: but the more interesting one has perished. A memorandum by Greene of a later date records the continued uneasiness of Shakespeare about the proposed encroachments:

“1 Sept. [1615]. Mr. Shakspeare told Mr. J. Greene that he was not able to beare the enclosing of Welcombe.”

Our poet did not live to see the termination of this contest: it was not till 1618 that an order of the Privy Council forbade all further attempts at enclosure.

Shakespeare, as shown by the first of Greene's notes, was in London in the middle of November 1614, having probably gone thither on the business just detailed; and, as far as we know, it was his last visit to the metropolis.—A curious illustration of his domestic life at Stratford during the same year is furnished by an article in the Chamberlains' Accounts:

“Item, for on quart of sack, and on quart of clarrett winne, geven to a precher at the New Place, xx.d.”

As the Corporation had issued a strict prohibition

against the performance of plays in Stratford,<sup>35</sup> we cannot doubt that the divine thus refreshed at their expense was a puritan: with such preachers Shakespeare could have had little sympathy; and perhaps he lent his house on the occasion in compliance with the wishes of some of his family or neighbours, whom he was too liberal-minded to oppose.—In connection with the entry above quoted, Mr. Halliwell has a remark which I must be allowed to say I think quite erroneous: “His [Shakespeare’s] own departure was probably soothed by the presence of the religious friends of the Halls: but there is, unfortunately, a testimony in the epitaph on his daughter which implies that his life had not been one of piety:

Witty above her sexe, but that’s not all,  
 Wise to salvation was good Mistriss Hall.  
*Something of Shakespeare was in that*, but this  
*Wholy of Him with whom she’s now in blisse.”*<sup>36</sup>

<sup>35</sup> On Dec. 17th, 1602, they “ordered that there shalbe no plays or enterlewedes playd in the chamber, the guildhalle, nor in any parte of the howsse or courte, ffrom hensforward, upon payne that whosoever of the baylieff, aldermen, and burgesses of this boroughe shall gyve leave or licence thereunto, shall forfeyt for everie offence x.s.” This order having been slighted, another was made on Feb. 7th, 1612: “The inconvenience of plaies beinge verie seriouslie considered of, with the unlawfullnes, and howe contrarie the sufferance of them is againste the orders hearetofore made and againste the examples of other well-governed citties and burrowes, the companie heare are contented and theie conclude that the penaltie of x.s. imposed in Mr. Bakers yeare for breakinge the order shall from henceforth be x.li. upon the breakers of that order, and this to holde untill the nexte commen councell, and from thenceforth for ever, excepted that be then finalli revokd and made voide.” What a change had come over the spirit of the Corporation since Shakespeare’s early days! see p. 37.

<sup>36</sup> *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 226, folio ed.

Assuredly the writer of the epitaph had no intention of imputing a want of "piety" to Shakespeare: his meaning clearly is—that the wit (*i. e.* the mental power) which raised Mrs. Hall above the level of her sex was partly derived from her father (talent being sometimes hereditary), but that by divine grace alone she had attained the wisdom which leads to salvation.—Here, too, may be noticed the tradition preserved by the Rev. Richard Davies, that Shakespeare died a papist;<sup>37</sup>—which is contradicted by the general tenor of his writings as well as by the whole history of his life. Nor is it improbable that this tradition originated with the puritan party at Stratford; for Shakespeare,—who could hardly have avoided all discussion on the controverted religious topics of the day,—may have incidentally let fall expressions unfavourable to puritanism, which were afterwards misrepresented as papistical.

To the same year (1614) belongs the publication of a poem entitled *The Ghost of Richard the Third*, written by *C. B.* (*Christopher Brooke*, I believe), in which Richard is made to utter the following lines,—perhaps the happiest encomium that Shakespeare had yet received as a dramatist;

“To him that impt my fame with Clio’s quill,  
 Whose magick rais’d me from oblivion’s den,  
 That writ my storie on the Muses’ hill,  
 And with my actions dignifi’d his pen;  
 He that from Helicon sends many a rill  
 Whose nectared veines are drunke by thirstie men;

<sup>37</sup> “He dyed a papist” are the concluding words of Davies’s additions to the article on Shakespeare in Fulman’s *Ms. Collections*: see note, p. 35.

Crown'd be his stile with fame, his head with bayes,  
And none detract, but gratulate his praise."<sup>38</sup>

On February 10th, 1615-6, Shakespeare's younger daughter Judith was married to Thomas Quiney, four years her junior,<sup>39</sup>—vintner and wine-merchant at Stratford; son of the Richard Quiney who in 1598 applied to Shakespeare for the loan of 30*l.*,<sup>40</sup> and who died May 31st, 1602, while bailiff of Stratford.—A deed is still extant which shows that Judith, when required to sign her name, had to make her mark instead; and yet we have proof that her sister Susanna wrote a tolerable hand;—so unequally had the poet's daughters shared in the benefits of education.

On the 25th of the following month Shakespeare executed his will,—“*Vicesimo quinto die Martii*,” the date having originally stood “*Vicesimo quinto die Januarii*,” and the instrument having doubtless been prepared in that month, as it contains manifest references to the approaching marriage of his daughter Judith. It declares the testator to be “in perfect health and memory;” which, if not a mere legal formula, might have been the case when it was first drawn up: but his three signatures on the three sheets of paper over which the will extends, are more or less tremulous, and indicate that he was then in a state of great debility.

Shakespeare died at New Place on the 23d of April 1616.

Of the nature of the malady which removed this

<sup>38</sup> P. 27, Shakespeare Soc. ed.

<sup>39</sup> He was baptized Feb. 26th, 1588-9.

<sup>40</sup> See p. 65.

mighty spirit from the earth we find no mention except the following entry in a miscellany already quoted,—the *Diary* of the Rev. John Ward:<sup>41</sup>

“Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merie meeting, and itt seems drank too hard, for Shakespear died of a feavour there contracted.”

That such a symposium was held is likely enough: Drayton, a native of Warwickshire, and frequently in the neighbourhood of Stratford, may fairly be presumed to have partaken at times of Shakespeare’s hospitality; and Jonson, who, about two years after, wandered on foot into Scotland and back again, would think little of a journey to Stratford for the sake of visiting so dear a friend:—nevertheless we should hardly be justified in determining the cause of Shakespeare’s death on the authority of a tradition which was not written down till nearly half a century after the event.<sup>42</sup>—His son-in-law, Dr. Hall, who certainly must have attended him during his last illness, left notes of various medical cases;<sup>43</sup> but it is to be regretted that they are all of later date than 1616.

<sup>41</sup> P. 183.—See p. 106 of this Memoir.

<sup>42</sup> According to Mr. Halliwell, “The account is to be estimated at something considerably beyond the value of a tradition; and, making allowance for a vulgar exaggeration that the fever was contracted from the effects of a convivial meeting, Ward’s testimony may reasonably be accepted.” *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 224, folio ed.

<sup>43</sup> Written in Latin.—In 1657 was published *Select Observations on English Bodies: Or, Cures both Empericall and Historicall, performed upon very eminent Persons in desperate Diseases. First written in Latine by Mr. John Hall Physician, living at Stratford upon Avon in Warwickshire, where he was very famous, as also in the Counties adjacent, as appeares by these Observations drawn out of severall hundreds of his as*

On April 25th<sup>44</sup> the body of Shakespeare was buried on the north side of the chancel of Stratford Church. A flat stone over his grave bears this inscription :

“ Good frend, for Jesvs sake forbear  
To digg the dvst enclosed heare :  
Bleste<sup>45</sup> be y<sup>e</sup> man y<sup>e</sup> spares thes stones,  
And cvrst be he y<sup>e</sup> moves my bones.”<sup>46</sup>

A monument to his memory, said to be from the chisel of Gerard Johnson,<sup>47</sup> was subsequently erected against the north wall of the chancel, at what time is not known, but earlier than 1623, as it is mentioned in the verses by Leonard Digges, prefixed to the folio of Shakespeare's dramatic works published in that year. It represents<sup>48</sup> him seated under an arch, his right hand

---

*choyceest. Now put into English for common benefit by James Cooke Practitioner in Physick and Chirurgery. 12°.*—For a particular account of Hall's memoranda see Mr. Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, pp. 254, sqq.

<sup>44</sup> The burial-register has “ 1616. April 25, Will' Shakspere, Gent.”

<sup>45</sup> Here, in the former edition of the present Memoir, I printed “ Blese [Blest];” which drew from an obliging correspondent, Mr. Alfred Marks, this notice; “ The word you print ‘ Blese ’ seems to me to be ‘ Bleste,’ the *t* and *e* being joined (‘E’).”

<sup>46</sup> According to Dowdall (see note 37, p. 28), this epitaph was “ made by himselfe a little before his death.”

<sup>47</sup> “ Shakspeares and John Combes Monum<sup>ts</sup>, at Stratford sup' Avon, made by one Gerard Johnson.” Dugdale's *Life, Diary, &c.*, p. 99.—Mr. Halliwell suggests that the monument may have been executed by one of that sculptor's sons, because “ the elder Gerard having been an English resident twenty-six years in 1593, it is most probable he had at least relinquished the practice of his profession in 1616.” *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 229, folio ed.

<sup>48</sup> The bust is as large as life, and was originally coloured in imitation of nature: the eyes were light hazel; the hair and beard auburn; the doublet was scarlet; the loose gown, without sleeves, black; the plain band round the neck and the wrist-bands were white: the upper part of the cushion in front of the bust was green, the under half crim-

holding a pen,<sup>49</sup> his left resting on a sheet of paper placed on the cushion before him. Below the bust are the following lines :

“ Ivdicio Pylivm, genio Socratem,<sup>50</sup> arte Maronem,  
Terra tegit, popvlvs mæret, Olympvs habet.”

“ Stay, passenger, why goest thov by so fast?  
Read, if thov canst, whom enviovvs Death hath plast  
Within this monvment, Shakspeare ; with whome  
Quick natvre dide ; whose name doth deck y<sup>s</sup> tombe  
Far more then cost ; sieh (sith) all y<sup>t</sup> he hath writt  
Leaves living art bvt page to serve his witt.

Obiit Año Do<sup>i</sup> 1616,  
Ætatis 53, die 23 Ap.”

Aubrey had heard that Shakespeare “was a handsome well shap’t man ;”<sup>1</sup> and no other account of his personal appearance has been handed down.—The bust at Stratford, and the engraving by Martin Droeshout on the title-page of the first folio, may be considered

---

son ; the cord running along the cushion and the tassels were gilt. These colours were renewed in 1749 ; but Malone caused the whole to be covered over with one or more coats of white paint in 1793.

<sup>49</sup> “ The pen which was once held in the right hand was long since detached by some visitor ; it was formed of lead . . . A real pen was afterwards placed in the fingers, which were originally perforated for that purpose ; but this also is now removed. The first finger of the right hand has been broken through, between the base of the nail and the first joint ; this reprehensible act was that of a visitor who had actually removed it, but it was recovered, and replaced. The fracture extends into the second finger ; and this is all the damage which the effigy has received during the last two centuries.” Account by Mr. Fairholt,—Halliwell’s *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 235, folio ed.

<sup>50</sup> As the first syllable of “Socratem” is here made short (doubtless from the writer’s imperfect knowledge of quantity), Steevens would read “Sophoclem.”

<sup>1</sup> *Mss. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*

as the best-authenticated likenesses of the poet.<sup>2</sup> The former exhibits him in the act of composition, and enjoying, as it were, the richness of his own conceptions; the latter presents him somewhat younger and thinner, and with a deeply thoughtful air: but a general resemblance may be traced between them. The fidelity of the bust seems to be sufficiently vouched by the mere fact that the monument in Stratford Church was raised at the charge of his family, in the laudable anxiety that the features of their illustrious relative should be known to posterity: and the truthfulness of the engraving is attested by Ben Jonson in the verses which accompany it, and which we are almost bound to accept as the sincere expression of his opinion;

“ This figure, that thou here seest put,  
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;  
Wherein the grauer had a strife  
With Nature, to out-doo the life.  
O, could he but haue drawne his wit  
As well in brasse as he hath hit  
His face, the print would then surpasse  
All that was euer writ in brasse:  
But since he cannot, reader, looke  
Not on his picture, but his booke.”

His contemporaries, when speaking of Shakespeare, celebrate his integrity, candour, sweetness of temper,

<sup>2</sup> Whoever wishes for information about the other likenesses of Shakespeare will find enough and more than enough in two works easily accessible,—*An Inquiry into the Authenticity of various Pictures and Prints, which, from the decease of the Poet to our own times, have been offered to the Public as Portraits of Shakespeare, &c.* by James Boaden, 1824; and *An Inquiry into the History, Authenticity, and Characteristics of the Shakespeare Portraits, &c.* by Abraham Wivell, 1827.



and ready wit. We have seen that Chettle, as early as 1592, noticed "his uprightness of dealing which argues his honesty;"<sup>3</sup> and that Jonson, after his death, pronounced him to have been "indeed honest, and of an open and free nature:"<sup>4</sup> the latter too, in the Verses to his Memory (as in the lines just given) applies to him the epithet "gentle." The traditional account of his social sprightliness, preserved by Fuller, has been already quoted.<sup>5</sup> He was, says Aubrey, "very good company, and of a very readie and pleasant smooth witt."<sup>6</sup> What Rowe had learned concerning his moral character and disposition accords with these testimonies.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>3</sup> See p. 56.

<sup>4</sup> See p. 68, note 19.

<sup>5</sup> See p. 70.

<sup>6</sup> *Mss. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*

<sup>7</sup> Two "scandalous stories" have been related of Shakespeare.—"Sir William Davenant, knight, poet-laureate, was borne about the end of February in . . . street in the city of Oxford, at the Crowne Taverne: baptized 3. of March, A.D. 1605-6. His father was John Davenant, a vintner there, a very grave and discreet citizen: his mother was a very beautifull woman, and of a very good witt, and of conversation extremely agreeable. Mr. William Shakespeare was wont to goe into Warwickshire once a yeare, and did commonly in his journey lye at this house in Oxon, where he was exceedingly respected. I have heard Parson Robert say that Mr. W. Shakspeare has given him a hundred kisses. Now Sir Wm. would sometimes, when he was pleasant over a glasse of wine with his most intimate friends, e. g. Sam Butler (author of Hudibras), &c., say that it seemed to him that he writt with the very spirit that Shakespeare [did], and was contented enough to be thought his son: he would tell them the story as above. Now, by the way, his mother had a very light report. In those days she was called a trader." Aubrey's *Mss. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.* "If tradition may be trusted, Shakspeare often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern in Oxford, in his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and sprightly wit; and her husband, Mr. John Davenant (afterwards mayor of that city), a grave melancholy man; who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakspeare's pleasant company. Their son, young Will. Davenant (afterwards Sir William), was then a little schoolboy in

How the poet bequeathed his property may be read in the copy of his Will appended to the present Memoir.

His wife, his eldest daughter Susanna married to

---

the town, of about seven or eight years old, and so fond also of Shakspeare, that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day an old townsman, observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his god-father Shakspeare. There's a good boy, said the other; but have a care that you don't take God's name in vain. This story Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about Shakspeare's monument then newly erected in Westminster Abbey; and he quoted Mr. Betterton the player for his authority. I answered that I thought such a story might have enriched the variety of those choice-fruits of observations he has presented us in his preface to the edition he had published of our poet's works. He replied, there might be in the garden of mankind such plants as would seem to pride themselves more in a regular production of their own native fruits than in having the repute of bearing a richer kind by grafting; and this was the reason he omitted it." Oldys's *Ms. Collections for a Life of Shakspeare*. Mr. Halliwell observes; "the anecdote related by Oldys is a common one in early jest-books, and has been attributed [applied] to several individuals. Taylor, the water-poet, thus relates it in his *Workes*, ed. 1630, ii. 184,—'A boy, whose mother was noted to be one not overloden with honesty, went to seeke his godfather, and enquiring for him, quoth one to him, who is thy godfather? The boy repli'd, his name is goodman Digland the gardiner. Oh, said the man, if he be thy godfather, he is at the next alehouse, but I feare thou takest God's name in vaine.'" *Life of Shakspeare*, p. 184, ed. folio.—"March 13, 1601. Upon a tyme when Burbidge played Rich. 3, there was a citizen grene soe farr in liking with him, that before shee went from the play, shee appointed him to come that night unto hir by the name of Ri. the 3. Shakspeare, overhearing their conclusion, went before, was intertained, and at his game ere Burbidge came. Then, message being brought that Rich. the 3<sup>d</sup> was at the dore, Shakspeare caused returne to be made, that William the Conquerour was before Rich. the 3. Shakespeares name Willm.—Mr. Tooley [Touse?]." Manningham's *Diary*, *Ms. Harl.* 5353.—The first of these stories would certainly seem to have originated in the vanity of Davenant, who was willing to be thought the son of Shakspeare even at the expense of his mother's reputation. The second reads like an invention, suggested by the names Richard and William.

Dr. Hall, his other daughter Judith married to Thomas Quiney, and his grand-daughter Elizabeth Hall, were the members of Shakespeare's family who survived him:—together with his sister Joan, the widow of William Hart (who was buried April 17th, 1616), and their children.<sup>8</sup>—According to one authority,<sup>9</sup> “his wife and daughters did earnestly desire to be layd in the same grave with him:” the wish was not exactly fulfilled; but two of them at least,—his wife and his eldest daughter,—rest beside him in Stratford Church.

On the brass plate which covers his wife's remains<sup>10</sup> we read;

“Heere lyeth interred the body of Anne, wife of William Shakespeare, who departed this life the 6<sup>th</sup> day of Avgṽ. 1623, being of the age of 67 yeares.

Ubera tu, mater, tu lac vitamque dedisti :

Væ mihi, pro tanto munere saxa dabo.

Quam mallet amoveat lapidem bonus angelus ore,

Exeat ut<sup>11</sup> Christi corpus imago tua.

Sed nil vota valent : venias cito, Christe, resurget,

Clausa licet tumulo, mater et astra petet.”

<sup>8</sup> See pp. 74, 94, 118.—Of his three brothers—two, viz. Richard and Edmund, we know were dead; see pp. 94, 105: and it is most probable that Gilbert was also dead, since he is not mentioned in Shakespeare's will.

<sup>9</sup> Dowdall: see note 37, p. 28.

<sup>10</sup> In the register, under August 1623, her burial is entered thus;

“8 { Mrs. Shakspeare.  
Anna uxor Richardi James,”—

Mrs. Shakespeare and Mrs. James having been buried on the same day.

<sup>11</sup> I am informed by Mr. Halliwell that this “ut,” which the poet (so to call him) *must* have written, is omitted in the brass plate. But the correspondent whom I have already quoted in p. 120, note 45, observes to me; “In the brass in memory of Shakespeare's wife my rubbing certainly gives the ‘ut,’ the existence of which Mr. Halliwell denies. It is interlined, and may be recent, but there it is.”

The inscription on Mrs. Hall's<sup>12</sup> tombstone is as follows ;

“Heere lyeth y<sup>e</sup> body of Svsanna, wife of John Hall gent.; y<sup>e</sup> daughter of William Shakespeare, gent.: shee deceased y<sup>e</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> of Jvly, A<sup>o</sup> 1649, aged 66.

Witty<sup>13</sup> above her sexe, but that's not all,  
Wise to salvation was good Mistriss Hall :  
Something of Shakespeare was in that ; but this  
Wholy of him with whom she's now in blisse.

Then, passenger, hast ne're a tear  
To weepe with her that wept with all ;  
That wept, yet set herselfe to chere  
Them up with comforts cordiall ?  
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,  
When thou hast ne're a teare to shed.”

Judith (who at the time of her father's death had been married little more than two months) bore three children to her husband Thomas Quiney ; viz. Shakespeare, baptized Nov. 23d, 1616, and buried May 8th, 1617 ; Richard, baptized Feb. 9th, 1617-8, and buried

<sup>12</sup> We learn from the register that “Mrs. Susanna Hall widow” was buried July 16th, 1649.—The inscription on her husband's tombstone, which is next her own, runs thus ;

“Heere lyeth y<sup>e</sup> body of John Hall, gent.: hee marr. Svsanna y<sup>e</sup> daughter and coheire of Will. Shakespeare, gent. Hce deceased Nove<sup>r</sup> 25. A<sup>o</sup> 1635, aged 60.

Hallius hic situs est, medica celeberrimus arte,  
Expectans regni gaudia læta Dei.  
Dignus erat meritis qui Nestora vinceret annis,  
In terris omnes sed rapit æqua dies.  
Ne tumulto quid desit, adest fidissima conjux,  
Et vitæ comitem nunc quoque mortis habet.”

<sup>13</sup> These verses were removed to make room for an inscription to the memory of Richard Watts who died in 1707 ; but,—having been preserved by Dugdale (*Ant. of Warwick*. p. 686, ed. 1730),—they were some years ago restored at the expense of my friend the Rev. William Harness.

Feb. 26th, 1638-9; and Thomas, baptized Jan. 23d, 1619-20, and buried Jan. 28th, 1638-9. Judith lived to see the Restoration, and was buried at Stratford, Feb. 9th, 1661-2.—No entry of her husband's burial is found in the Stratford register.

The poet's grand-daughter, Elizabeth Hall, was twice married; first, April 22d, 1626, to Thomas Nash, who died in 1647,<sup>14</sup> without issue; secondly, June 5th, 1649, to John, afterwards Sir John, Barnard of Abington in Northamptonshire, by whom she had no offspring. She was buried at Abington, Feb. 17th, 1669-70.—On the death of Lady Barnard the lineal descent from Shakespeare was at an end:—and the honour of being his representatives is now claimed by the Harts, the descendants<sup>15</sup> of his sister Joan, who was buried at Stratford Nov. 4th, 1646.

New Place,<sup>16</sup> the abode of the poet's later years,—

<sup>14</sup> He is laid with the Shakespeares in the chancel of Stratford Church:

“Heere resteth y<sup>e</sup> body of Thomas Nashe, esq. He mar. Elizabeth, the daug: and heire of John Halle, gent. He died Aprill 4. A. 1647, aged 53.

Fata manent omnes: hunc non virtute carentem,

Ut neque divitiis, abstulit atra dies;

Abstulit, at referet lux ultima: siste, viator;

Si peritura paras, per male parta peris.”

<sup>15</sup> One of these descendants (according to her own account), a Mary Hornby, whose maiden name was Hart, used to obtain a subsistence by conducting strangers over the house in which Shakespeare is supposed to have been born. In 1820, after favouring me with some remarks on his dramas, she said, “I *writes* plays, sir.” She then told me that she had published by subscription a tragedy called *The Battle of Waterloo*, and showed me the Ms. of another which she had composed, *The Broken Vow*, founded on a circumstance that happened to one of her relations.

<sup>16</sup> See p. 61, note 11.

which is said to have been originally built by Sir Hugh Clopton in the reign of Henry the Seventh,—came, on Shakespeare's death, to Mrs. Hall, and, on her decease, to her only child, Elizabeth Nash, afterwards Lady Barnard. In this mansion, while it belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Nash, Queen Henrietta Maria (on her way to join the King) held her court for about three weeks, during the civil war, in 1643. As directed in Lady Barnard's will, New Place was sold after the death of herself and her husband. The purchaser was Sir Edward Walker, Knt., Garter Principal King at Arms; and his only child, Barbara, having married Sir John Clopton, the house returned again into the possession of the Clopton family. About 1720, Sir Hugh Clopton pulled down New Place, and entirely rebuilt it.<sup>17</sup> His son-in-law and executor, Henry Talbot, Esq. (brother of the Chancellor Talbot) sold the *new* New Place, in 1753, to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, vicar of Frodsham in Cheshire. In the garden belonging to this mansion was a mulberry-tree, called *Shakespeare's mulberry-tree*; the constant tradition of Stratford declaring that it was planted by the poet's hand;—probably about 1609, as during that year an immense number of young mulberry-trees was imported from France, and sent into different counties of England, by order of King James, with a view to the encouragement of the silk manufacture. Under this celebrated mulberry-

<sup>17</sup> In the former edition of this Memoir I stated that "Sir Hugh Clopton modernised the house by internal and external alterations:" but see Bellew's *Shakespeare's Home*, &c. pp. 21, 276.

tree, Garrick, Macklin, and Delane (the actor) had been entertained in 1742 : but the wealthy and unamiable Mr. Gastrell, conceiving a dislike to it, because it subjected him to the importunities of travellers, whose veneration for Shakespeare induced them to visit it, caused it to be cut down and cleft into pieces for firewood, in 1756 : the greater part of it, however, was bought by a watchmaker of Stratford, who converted every fragment into small boxes, goblets, toothpick-cases, tobacco-stoppers, &c., for which he found eager purchasers. Mr. Gastrell having quarrelled with the magistrates about parochial assessments, razed the mansion to the ground in 1759, and quitted Stratford amidst the rage and execrations of the inhabitants.

Any attempt at a critical analysis of the plays of Shakespeare, after the many volumes they have called forth, is superfluous here; and luckily so,—for I would not willingly engage in the task. A few words more, therefore, must bring this slight Memoir to a close.—In several publications are to be found essays on the old English theatre, the writers of which seem desirous of conveying to their readers the idea, that Shakespeare had dramatic contemporaries nearly equal to himself; and for criticism of such a tendency two distinguished men are perhaps answerable,—Lamb and Hazlitt, who have, on the whole, exaggerated the general merits of the dramatists of Elizabeth and James's days. "Shakespeare," says Hazlitt, "towered above his fellows, 'in

shape and gesture proudly eminent,' but he was one of a race of giants, the tallest, the strongest, the most graceful and beautiful of them; *but it was a common and a noble brood.*"<sup>18</sup> A falser remark, I conceive, has seldom been made by critic. Shakespeare is not only immeasurably superior to the dramatists of his time in creative power, in insight into the human heart, and in profound thought; but he is moreover utterly unlike them in almost every respect,—unlike them in his method of developing character, in his diction, in his versification: nor should it be forgotten that some of those scenes<sup>19</sup> which have been most admired in the works of his contemporaries were intended to affect the audience at the expense of nature and probability, and therefore stand in marked contrast to all that we possess as unquestionably from the pen of Shakespeare.

<sup>18</sup> *Lectures on the Dram. Lit. of the age of Elizabeth*, p. 12, ed. 1840.

<sup>19</sup> Take for instance the scene of the Revels in Ford's *Broken Heart*, where Calantha continues dancing, in spite of the dreadful tidings brought to her in quick succession,—a scene of sheer extravagance, yet praised by Lamb with a fervour which ends in blasphemy. ("The expression of this transcendent scene almost bears me in imagination to Calvary and the Cross," &c. *Spec. of English Dram. Poets*, p. 264, ed. 1808.)—*The Broken Heart* was not brought out till after the death of Shakespeare: but Ford is certainly to be considered as one of his dramatic contemporaries, since he was writing for the stage as early as 1613 (see Gifford's *Introd. to Ford's Works*, p. xiii.).



SHAKESPEARE'S WILL,<sup>20</sup>

IN THE PREROGATIVE OFFICE, LONDON.

Vicesimo quinto die [Januarii] *Martii*, anno regni domini nostri Jacobi, nunc regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto, et Scotiæ xlix<sup>o</sup>, annoque Domini 1616.

T. Wmi Shackspeare.

In the name of God, amen! I William Shackspeare, of Stratford upon Avon in the countie of Warr., gent., in perfect health and memorie, God be prayed, doe make and ordayne this my last will and testament in manner and forme followeing, that ys to saye, ffirst, I comend my soule into the handes of God my Creator, hoping and assuredlie beleeving, through thonellie me-

<sup>20</sup> "The will is written in the clerical hand of that age on three small [moderately sized] sheets, fastened [together] at top like a lawyer's brief. Shakspeare's name is signed at the bottom of the first and second sheet, and his final signature, '*By me William Shakspeare*,' is in [about] the middle of the third sheet. The name, however, at the bottom of the first sheet is not in the usual place, but in the margin at the left hand.

. . . I suspect he signed his name at the end of the will first, and so went backwards, which will account for that in the first page being worse written than the rest, the hand growing gradually weaker." *Ms. Notes* by Malone in the Bodleian Library.—Mr. Halliwell's method of marking the erasures and interlineations of the original is now adopted:—the words which have been erased are put between square brackets; those which have been interlined are printed in italics.

rites of Jesus Christe my Saviour, to be made partaker of lyfe everlastinge, and my bodye to the earth whereof yt ys made. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my [sonne and] daughter Judyth one hundred and fyftie poundes of lawfull English money, to be paied unto her in manner and forme foloweing, that ys to saye, one hundred poundes *in discharge of her marriage porcion* within one yeare after my deceas, with consideracion after the rate of twoe shillings in the pound for soe long tyme as the same shalbe unpaied unto her after my deceas, and the fyftie poundes residewe thereof upon her surrendring *of*, or gyving of such sufficient securitie as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or graunte all her estate and right that shall discend or come unto her after my deceas, or *that shee* nowe hath, of, in, or to, one copiehold tenemente, with thappurtenaunces, lyeing and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid in the saied countye of Warr., being parcell or holden of the mannour of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall and her heires for ever. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my saied daughter Judith one hundred and fyftie poundes more, if shee or anie issue of her bodie be lyvinge att thend of three yeares next ensueing the daie of the date of this my will, during which tyme my executours are to paie her consideracion from my deceas according to the rate aforesaid; and if she dye within the saied tearme without issue of her bodye, then my will ys, and I doe gyve and bequeath one hundred poundes thereof to my neeco

Elizabeth Hall, and the fiftie poundes to be sett fourth by my executours during the lief of my sister Johane Harte, and the use and proffitt thereof cominge shalbe payed to my saied sister Jone, and after her deceas the saied l.<sup>ty</sup> shall remaine amongst the children of my saied sister, equallie to be devided amongst them; but if my saied daughter Judith be lyving att thend of the saied three yeares, or anie yssue of her bodye, then my will ys and soe I devise and bequeath the saied hundred and fyftie poundes to be sett out *by my executours and overseers* for the best benefitt of her and her issue, and *the stock not to be* payed unto her soe long as she shalbe marryed and covert baron [by my executours and overseers]; but my will ys, that she shall have the consideracion yearelie payed unto her during her lief, and after her deceas the saied stocke and consideracion to bee payed to her children, if she have anie, and if not, to her executours or assignes, she lyving the saied terme after my deceas, Provided that yf suche husbond as she shall att thend of the saied three yeares be marryed unto, or att anie after (*sic*), doe sufficientlie assure unto her and thissue of her bodie landes awnswereable to the porcion by this my will gyven unto her, and to be adjudged soe by my executours and overseers, then my will ys, that the saied cl.<sup>ty</sup> shalbe payed to such husbond as shall make such assurance, to his owne use. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my saied sister Jone xx.<sup>ty</sup> and all my wearing apparrell, to be payed and delivered within one yeare after my deceas; and I doe

will and devise unto her *the house* with thappurtenaunces in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her naturall lief, under the yearlie rent of xij.<sup>d</sup>. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto her three sonnes, William Harte, - - - Hart, and Michaell Harte, fyve poundes a peece, to be paied within one yeare after my deceas [to be sett out for her within one yeare after my deceas by my executours, with thadvise and direccions of my overseers, for her best profitt, untill her mariage, and then the same with the increase thereof to be paied unto her]. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto [her] *the saied Elizabeth Hall* all my plate, *except my brod silver and gilt bole*, that I now have att the date of this my will. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto the poore of Stratford aforesaied tenn poundes; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russell esquier fyve poundes; and to Frauncis Collins, of the borough of Warr. in the countie of Warr. gentleman, thirteene poundes, sixe shillinges, and eight pence, to be paied within one yeare after my deceas. Item, I gyve and bequeath to [Mr. Richard Tyler thelder] *Hamlett Sadler* xxvj.<sup>s</sup> viij.<sup>d</sup>. to buy him a ringe; to *William Raynoldes, gent.* xxvj.<sup>s</sup> viij.<sup>d</sup>. to buy him a ringe; to my godson William Walker xx.<sup>s</sup> in gold; to Anthonye Nashe gent. xxvj.<sup>s</sup> viij.<sup>d</sup>.; and to Mr. John Nashe xxvj.<sup>s</sup> viij.<sup>d</sup>. [in gold]; and to my fellowes *John Hemynges, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell*, xxvj.<sup>s</sup> viij.<sup>d</sup>. a peece to buy them ringes. Item, I gyve, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall,

*for better enabling of her to performe this my will, and towards the performans thereof, all that capitall messuage or tenemente with thappurtenaunces, in Stratford aforesaid, called the New Place, wherein I nowe dwell, and two messuages or tenementes with thappurtenaunces, scituat, lyeing, and being in Henley streete, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barnes, stables, orchardes, gardens, landes, tenementes, and hereditamentes whatsoever, scituat, lyeing, and being, or to be had, receyved, perceyved, or taken, within the townes, hamletes, villages, fieldes, and groundes, of Stratford upon Avon, Oldstratford, Bushopton, and Welcombe, or in anie of them in the said countie of Warr. And alsoe all that messuage or tenemente with thappurtenaunces, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, scituat, lyeng, and being, in the Blackfriars in London, nere the Wardrobe; and all other my landes, tenementes, and hereditamentes whatsoever, To have and to hold all and singuler the saied premisses, with their appurtenaunces, unto the saied Susanna Hall, for and during the terme of her naturall lief, and after her deceas, to the first sonne of her bodie lawfullie yssuing, and to the heires males of the bodie of the saied first sonne lawfullie yssueinge; and for default of such issue, to the second sonne of her bodie lawfullie issueinge, and to the heires males of the bodie of the saied second sonne lawfullie yssueinge; and for default of such heires, to the third sonne of the bodie of the saied Susanna lawfullie yssueing, and of the heires males of the bodie*

of the saied third sonne lawfullie yssueing; and for default of such issue, the same soe to be and remaine to the ffourth [sonne], ffyfth, sixte, and seaventh sonnes of her bodie lawfullie issueing, one after another, and to the heires males of the bodies of the saied fourth, fifth, sixte, and seaventh sonnes lawfullie yssueing, in such manner as yt ys before lymitted to be and remaine to the first, second, and third sonns of her bodie, and to theire heires males; and for default of such issue, the saied premisses to be and remaine to my sayed neece Hall, and the heires males of her bodie lawfullie yssueing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heires males of her bodie lawfullie issueinge; and for default of such issue, to the right heires of me the saied William Shackspeare for ever. *Item,*<sup>21</sup> *I gyve unto my wief my second best bed with the furniture.* *Item,* I gyve and bequeath to my saied daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bole. All the rest of my goodes, chattel, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuffe whatsoever, after my dettes and legasies paied, and my funerall expences dischardged, I gyve, devise, and bequeath to my sonne in lawe, John Hall gent., and my daughter Susanna, his wief, whom I ordaine and make executours of this my last will and testament. And I doe intreat and appoint *the saied* Thomas Russell esquier and Frauncis Collins gent. to be overseers hereof, and doe revoke all former wills, and publishe this to be my last will and testament. In witness

<sup>21</sup> On this interlineated item see p. 34.

whereof I have hereunto put my [seale] *hand*, the daie  
and yeare first abovewritten.

By me WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Witnes to the publyshing hereof,

FRA: COLLYNS,

JULYUS SHAWE,

JOHN ROBINSON,

HAMNET SADLER,

ROBERT WHATTICOTT.

Probatum coram magistro Willielmo Byrde, legum  
doctore comiss. &c. xxij<sup>do</sup> die mensis Junii, anno  
Domini 1616, juramento Johannis Hall, unius exe-  
cutorum, &c. cui &c. de bene &c. jurat. reservat.  
potestate &c. Susannæ Hall, alteri executorum &c.  
cum venerit petitur. &c. (Inv. ex.)

---

## APPENDIX.

## No. I.

*Certificate of the Sharers of the Blackfriars Theatre, found by Mr. Collier in the Ellesmere Collection. (See note 23, p. 47.)*

“These are to sertifie your Right Honble Lordships that her Maiesties poore playeres, James Burbidge, Richard Burbidge, John Laneham, Thomas Greene, Robert Wilson, John Taylor, Anth. Wadeson, Thomas Pope, George Peele, Augustine Phillippes, Nicholas Towley, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Johnson, Baptiste Goodale, and Robert Armyn, being all of them sharers in the Blacke Fryers playehouse, have neuer giuen cause of displeasure in that they haue brought into their playes maters of state and religion, vnfitt to be handled by them or to be presented before lewde spectators: neither hath anie complainte in that kinde ever beene preferred against them or anie of them. Wherefore they truste moste humblie in your Lordships’ consideration of their former good behauiour, beinge at all tymes readie and willing to yeelde obedience to anie commaund whatsoever your Lordships in your wisdoms may thinke in such case meete, &c.

Novr. 1589.”

---

## No. II.

*Verses relating to a “wager laid by some brother actor, that Alleyn would be adjudged superior to Kempe in some part not mentioned.” Collier’s Memoirs of Edward Alleyn, p. 13. (See note 34, p. 50.)*

“Sweete Nedde, nowe wyne an other wager  
For thine old frende and fellow stager.  
Tarlton himselfe thou doest excell,  
And Bentley beate, and conquer Knell,  
And nowe shall Kempe orecome aswell.



The moneyes downe, the place the Hope,  
 Phillippes shall hide his head and Pope.  
 Feare not, the victorie is thyne ;  
 Thou still as macheles Ned shall shyne.  
 If Rossius Richard foames and fumes,  
 The Globe shall have but emptie roomes,  
 If thou doest act ; and Willes newe playe  
 Shall be rehearst some other daye.  
 Consent, then, Nedde ; doe us this grace :  
 Thou cannot faile in anie case ;  
 For in the triall, come what maye,  
 All sides shall brave Ned Allin saye."

---

## No. III.

*Petition of the Players.* (See note 6, p. 60.)

First printed by Mr. Collier in his *Hist. of English Dram. Poetry*, &c., where he introduces it with the following remarks :  
 "The Blackfriars Theatre, built in 1576, seems, after the lapse of twenty years, to have required extensive repairs, if, indeed, it were not, at the end of that period, entirely rebuilt. This undertaking, in 1596, seems to have alarmed some of the inhabitants of the Liberty ; and not a few of them, 'some of honour,' petitioned the Privy Council, in order that the players might not be allowed to complete it, and that their farther performances in that precinct might be prevented. A copy of the document, containing this request, is preserved in the State Paper Office, and to it is appended a much more curious paper—a counter petition by the Lord Chamberlain's players, entreating that they might be permitted to continue their work upon the theatre, in order to render it more commodious, and that their performances there might not be interrupted. It does not appear to be the original, but a copy, without the signatures," &c. Vol. i. p. 297.

*"To the right honorable the Lords of her Maiesties most honorable Priuie Counsell.*

"The humble petition of Thomas Pope, Richard Burbadge, John Hemings, Augustine Phillips, William Shakespeare, Wil-

liam Kempe, William Slye, Nicholas Tooley, and others, seruantes to the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine to her Maiestie,—Sheweth most humbly, that your petitioners are owners and players of the priuate house, or theater, in the precinct and libertie of the Blackfriars, which hath beene for manie yeares vsed and occupied for the playing of tragedies, commedies, histories, enterludes, and playes. That the same, by reason of having beene soe long built, hath falne into great decaye, and that besides the reparation thereof, it hath beene found necessarie to make the same more conuenient for the entertainement of auditories comming thereto. That to this end your petitioners haue all and eche of them putt down sommes of money, according to their shares in the saide theater, and which they haue iustly and honestlie gained by the exercise of their qualitie of stage-players ; but that certaine persons (some of them of honour), inhabitantes of the precinct and libertie of the Blackfriars, haue, as your petitioners are enfourmed, besought your honorable lordships not to permitt the saide priuate house anie longer to remaine open, but hereafter to be shutt vpp and closed, to the manifest and great iniurie of your petitioners, who haue no other meanes whereby to mainteine their wiues and families, but by the exercise of their qualitie as they haue heretofore done. Furthermore, that in the summer season your petitioners are able to playe at their newe built house on the Bankside calld the Globe, but that in the winter they are compelled to come to the Blackfriars ; and if your honorable lordships give consent vnto that which is prayde against your petitioners, they will not onely, while the winter endureth, loose the meanes whereby they nowe support themselves and their families, but be vnable to practise themselves in anie playes or enterluds, when calde vpon to performe for the recreation and solace of her Maiestie and her honorable court, as they haue beene hertofore accustomed. The humble prayer of your petitioners therefore is, that your honorable lordships will graunt permission to finishe the reparations and alterations they haue begunne ; and as your petitioners haue hitherto beene well ordred in their behauiour, and iust in their dealings, that your honorable lordships will not inhibit them from acting at their aboue named priuate house in the precinct and libertie of the Blackfriars, and your petitioners, as in dutie most bounden, will euer praye for the encreasing honour and happinesse of your honorable lordships.”

The Right Hon. the Master of the Rolls having directed an

official inquiry into the authenticity of the above document, the gentlemen chosen for the investigation declared their opinion as follows :

"We, the undersigned, at the desire of the Master of the Rolls, have carefully examined the document hereunto annexed, purporting to be a petition to the Lords of Her Majesty's Privy Council, from Thomas Pope, Richard Burbadge, John Hemings, Augustine Phillips, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Slye, Nicholas Tooley, and others, in answer to a petition from the Inhabitants of the Liberty of the Blackfriars ; and we are of opinion, that the document in question is spurious.

"30th January, 1860.

"FRA. PALGRAVE, K.H., Deputy-Keeper of H. M.  
Public Records.

FREDERIC MADDEN, K.H., Keeper of the Mss.,  
British Museum.

J. S. BREWER, M.A., Reader at the Rolls.

T. DUFFUS HARDY, Assistant-Keeper of Records.

N. E. S. A. HAMILTON, Assistant, Dep. of Mss.,  
British Museum."

The reader ought also to be informed that the above-mentioned "Petition of the Inhabitants of the Blackfriars" is no longer to be found.

## No. IV.

*Letter to Henslowe from a person named Veale, servant to Edmond Tylney, Master of the Revels, concerning the preceding Petition of the Players ; discovered by Mr. Collier at Dulwich College. (See note 6, p. 60.)*

"Mr. Hinslowe. This is to enfourme you that my Mr., the Maister of the Revelles, hath rec. from the Lords of the Counsell order that the Lord Chamberlen's servauntes shall not be dis-tourbed at the Blackefryars, according with their petition in that behalfe, but leave shall be given unto theym to make good the decaye of the saide House, butt not to make the same larger then in former tyme hath bene. From thoffice of the Revelles, this 3 of Maie, 1596.

RICH. VEALE."

## No. V.

*Fragment relating to a complaint of the inhabitants of Southwark against some particular annoyance; discovered at Dulwich College. (See note 8, p. 61.)*

“Inhabitanter of Sowtherk as have complaned, this — of July 1596.

Mr Markis  
 Mr Tuppin  
 Mr Langorth  
 Wilsone the pyper  
 Mr Barett  
 Mr Shaksper  
 Phellipes  
 Tomson  
 Mother Golden the baude  
 Nagges  
 Fillpott and no more, and soe well ended.”

---

## No. VI.

*Letter from Daniel to Sir Thomas Egerton, thanking him for his advancement to the office of Master of the Queen's Revels; discovered by Mr. Collier among the Ellesmere Papers. (See note 41, p. 83.)*

*“To the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Egerton, Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seale of England.*

“I will not indeavour, Right Honorable, to thanke you in wordes for this new, great, and vnlookt for favor showne vnto me, whereby I am bound to you for ever, and hope one day with true harte and simple skill to prove that I am not vnmindefull.

Most earnestly doe I wishe I could praise as your Honour has knowne to deserue, for then should I, like my maister Spencer, whose memorie your Honor cherisheth, leave behinde me some worthie worke, to be treasured by posteritie. What my pore Muse could performe in haste is here set downe, and though it

be farre below what other poets and better pennes have written, it commeth from a gratefull harte, and therefore maye be accepted. I shall now be able to liue free from those cares and troubles that hetherto haue been my continuall and wearisome companions. But a little time is paste since I was called vpon to thanke your Honor for my brothers advancement, and nowe I thanke you for my owne; which double kindnes will alwaies receive double gratefullness at both our handes.

I cannot but knowe that I am lesse deseruing then some that sued by other of the nobilitie vnto her Maiestie for this roomé: if M. Drayton, my good friend, had bene chosen, I should not have murmured, for sure I am he wold have filled it most excellentlie: but it seemeth to myne humble iudgement that one [Shakespeare] which is the authour of playes now daylie presented on the publick stages of London, and the possessor of no small gaines, and moreover himself an actor in the Kinges Companie of Comedians, could not with reason pretend to be Mr. of the Queenes Maiesties Reuelles, for as much as he wold sometimes be asked to approue and allowe of his owne writinge. Therefore he, and more of like qualitie, cannot iustly be disappointed because, through your Honors gracious interposition, the chance was haply myne. I owe this and all else to your Honor; and if ever I haue time and abilitie to finishe anie noble vndertaking, as God graunt one daye I shall, the worke will rather be your Honors then myne. God maketh a poet, but his creation wold be in vaine if patrones did not make him to liue. Your Honor hath ever showne yourselfe the friend of desert, and pittie it were if this should be the first exception to the rule. It shall not be whiles my poore witt and strength doe remaine to me, though the verses which I nowe sende be indeede noe prooffe of myne abilitie. I onely intreat your Honor to accept the same, the rather as an earnest of my good will then as an example of my good deede. In all thinges I am your Honors

Most bounden in dutie and obseruance,  
S. DANYELL."

## No. VII.

*Entries in Cunningham's "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," &c.,—which entries have recently been proved to be the grossest forgeries. (See note 8, p. 93.)*

*"The Plaiers.*

*The Poets which  
mayd the plaies.*

By the kings Mat <sup>is</sup> plaiers.	Hallamas Day being the first of Nouembar, A play in the Banketinge house att Whithall called The Moor of Venis. [Nov. 1st, 1604.]	
By his Mat <sup>is</sup> plaiers.	The Sunday ffollowinge, A Play of the Merry Wiues of Winsor. [Nov. 4th, 1604.]	
By his Mat <sup>is</sup> plaiers.	On St. Stiuens Night in the Hall A Play called Mesur for Mesur. [Dec. 26th, 1604.]	Shaxberd.
By his Mat <sup>is</sup> plaiers.	On Inocents Night the Plaie of Errors. [Dec. 28th, 1604.]	Shaxberd.
By his Mat <sup>is</sup> plaiers.	Betwin Neweres Day and Twolfe day A Play of Loues Labours Lost. [1605.]	
By his Mat <sup>is</sup> plaiers.	On the 7 of January was played the play of Henry the fift. [1605.]	
By his Mat <sup>is</sup> plaiers.	On ShrouSunday A play of the Marchant of Venis. [March 24th, 1605.]	Shaxberd.
By his Mat <sup>is</sup> players.	On Shroutusday a Play cauled The Martchant of Venis againe commaunded by the Kings Mat <sup>ie</sup> . [March 26th, 1605.]	Shaxberd.
By the Kings players.	Hallomas nyght was presented att Whithall before y <sup>e</sup> Kinges Mat <sup>ie</sup> a play called the Tempest. [Nov. 1st, 1611.]	
The Kings players.	The 5th of Nouember, A play called y <sup>e</sup> winters nightes Tayle. [1611.]	

## No. VIII.

*Copy of a Letter which Mr. Collier discovered among the Ellesmere Papers, and which he supposes to have been written by Lord Southampton. (See note 15, p. 95.)*

“My verie honored Lord. The manie good offices I haue receiued at your Lordships handes, which ought to make me backward in asking further favors, onely imbouldeneth me to require more in the same kinde. Your Lordship wilbe warned howe hereafter you graunt anie sute, seeing it draweth on more and greater demaundes. This which now presseth is to request your Lordship, in all you can, to be good to the poore players of the Blacke Fryers, who call themselues by authoritie the Servantes of his Maiestie, and aske for the proteccion of their most gracious Maister and Soueraigne in this the tyme of there trouble. They are threatened by the Lord Maior and Aldermen of London, never friendly to their calling, with the distruction of their meanes of liuelihood, by the pulling downe of their plaiehouse, which is a priuate theatre, and hath never giuen occasion of anger by anie disorders. These bearers are two of the chiefe of the companie: one of them by name Richard Burbidge, who humblie sueth for your Lordships kinde helpe, for that he is a man famous as our English Roscius, one who fitteth the action to the worde and the word to the action most admira[b]ly. By the exercise of his qualitie, industry, and good behaiour, he hath become possessed of the Blacke Fryers playhouse, which hath bene imployed for playes sithence it was builded by his father now nere 50 yeres agone. The other is a man no whitt lesse deservng fauor, and my especial friende, till of late an actor of good account in the cumpanie, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English playes, which, as your Lordship knoweth, were most singularly liked of Quene Elizabeth, when the cumpanie was called vppon to performe before her Maiestie at court at Christmas and Shrovetide. His most gracious Maiestie King James alsoe, since his coming to the crowne, hath extended his royall fauour to the companie in diuers waies and at sundrie tymes. This other hath to name William Shakespeare; and they are both of one countie, and indeede allmost of one towne: both are right famous in their qualities, though it longeth not of your Lordships grautie and wisdom to resort vnto the places where they are wont to delight the

publique eare. Their trust and sute nowe is, not to bee molested in their waye of life whereby they maintaine themselues and their wiues and families (being both married and of good reputacion) as well as the widowes and orphanes of some of their dead fellows.

Your Lo. most bounden at com.

*Copia vera.*

H. S."

### No. IX.

*A document, discovered by Mr. Collier among the Ellesmere Papers, which minutely describes the interest the different proprietors had in the Blackfriars Theatre; and which, according to Mr. Collier, was drawn up when the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, having failed in their attempts against the players, were negotiating with them for the purchase of the theatre. (See note 15, p. 95.)*

*"For avoiding of the playhouse in the Blacke Friers.*

*Impr., Richard Burbidge owith the fee, and is alsoe a sharer therein. His interest he rateth at the grosse summe of 1000*li.* for the fee, and for his foure shares the summe of 933*li.* 6*s.* 8*d.**

*1933*li.* 6*s.* 8*d.**

*Item, Laz. Fletcher owith three shares which he rateth at 700*li.*, that is, at 7 years purchase for eche share, or 33*li.* 6*s.* 8*d.* one yeare with an other . . . . . 700*li.**

*Item, W. Shakspeare asketh for the wardrobe and properties of the same playhouse 500*li.*, and for his 4 shares the same as his fellowes Burbidge and Fletcher, viz. 933*li.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, 1433*li.* 6*s.* 8*d.**

*Item, Heminges and Condell, eche 2 shares . . . 933*li.* 6*s.* 8*d.**

*Item, Joseph Taylor, one share and an halfe . . . 350*li.**

*Item, Lowing one share and an halfe . . . 350*li.**

*Item, Foure more playeres with one halfe share vnto eche of them . . . . . 466*li.* 13*s.* 4*d.**

*Summa totalis, 6166. 13. 4.*

Moreover, the hired men of the companie demaund some recompence for their greate losse, and the widowes and orphanes of players, who are paide by the sharers at divers rates and proportions; see as in the whole it will coste the Lo. Mayor and Citizens at the least 7000*li.*"



## No. X.

*A document, discovered by Mr. Collier at Dulwich College, showing that Shakespeare was rated to the poor of the Clink in Southwark. (See note 16, p. 96.)*

“A breif noat taken out of the poores booke, contayning the names of all thenhabitantes of this Liberty which arre rated and assesed to a weekely paiment towards the relief of the poore ; as it standes now encreased, this 6th day of Aprill, 1609. Delivered up to Phillip Henslowe Esquior, churchwarden, by Francis Carter, one of the late Ovreseers of the same Liberty.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Shakespeare. . . . . vjd.”

## No. XI.

*Draft of a warrant empowering Daborne, Shakespeare, Field, and Kirkham to train up a company of juvenile performers, to be called The Children of the Queen's Revels ; discovered by Mr. Collier among the Ellesmere Papers. (See note 24, p. 103.)*

“Right trustie and wellbeloued, &c. James, &c. To all mayors, sheriffes, justices of the peace, &c. Whereas the Queene, our dearest wife, hath for her pleasure and recreacion appointed her seruantes Robert Daborne, &c. to prouide and bring vppe a conuenient number of children who shalbe called the Children of her Maiesties Reuelles ; knowe yee that we haue appointed and authorized, and by these presentes doe appoint and authorize, the saide Robert Daborne, William Shakespeare, Nathaniel Field, and Edward Kirkham, from time to time to prouide and bring vpp a conuenient number of children, and them to instruct and exercise in the qualitie of playing tragedies, comedies, &c., by the name of the Children of the Reuelles to the Queene, within the Blacke Fryers in our cittie of London, and els where within our realme of England. Wherefore we will and commaund you and euerie of you, to permitte her said seruantes to keepe a conuenient number of children by the name of the Children of the Reuelles to the Queene, and them to exercise in the qualitie of playing, according

to our royall pleasure: prouided allwayes that noe playes, &c., shalbe by them presented, but such playes, &c., as haue receiued the aprobacion and allowance of our Maister of the Reuelles for the tyme being. And these our lettres shalbe your sufficient warraunt in this behalfe. In witnesse whereof, &c. 4<sup>o</sup> die Janij 1609.

Bl. Fr. and Globe,	}	All in and neere London.
Wh. Fr. and Parishe Garden,		
Curten and Fortune,		
Hope and Swanne,		

Proude Pouertie.

Widdowes Mite.

Antonio. Kinsmen.

Triumph of Truth.

Touchstone.

Mirror of Life.

Grissell.

Engl. Tragedie.

False Friendes.

Hate and Loue.

Taming of S.

K. Edw. 2.

Stayed."

---

## QUARTO EDITIONS OF PLAYS BY SHAKESPEARE.

## KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

The Tragedie of King Richard the second. As it hath beene publicly acted by the right Honourable the Lorde Chamberlaine his Seruants. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at the signe of the Angel. 1597.

The Tragedie of King Richard the second. As it hath beene publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. By William Shake-speare. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard at the signe of the Angel. 1598.

The Tragedie of King Richard the Second. As it hath been publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruantes. By William Shake-speare. London Printed by W. W. for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Fox. 1608.

The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: with new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Maiesties seruantes, at the Globe. By William Shake-speare. At London, Printed by W. W. for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608.

The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: with new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Maiesties seruants, at the Globe. By William Shake-speare. At London, Printed for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1615.

*A quarto dated 1634.*

## KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiefull murder of his innocent nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. At London, Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1597.

The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous

Plots against his brother Clarence: the pitiful murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath bene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. By William Shake-speare. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598.

The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath bene lately Acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Newly augmented, By William Shakespeare. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1602.

The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath bin lately Acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Newly augmented, by William Shake-speare. London, Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Matthew Lawe, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe, near S. Austins gate. 1605.

*Other quartos dated 1612 (or perhaps 1613, the last figure being generally blurred), 1621 [?], 1622, 1624, 1629, 1634.*

### ROMEO AND JULIET.

An excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet. As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publicquely, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Seruants. London, Printed by Iohn Danter. 1597.

The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Iuliet. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended: As it hath bene sundry times publicquely acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at his shop neare the Exchange. 1599.

The most excellent and Lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet. As it hath bene sundrie times publicquely Acted, by the Kings Maiesties Seruants at the Globe. Newly corrected, augmented and amended: London Printed for John Smethwick, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstanes Church-yard, in Fleetestreete vnder the Dyall. 1609.

*Another quarto printed for Smethwick, without date, the title-page of which agrees in other respects with that of 1609, contains some important various readings.*

*A quarto dated 1637.*

## LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

A pleasant Conceited Comedie called, Loues labors lost. As it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented By W. Shakespere. Imprinted at London by W. W. for Cutbert Burby. 1598.

*A quarto dated 1631.*

## THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

The History of Henrie the Fovrth; With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstalffe. At London, Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598.

The History of Henrie the Fovrth; With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstalffe. Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare. At London, Printed by S. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1599.

The History of Henrie the Fourth, With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King, and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstalffe. Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare. London Printed by Valentine Simmes, for Mathew Law, and are to be solde at his shop in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Fox. 1604.

The History of Henry the fourth, With the battell at Shrewseburie, betweene the King, and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceites of Sir Iohn Falstalffe. Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare. London, Printed for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard, neere vnto S. Augustines gate, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608.

*Other quartos dated 1613, 1622, 1632, 1639.*

## THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henrie the fift. With the humours of Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundrie times publickely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600.

*Most copies of this quarto want the whole of the first scene of the third act. In the few copies which contain it, the defect has been remedied by making sig. E consist of six leaves.*

## KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

The Cronicle History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and Iohn Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600.

The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pauier, and are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, at the signe of the Cat and Parrets, neare the Exchange. 1602.

The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with ancient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. Printed for T. P. 1608.

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Iew towards the saide Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia, by the choyse of three caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts. 1600.

The most excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Iewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of Portia by the choyse of three chests. As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London, Printed by I. R. for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon. 1600.

*A quarto dated 1637 (which, with a new title-page, was re-issued in 1652).*

## A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

A Midsommer nights dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be sould at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in Fleetestreete. 1600.

A Midsommer night's dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. Printed by James Roberts. 1600.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Much adoe about Nothing. As it hath been sundrie times publicly acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600.

## TITUS ANDRONICUS.

The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times beene playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lorde Chamberlaine theyr Seruants. At London, Printed by I. R. for Edward White and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gun. 1600.

The most lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath svndry times beene plaide by the Kings Maiesties Seruants. London, Printed for Eedward White, and are to be solde at his shoppe, nere the little North dore of Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1611.

*According to Langbaine* (Account of Engl. Dram. Poets, p. 464), "this play was printed 4° Lond. 1594." *No such edition is now known : but Langbaine's statement would seem to be correct, as Titus Andronicus was entered in the Stationers' Registers Feb. 6th, 1593.*

## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

A Most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr Iohn Falstaffe, and the merrie Wiues of Windsor. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr Hugh the Welch Knight, Iustice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender. With the swaggering vaine of Auncient Pistoll, and Corporall Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and else-where. London Printed by T. C. for Arthur Johnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne. 1602.

A Most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedy, of Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and the merry Wiues of Windsor. With the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll, and Corporall Nym. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for Arthur Johnson, 1619.

*A quarto dated 1630.*

## HAMLET.

The Tragickall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. By William Shake-speare. As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniuersities of

Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where. At London printed for N: L. and Iohn Trundell. 1603.

The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London, Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet. 1604.

*A quarto dated 1605, the title-page of which agrees with that of the quarto of 1604.*

The Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppy. At London, Printed for Iohn Smethwicke and are to be sold at his shoppe in Saint Dunstons Church yeard in Fleetstreet. Vnder the Diall. 1611.

The Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. Newly Imprinted and inlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy lastly Printed. By William Shakespeare. London, Printed by W. S. for John Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard in Fleetstreet: Vnder the Diall. *n. d.*

*A quarto dated 1637.*

#### KING LEAR.

M. William Shak-speare: His True Chronicle Historie of the life and death of King Lear and his three Daughters. With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his sullen and assumed humor of Tom of Bedlam. As it was played before the Kings Maiestie at Whitehall vpon S. Stephans night in Christmas Hollidayes. By his Maiesties seruants playing vsually at the Gloabe on the Bancke-side. London, Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Pide Bull neere St. Austins gate. 1608.

M. William Shake-speare, His True Chronicle History of the life and death of King Lear, and his three Daughters. With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Gloucester, and his sullen and assumed humour of Tom of Bedlam. As it was plaid before the Kings Maiesty at White-Hall, vppon S. Stephens night, in Christmas Hollidaies. By his Maiesties Seruants, playing vsually at the Globe on the Banck-side. Printed for Nathaniel Butter. 1608.

*A third quarto dated 1608, the title-page of which agrees with that of the second quarto.*

*A quarto dated 1655.*

#### TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

The Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid. Excellently express-



ing the beginning of their loues, with the conceited wooing of Pandarus Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spread Eagle in Paules Church-yard, ouer against the great North doore. 1609.

The Historie of Troylus and Cresseida. As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties seruants at the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spread Eagle in Paules Church-yard, ouer against the great North doore. 1609.

*See the Introduction to this play.*

### PERICLES.

The late, And much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole Historie, aduentures, and fortunes of the said Prince: As also, The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter Mariana. As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on the Banck-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in Pater-noster row, &c. 1609.

The late, And much admired Play called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, aduentures and fortunes of the sayd Prince: As also the no lesse strange and worthy accidents in the Birth and Life of his Daughter Mariana. As it hath beene diuers and sundry times acted by his Maiestyes Seruaunts at the Globe on the Banck-side. By William Shakespeare. Printed at London by S. S. 1611.

The late, And much admired Play, called, Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, aduentures, and fortunes of the saide Prince. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for T. P. 1619.

*Quartos dated 1630 (some copies differing from others in the imprint) and 1635.*

### OTHELLO.

The Tragedy of Othello, The Moore of Venice. As it hath beene diuerse times acted at the Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by his Maiesties Seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London, Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittans Bursse. 1622.

*A quarto dated 1630, the title-page of which differs from the above only in the imprint,—London, Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Chancery-Lane, neere Sergeants-Inne,—contains some important various readings.*

*A quarto dated 1655.*

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

A Wittie and Pleasant Comedie called The Taming of the Shrew. As it was acted By his Maiesties Seruants at the Blacke Friers and the Globe. Written by Will. Shakespeare. London, Printed by W. S. for John Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstones Church-yard vnder the Diall. 1631.

## FOLIO EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies. Published according to the True Originall Copies. London Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623. *The colophon is*, Printed at the Charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley, 1623.

M<sup>r</sup>. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true Originall Copies. The second Impression, London, Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Robert Allot, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Blacke Beare in Pauls Church-yard. 1632. *The colophon is*, Printed at London by Thomas Cotes, for John Smethwick, William Aspley, Richard Hawkins, Richard Meighen, and Robert Allot, 1632.

M<sup>r</sup>. William Shakespear's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true Original Copies. The third Impression. And unto this Impression is added seven Playes, never before Printed in Folio. viz. Pericles Prince of Tyre. The London Prodigall. The History of Thomas L<sup>d</sup>. Cromwell. Sir John Oldcastle Lord Cobham. The Puritan Widow. A York-shire Tragedy. The Tragedy of Locrine. London, Printed for P. C. 1664. *The third folio was first issued in 1663, with this title*; M<sup>r</sup>. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies. Published according to the true Original Copies. The Third Impression. London, Printed for Philip Chetwinde, 1663. *Copies so dated do not contain the seven spurious plays.*

*The fourth folio, containing the seven plays first added in the third folio, was* Printed for H. Herringman, R. Brewster, R. Chiswell, and R. Bentley, at the Anchor in the New Exchange, the Crane in St. Pauls Church-Yard, and in Russel-Street Covent-Garden. 1685.

## EDITIONS, IN VARIOUS SIZES, OF POEMS BY SHAKESPEARE.

### VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus : mihi flavus Apollo  
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

London Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound in Paules Church-yard. 1593, 4to.

*The title-page of the edition dated 1594, 4to, is the same as the above.*

*The edition dated 1596, 8vo, was Imprinted at London by R. F. for Iohn Harison.*

*The edition dated 1600, 8vo, has London. Printed by I. H. for Iohn Harison.*

*There are several later London editions dated 1602, 1617, &c.. and there is an edition printed at Edinburgh in 1627.*

### LUCRECE.

Lucrece. London. Printed by Richard Field, for Iohn Harrison, and are to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound in Paules Churchyard. 1594, 4to.

Lvcrece At London, Printed by P. S. for John Harrison. 1598, 18mo.

Lvcrece London. Printed by I. H for Iohn Harrison. 1600, 24mo.

Lvcrece. At London, Printed be N. O. for Iohn Harison. 1607, 8vo.

*There are later editions dated 1616, 1624, &c.*

### THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

The Passionate Pilgrime By W. Shakespeare. At London Printed for W. Iaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Greyhound in Paules Churchyard. 1599, 16mo.

The Passionate Pilgrime. Or Certaine Amorous Sonnets, betweene Venus and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakespere. The third Edition. Where-vnto is newly added two Loue-Epistles, the first from Paris to Hellen, and Hellen's answere backe againe to Paris. Printed by W. Iaggard. 1612, 16mo. *This title-page having been cancelled, a new one, without any author's name, was substituted; see the Memoir of Shakespeare, p. 73. No second edition is known.*

### SONNETS.

Shake-speares Sonnets. Neuer before Imprinted. At London By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by William Aspley. 1609, 4to. *Some copies have At London By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by Iohn Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate. 1609. To this collection is appended a Louers complaint. By William Shake-speare.*

## DEDICATION PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

*To the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren,  
 William Earl of Pembroke, &c., Lord Chamberlain to the King's  
 most excellent majesty,  
 and  
 Philip Earl of Montgomery, &c., Gentleman of his majesty's bed-  
 chamber;  
 Both Knights of the most noble order of the Garter, and our singular  
 good lords.*

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Whilst we study to be thankful in our particular for the many favours we have received from your L.L., we are fallen upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, fear and rashness,—rashness in the enterprise, and fear of the success. For when we value the places your H.H. sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater than to descend to the reading of these trifles; and while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our dedication. But since your L.L. have been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore, and have prosecuted both them and their author living with so much favour, we hope that (they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference whether any book choose his patrons, or find them: this hath done both. For so much were your L.L. likings of the several parts when they were acted, as before they were published, the volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans guardians; without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of

his plays to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed no man to come near your L.L. but with a kind of religious address, it hath been the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your H.H. by the perfection. But there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have; and many nations, we have heard, that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approach their gods by what means they could: and the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remains of your servant Shakespeare, that what delight is in them may be ever your L.L., the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed by a pair so careful to show their gratitude both to the living and the dead as is

Your Lordships' most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE,  
HENRY CONDELL.

---

## ADDRESS PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

*To the great variety of readers.*

From the most able to him that can but spell: there you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed: especially when the fate of all books depends upon your capacities; and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well, it is now public; and you will stand for your privileges, we know,—to read and censure. Do so, but buy it first: that doth best commend a book, the stationer says. Then how odd soever your brains be or your wisdoms, make your license the same, and spare not. Judge your six-pen'orth, your shillings-worth, your five-shillings-worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But,

whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a trade, or make the jack go. And though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Black-friars or the Cock-pit, to arraign plays daily, know, these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals, and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court than any purchased letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But, since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain, to have collected and published them; and so to have published them as where before you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it: his mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that read him: and there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough both to draw and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Read him, therefore; and again and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, whom if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead yourselves and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE,  
HENRY CONDELL.

## LIST OF ACTORS IN THE FOLIO OF 1623.

*The Names of the principal Actors in all these Plays.*

William Shakespeare.	Samuel Gilburne.
Richard Burbadge.	Robert Armin.
John Hemmings.	William Ostler.
Augustine Phillips.	Nathan Field.
William Kempt.	John Underwood.
Thomas Poope.	Nicholas Tooley.
George Bryan.	William Ecclestone.
Henry Condell.	Joseph Taylor.
William Slye.	Robert Benfield.
Richard Cowly.	Robert Goughe.
John Lowine.	Richard Robinson.
Samuel Crosse.	John Shanneke.
Alexander Cooke.	John Rice.

COMMENDATORY VERSES PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO  
OF 1623.*To the memory of my beloved, the author, Master William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us.*

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,  
 Am I thus ample to thy book and fame ;  
 While I confess thy writings to be such  
 As neither man nor Muse can praise too much :  
 'Tis true, and all men's suffrage : but these ways  
 Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise ;  
 For seeliest ignorance on these may light,  
 Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right ;  
 Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance  
 The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance ;

Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
 And think to ruin where it seem'd to raise :  
 These are as some infamous bawd or whore  
 Should praise a matron :—what could hurt her more ?  
 But thou art proof against them ; and, indeed,  
 Above th' ill fortune of them or the need.  
 I, therefore, will begin. Soul of the age,  
 Th' applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,  
 My Shakespeare, rise ! I<sup>1</sup> will not lodge thee by  
 Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
 A little further, to make thee a room :  
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,  
 And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.  
 That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,—  
 I mean, with great but disproportion'd Muses ;  
 For if I thought my judgment were of years,  
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,  
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,  
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line :  
 And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,  
 From thence to honour thee I would not seek

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the following lines by William Basse, which are found in Mss. with several variations : they appear to have been first printed in 1633 among the poems of Donne, to whom they were wrongly attributed ;

“ Renownèd Spenser, lie a thought more nigh  
 To learnèd Chaucer ; and, rare Beaumont, lie  
 A little nearer Spenser ; to make room  
 For Shakespeare in your threefold fourfold tomb :  
 To lodge all four in one bed make a shift  
 Until doomsday ; for hardly will a fifth,  
 Betwixt this day and that, by fate be slain,  
 For whom your curtains may be drawn again.  
 But if precedency in death doth bar  
 A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,  
 Under this carvèd marble of thine own,  
 Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone :  
 Thy unmolested peace, unsharèd cave,  
 Possess as lord, not tenant, of thy grave ;  
 That unto us and others it may be  
 Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.”



For names ; but call forth thundering *Æschylus*,  
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,  
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova, dead,  
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread  
And shake a stage ; or when thy socks were on,  
Leave thee alone for the comparison  
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome  
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.  
Triumph, my Britain ! thou hast one to show,  
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
He was not of an age, but for all time ;  
And all the Muses still were in their prime,  
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm  
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.  
Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines ;  
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,  
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit :  
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,  
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;  
But antiquated and deserted lie,  
As they were not of Nature's family.  
Yet must I not give Nature all ; thy art,  
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part :  
For though the poet's matter nature be,  
His art doth give the fashion ; and that he  
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,—  
Such as thine are,—and strike the second heat  
Upon the Muses' anvil ; turn the same,  
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;  
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,—  
For a good poet's made, as well as born :  
And such wert thou. Look how the father's face  
Lives in his issue ; even so the race  
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines  
In his well-tornèd and true-filèd lines ;  
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.

Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were  
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,  
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,  
 That so did take Eliza and our James !  
 But stay ; I see thee in the hemisphere  
 Advanc'd, and made a constellation there :  
 Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage  
 Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage ;  
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,  
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

BEN: JONSON.

*To the memory of the deceased author, Master W. Shakespeare.*

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give  
 The world thy works ; thy works, by which out-live  
 Thy tomb thy name must : when that stone is rent,  
 And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,  
 Here we alive shall view thee still ; this book,  
 When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look  
 Fresh to all ages ; when posterity  
 Shall loathe what's new, think all is prodigy  
 That is not Shakespeare's, every line, each verse,  
 Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.  
 Nor fire, nor cankering age,—as Naso said  
 Of his,—thy wit-fraught book shall once invade :  
 Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,  
 Though miss'd, until our bankrout stage be sped—  
 Impossible—with some new strain t' out-do  
 Passions of Juliet and her Romeo ;  
 Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,  
 Than when thy half-sword-parleying Romans spake :  
 'Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,  
 Shall with more fire, more feeling be express'd,  
 Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,  
 But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

L[EOARD] DIGGES.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> LEONARD DIGGES.] Born in London, was educated at University College, Oxford ; to which college, after travelling "into several countries," he

*To the memory of Master W. Shakespeare.*

We wonder'd, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon  
 From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room :  
 We thought thee dead ; but this thy printed worth  
 Tells thy spectators that thou went'st but forth  
 To enter with applause. An actor's art  
 Can die, and live to act a second part :  
 That's but an exit of mortality,  
 This a re-entrance to a plaudite.

I. M.<sup>3</sup>

---

*Upon the lines and life of the famous scenic poet, Master William Shakespeare.*

Those hands which you so clapp'd, go now and wring,  
 You Britons brave ; for done are Shakespeare's days ;  
 His days are done that made the dainty plays,  
 Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring :  
 Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,

---

retired ; and died there in 1635. Though a very poor poet, he was a person of considerable accomplishments, as is shown by his translation of Claudian's *Rape of Proserpine*, and of Gonçalo de Cespidés's *Gerardo, the unfortunate Spaniard*. He has another and much longer eulogy on Shakespeare, prefixed to the edition of our author's *Poems*, 1640. See Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 592, ed. Bliss. As Digges contributed lines to Mabbe's translation of *Guzman de Alfarache* (vide the next note), he perhaps composed the present verses at the desire of Blount.

<sup>3</sup> I. M.] That these are the initials of *James Mabbe* has been proved almost to demonstration by Mr. Bolton Corney in *Notes and Queries*, Sec. Series, vol. xi. p. 3.—Mabbe, a native of Surrey, and fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, is described by Wood as "a learned man, good orator, and a facetious conceited wit." *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. iii. p. 54, ed. Bliss. Having been taken into the service of Sir John Digby, afterwards Earl of Bristol, he accompanied him as secretary in one of his embassies to Spain, where he remained with him several years. He was in holy orders, became prebendary of Wells, and died at Abbotsbury, Dorset, about 1642. Of the translations from the Spanish, which he put forth under the pseudonym of Don Diego Puede-ser,—i. e. Mr. James May-be or Mabbe,—the best known is *The Rogue, or the life of Guzman de Alfarache*, by Mateo Aleman. This version (which originally appeared in 1623, folio) was not only published, but also edited by Edward Blount, one of the four stationers at whose charges the first folio of *Shakespeare* was printed ; and in all probability, as Mr. Bolton Corney suggests, the above verses were written by Mabbe at Blount's request, "in return for his editorial services on *Guzman*."

Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays :  
 That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,  
 Which crown'd him poet first, then poets' king.  
 If tragedies might any prologue have,  
 All those he made would scarce make one to this ;  
 Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave—  
 Death's public tiring-house—the Nuntius is :  
 For, though his line of life went soon about,  
 The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.<sup>4</sup>

---

COMMENDATORY VERSES PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO  
 OF 1632.<sup>5</sup>

*Upon the effigies of my worthy friend, the author, Master William  
 Shakespeare and his works.*

Spectator, this life's shadow is :—to see  
 This truer image and a livelier he,  
 Turn reader. But observe his comic vein,  
 Laugh ; and proceed next to a tragic strain,  
 Then weep : so, when thou find'st two contraries,  
 Two different passions from thy rapt soul rise,  
 Say—who alone effect such wonders could—  
 Rare Shakespeare to the life thou dost behold.

---

*An epitaph<sup>6</sup> on the admirable dramatic poet, W. Shakespeare.*

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones  
 The labour of an age in pilèd stones,

\* HUGH HOLLAND.] A Welshman, who became fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge,—travelled to Jerusalem “to do his devotions to the holy sepulcher,”—afterwards spent some years at Oxford “for the sake of the public library” there, and “died within the city of Westminster (having always been *in animo Catholicus*) in 1633.” He wrote, among other worthless things, a poem entitled *A Cypres Garland. For the Sacred Forehead of our late soueraigne King James*. See Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 559, ed. Bliss ; also Fuller's *Worthies*, vol. ii. p. 567, ed. 1811 (where he is termed “No bad English, but a most excellent Latine poet”!).

<sup>5</sup> Which gives them in addition to those first printed in the folio of 1623.

<sup>6</sup> Is without the author's name in the folio of 1632. The reader need hardly be informed that it was written by Milton ; whose own corrected text is now adopted from his *Poems*, 1645 (where it is headed “On Shakespear. 1630”).

Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid  
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid ?  
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?  
 Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.  
 For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,  
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart  
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book  
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,  
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;  
 And, so sepulchrèd, in such pomp dost lie,  
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

---

*On worthy Master Shakespeare and his poems.*

A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear  
 And equal surface can make things appear  
 Distant a thousand years, and represent  
 Them in their lively colours, just extent :  
 To outrun hasty Time, retrieve the Fates,  
 Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates  
 Of Death and Lethe, where confusèd lie  
 Great heaps of ruinous mortality :  
 In that deep dusky dungeon to discern  
 A royal ghost from churls ; by art to learn  
 The physiognomy of shades, and give  
 Them sudden birth, wondering how oft they live ;  
 What story coldly tells, what poets feign  
 At second hand, and picture without brain,  
 Senseless and soul-less shows : to give a stage—  
 Ample, and true with life—voice, action, age,  
 As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,  
 Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd :  
 To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse,  
 Make kings his subjects ; by exchanging verse  
 Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age  
 Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage :

Yet so to temper passion, that our ears  
 Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears  
 Both weep and smile ; fearful at plots so sad,  
 Then laughing at our fear ; abus'd, and glad  
 To be abus'd ; affected with that truth  
 Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that ruth  
 At which we start, and by elaborate play  
 Tortur'd and tickled ; by a crab-like way  
 Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort  
 Disgorging up his ravin for our sport :—  
 While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,  
 Creates and rules a world, and works upon  
 Mankind by secret engines ; now to move  
 A chilling pity, then a rigorous love ;  
 To strike up and stroke down, both joy and ire ;  
 To steer th' affections ; and by heavenly fire  
 Mould us anew, stol'n from ourselves :—

    This, and much more which cannot be express'd  
 But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,  
 Was Shakespeare's freehold ; which his cunning brain  
 Improv'd by favour of the nine-fold train ;  
 The buskin'd Muse, the comic queen, the grand  
 And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand  
 And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,  
 The silver-voicèd lady, the most fair  
 Calliope,<sup>7</sup> whose speaking silence daunts,  
 And she whose praise the heavenly body chants ;  
 These jointly woo'd him, envying one another,—  
 Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother,—  
 And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,  
 Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,  
 And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,  
 The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright ;  
 Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring ;  
 Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string  
 Of golden wire, each line of silk ; there run  
 Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun ;

<sup>7</sup> Capell printed "*Calliope, she whose,*" &c., because the word "*whose*" does not refer to Calliope, but to a different Muse.

And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice  
 Birds of a foreign note and various voice ;  
 Here hangs a mossy rock ; there plays a fair  
 But chiding fountain, purl'd ; not the air,  
 Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn,—  
 Not out of common tiffany or lawn,  
 But fine materials, which the Muses know,  
 And only know the countries where they grow.

Now, when they could no longer him enjoy  
 In mortal garments pent,—“Death may destroy,”  
 They say, “his body ; but his verse shall live,  
 And more than nature takes our hands shall give :  
 In a less volume, but more strongly bound,  
 Shakespeare shall breathe and speak ; with laurel crown'd  
 Which never fades ; fed with ambrosian meat,  
 In a well-lined vesture, rich and neat.”  
 So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it ;  
 For time shall never stain nor envy tear it.

The friendly admirer of his endowments,

I. M. S.<sup>s</sup>

\* I. M. S.] Boaden assigned this poem to Chapman ; Hunter and Singer agreed in attributing it to the Rev. Richard James, fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, a learned antiquary, who was occasionally seized with fits of rhyming ; and Mr. Collier “feels morally certain” that it is by Milton.—Malone conjectured that the initials “I. M. S.” stand for “Jasper Mayne, *Student* ;” and that Malone was right in his conjecture is the opinion of Mr. Bolton Corney, who has pointed out to me the following copies of occasional verses by Mayne, which, however inferior to the poem in question, yet bear, he thinks, on the whole, such a resemblance to it in style, as warrants our believing that the writer of them was also the writer of the present lines on Shakespeare :—

1. “On Dr. Donnes death : by Mr. Mayne of Christ-Church in Oxford,” 80 lines, among the “Elegies upon the Author,” appended to *Poems, By J. D., with Elegies on the Authors Death*, 1633, 4to.

2. Three copies of verses in the following order,—“To the Queene,” 12 lines ; “To the King,” 36 lines ; “To the Queene,” 48 lines,—the last copy signed “Jasper Mayne M.A. of Christ-Church,” in *Vitis Carolinæ Gemma Altera sive Avspicatissima Ducis Eboracensis Genethliaca decantata ad vada Isidis*, 1633, 4to.

3. A copy of (English) verses, 48 lines, signed “Iasper Mayne M.A. ex Æde Chr.,” in *Musarum Oxoniensium pro Rege svo Soteria, &c.*, 1633, 4to.

4. "To the Memory of Ben. Johnson," 132 lines, signed "J. Mayne," in *Jonsonvs Virbius*, &c., 1638, 4to.

5. "Upon the death of the Lord Viscount Bayning," 70 lines, signed "Jasper Mayne of Ch. Ch.," in *Death Repeal'd by a Thankfull Memoriall sent from Christ-Church in Oxford, celebrating the noble deserts of the Right Honourable, Pavle, Late Lord Vis-Count Bayning of Sudbury, &c.*, 1638, 4to.

6. A copy of Latin verses, 46 lines, signed "Jasper Mayne. M.A. ex Æde Christi;" a copy of English verses in 8 stanzas of 10 lines, signed "Jasper Mayne of Christ-Church;" in *ΠΡΟΤΕΛΕΙΑ Anglo-Batava, Pari plusquam virgineo, Gvlielmo Arausii et Mariæ Britanniarum*, &c., 1641, 4to.

7. "To the King," 84 lines, signed "Jasper Maine. Student of Christ Church," in *Eucharistica Oxoniensia*, &c., 1641, 4to.

8. A copy of (English) verses, 90 lines, signed "I. Mayne. S.T.B. of Chr. Ch.," in *Musarum Oxoniensium ΕΠΙΒΑΤΗΡΙΑ Serenissimæ Regina-rum Mariæ ex Batavia feliciter reduci Publico Voto D.D.D.*, 1643, 4to.

9. "On the Workes of Beaumont and Fletcher, now at length printed," 74 lines, signed "Jasper Maine," among the commendatory verses prefixed to *Comedies and Tragedies Written by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher Gentlemen*, &c., 1647, folio. (These lines are preceded by a poem of 20 lines, headed "Upon Mr. Fletchers Incomparable Playes," and subscribed "I. M.;" which, as Weber remarks, is also probably by Mayne, "for the stationer, in his concluding verses, mentions 'thirty-four witnesses,' and as the number of poems besides his own is thirty-six, that of the encomiasts is thirty-four, there being two copies of verses by Cartwright, and two by Mayne.")

10. "To the Memorie of the most religious and virtuous Ladie, the Ladie Letice, Vi-Countesse Falkland," 162 lines, signed "I: M: ex Æ: C: Ox.," in *The Retvrns of Spiritual comfort and grief, in a devout soul. Represented (by entercourse of Letters) to the Right Honorable, the Ladie Letice, Vi-Countess Falkland, in her life time, &c. By John Duncon, Parson (Sequestred) of Rattenden in Essex. The second Edition, enlarged*, 1649, 12mo.

11. "To the deceased Author of these Poems," 168 lines, signed "Jasper Mayne," among the commendatory verses prefixed to *Comedies, Tragi-Comedies, with other Poems, by Mr. William Cartwright*, &c., 1651, 8vo.

12. A copy of (Latin) verses, 60 lines, signed "Jasper Mayne, S.T.D. Ex Æde Christi," in *Epicedia Academiæ Oxoniensis, in obitum Celsissimi Principis Henrici Ducis Glocestrensis*, 1660, 4to.

For an account of Jasper Mayne, who wrote two amusing plays (*The City-Match* and *The Amorous War*), &c. and died in 1672 (being then Canon of Christ Church, Archdeacon of Chichester, &c.), see Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.*, vol. iii. pp. 971-3, ed. Bliss.



THE TEMPEST.



## THE TEMPEST.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623.—The speech of Gonzalo, act ii. sc. 1, "I the commonwealth I would by contraries," &c., manifestly copied from a passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essayes*, 1603, B. i. ch. xxx. p. 102, is decisive that *The Tempest* was written after the appearance of that translation, unless we adopt the hypothesis that Shakespeare had seen it in manuscript.—This drama is certainly composed throughout in our poet's latest style, and may perhaps be considered as the most elaborately finished of his dramas. (According to a learned and over-ingenious critic, *The Tempest*, having originally had a double title, is the piece which Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c., 1598, mentions, among other productions of our author, under the name of *Love Labours Wonne* (see the Memoir of Shakespeare) : he also thinks that the scene of *The Tempest* lies in the island of Lampedusa, —an idea which first occurred to the late Mr. Thomas Rodd the bookseller : vide Hunter's *Disquisition on the scene, origin, date, &c. &c. of Shakespeare's Tempest*, 1839.)—Malone wrote a whole pamphlet (reprinted in his *Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. xv.) to prove "that the leading circumstance of this play, from which its title is derived, was suggested to Shakspeare by a recent disaster, which doubtless engaged much of the conversation of his contemporaries,—the dreadful hurricane that dispersed the fleet of Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, in July 1609, on their passage with a large supply of provisions and men for the infant colony in Virginia; by which the Admiral ship, as it was called, having those commanders on board, was separated from the rest of the fleet, and wrecked on the island of Bermuda : " and he endeavours to show that Shakespeare was more particularly indebted to two tracts which that disaster called forth,—*A Discovery of the Bermudas*, &c., by Sil. Jourdan, 1610, and *A true Declaration of the estate of the Colonie in Virginia*, &c. Published by advise and direction of the Counsel of Virginia, 1610; but the fact is, our author's obligations to them, if any, are very slight.—The tale on which *The Tempest* is founded,—for on some tale it was assuredly founded,—has hitherto eluded the grasp of the commentators. "I was informed by the late Mr. Collins of Chichester [the poet] that Shakespeare's *Tempest*, for which no origin is yet assigned, was formed on a romance called *Aurelio and Isabella*, printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English, in 1588. But though this information has not proved true on examination, an useful conclusion may be drawn from it, that Shakespeare's story is somewhere to be found in an Italian novel, at least that the story preceded Shakespeare. Mr. Collins had searched this subject with no less fidelity than judgment and industry; but his memory failing in his last calamitous indisposition, he probably gave me the name of one novel for another." T. WARTON. "I have been told by a friend that he had some years ago actually perused an Italian novel which answered to Mr. Collins's description; but as it cannot be now recovered, I shall not venture to say anything more upon that point." BOSWELL. Certain resemblances between incidents in *The Tempest* and those in an early German play *Die Schöne Sidea* by Jacob Ayser, a notary of Nuremberg, may perhaps be accounted for by supposing that, as far as the incidents in question are concerned, both dramas had a common source.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

ALONSO, King of Naples.

FERDINAND, his son.

SEBASTIAN, brother to Alonso.

PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.

ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.

GONZALO, an honest old counsellor.

ADRIAN,        }  
FRANCISCO,    } lords.

TRINCULO, a jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken butler.

Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy spirit.

IRIS,                }  
CERES,             }  
JUNO,               }  
Nymphs,           }  
Reapers,          } presented by spirits.

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE —*On board a ship at sea ; afterwards various parts of an island.*

# THE TEMPEST.

---

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *On board a ship at sea : a storm, with thunder and lightning.*

*Enter Master and Boatswain severally.*

*Mast.* Boatswain !

*Boats.* Here, master : what cheer ?

*Mast.* Good, speak to the mariners :<sup>(1)</sup> fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves a-ground : bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

*Enter Mariners.*

*Boats.* Heigh, my hearts ! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts ! yare, yare ! Take in the topsail ! Tend to the master's whistle ! [*Exeunt Mariners.*] — Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough !

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.*

*Alon.* Good boatswain, have care.<sup>(2)</sup> Where's the master ?  
Play the men.

*Boats.* I pray now, keep below.

*Ant.* Where is the master, boatswain ?

*Boats.* Do you not hear him ? You mar our labour : keep your cabins : you do assist the storm.

*Gon.* Nay, good, be patient.

*Boats.* When the sea is. Hence ! What care these roarers for the name of king ? To cabin : silence ! trouble us not.

*Gon.* Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boats.* None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor;—if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. *[Exit.*

*Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning-mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. *[Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Boatswain.*

*Boats.* Down with the topmast! yare; lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course!<sup>(3)</sup> *[A cry within.]* A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

*Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.*

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

*Seb.* A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

*Boats.* Work you, then.

*Ant.* Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

*Gon.* I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

*Boats.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses! off to sea again; lay her off!

*Re-enter Mariners wet.*

*Mariners.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

*[Exeunt.*

*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold?

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them, For our case is as theirs.

*Seb.* I'm out of patience.

*Ant.* We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards :—  
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning,  
The washing of ten tides !

*Gon.* He'll be hang'd yet,  
Though every drop of water swear against it,  
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[*A confused noise within*,—"Mercy on us !"—  
"We split, we split !"—"Farewell, my wife and children !"—  
"Farewell, brother !"—"We split, we split, we split !"]

[*Exit Boatswain.*

*Ant.* Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him.

[*Exit.*

*Gon.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for  
an acre of barren ground,—ling, heath, broom, furze, any  
thing.<sup>(4)</sup> The wills above be done ! but I would fain die a  
dry death. [*Exit.*

---

SCENE II. *The island : before the cell of PROSPERO.*

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

*Mir.* If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,  
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,  
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd  
With those that I saw suffer ! a brave vessel,  
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures<sup>(5)</sup> in her,  
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
Against my very heart ! Poor souls, they perish'd !  
Had I been any god of power, I would  
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er  
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and  
The fraughting souls within her.

*Pros.* Be collected ;  
No more amazement : tell your piteous heart  
There's no harm done.

*Mir.* O, woe the day !

*Pros.* No harm.  
I have done nothing<sup>(6)</sup> but in care of thee,—

Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter,—who  
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing  
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better  
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,  
And thy no greater father.

*Mir.* More to know  
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Pros.* 'Tis time  
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So :

*[Lays down his robe.]*

Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes ; have comfort.  
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd  
The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such prevision in mine art<sup>(7)</sup>  
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—<sup>(8)</sup>  
No, not so much perdition as an hair  
Betid to any creature in the vessel  
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down ;  
For thou must now know further.

*Mir.* You have often  
Begun to tell me what I am ; but stopp'd,  
And left me to a bootless inquisition,  
Concluding, “ Stay, not yet.”

*Pros.* The hour's now come ;  
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear :  
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember  
A time before we came unto this cell ?  
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not  
Out three years old.

*Mir.* Certainly, sir, I can.

*Pros.* By what ? by any other house or person ?  
Of any thing the image tell me that  
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

*Mir.* 'Tis far off,  
And rather like a dream than an assurance  
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not  
Four or five women once that tended me ?

*Pros.* Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it  
That this lives in thy mind ? What see'st thou else



In the dark backward and abysm of time ?  
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,  
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

*Mir.* But that I do not.

*Pros.* Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,  
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and  
A prince of power.

*Mir.* Sir, are not you my father ?

*Pros.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and  
She said thou wast my daughter ; and thy father  
Was Duke of Milan ; thou his only heir,  
A princess,—no worse issu'd.<sup>(9)</sup>

*Mir.* O the heavens !  
What foul play had we, that we came from thence ?  
Or blessèd was't we did ?

*Pros.* Both, both, my girl :  
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence ;  
But blessedly help hither.

*Mir.* O, my heart bleeds  
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,  
Which is from my remembrance ! Please you, further.

*Pros.* My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—  
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should  
Be so perfidious !—he whom, next thyself,  
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put  
The manage of my state ; as, at that time,  
Through all the signiories it was the first,  
And Prospero the prime duke ; being so reputed  
In dignity, and for the liberal arts  
Without a parallel : those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother,  
And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me ?

*Mir.* Sir, most heedfully.

*Pros.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them, who t' advance, and who  
To trash for over-topping,—new-created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,  
Or else new-form'd 'em ; having both the key

Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state  
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was  
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

*Mir.* O, good sir, I do.

*Pros.* I pray thee, mark me.  
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind  
With that which, but by being so retir'd,  
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood, in its contrary as great  
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,  
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
But what my power might else exact,—like one  
Who having into truth by telling of it,<sup>(10)</sup>  
Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie,—he did believe  
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,  
And executing th' outward face of royalty,  
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition growing,—  
Dost thou hear?

*Mir.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

*Pros.* To have no screen between this part he play'd  
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be  
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library  
Was dukedom large enough:<sup>(11)</sup> of temporal royalties  
He thinks me now incapable; confederates—  
So dry he was for sway—with the King of Naples<sup>(12)</sup>  
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,  
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend  
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—  
The most ignoble stooping.

*Mir.* O the heavens!

*Pros.* Mark his condition, and th' event; then tell me  
If this might be a brother.

*Mir.* I should sin  
To think but nobly of my grandmother:

Good wombs have borne bad sons.

*Pros.*

Now the condition.

This King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, harkens<sup>(13)</sup> my brother's suit ;  
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,—  
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—  
Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,  
With all the honours, on my brother : whereon,  
A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
Fated to the practice,<sup>(14)</sup> did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan ; and, i' the dead of darkness,  
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence  
Me and thy crying self.

*Mir.*

Alack, for pity !

I, not remembering how I cried on't then,  
Will cry it o'er again :<sup>(15)</sup> it is a hint  
That wrings mine eyes to't.

*Pros.*

Hear a little further,

And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now 's upon 's ; without the which, this story  
Were most impertinent.

*Mir.*

Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us ?

*Pros.*

Well demanded, wench :

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,—  
So dear the love my people bore me,—nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business ; but  
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they prepar'd  
A rotten carcass of a boat,<sup>(16)</sup> not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats  
Instinctively had<sup>(17)</sup> quit it : there they hoist us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us ; to sigh  
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

*Mir.*

Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you !

*Pros.*

O, a cherubin

Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,  
 Infusèd with a fortitude from heaven,  
 When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
 Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me  
 An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
 Against what should ensue.

*Mir.* How came we ashore?

*Pros.* By Providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
 Out of his charity,—who being then appointed  
 Master of this design,—did give us; with  
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,  
 Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,  
 Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,  
 From mine own library, with volumes that  
 I prize above my dukedom.

*Mir.* Would I might

But ever see that man!

*Pros.* Now I arise :—<sup>(18)</sup>

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
 Here in this island we arriv'd; and here  
 Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
 Than other princess' can, that have more time  
 For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

*Mir.* Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you,  
 sir,—

For still 'tis beating in my mind,—your reason  
 For raising the sea-storm?

*Pros.* Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune—  
 Now my dear lady—hath mine enemies  
 Brought to this shore; and by my prescience  
 I find my zenith doth depend upon  
 A most auspicious star, whose influence  
 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
 Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:  
 Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,  
 And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose.—

[*Miranda sleeps.*]

Come away, servant, come ! I'm ready now :  
Approach, my Ariel ; come !

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds,—to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all his quality.

*Pros.* Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee ?

*Ari.* To every article.

I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flam'd amazement : sometime I'd divide,  
And burn in many places ; on the topmast,  
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings,<sup>(19)</sup> the precursors  
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not : the fire, and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune  
Seem'd<sup>(20)</sup> to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

*Pros.* My brave spirit !<sup>(21)</sup>  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil  
Would not infect his reason ?

*Ari.* Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners  
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all a-fire with me : the king's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—  
Was the first man that leap'd ; cried, “ Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here.”

*Pros.* Why, that's my spirit !  
But was not this nigh shore ?

*Ari.* Close by, my master.

*Pros.* But are they, Ariel, safe ?

*Ari.* Not a hair perish'd ;  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,

But fresher than before : and, as thou bad'st me,  
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.  
The king's son have I landed by himself ;  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs  
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot.

*Pros.* Of the king's ship  
The mariners, say how thou hast<sup>(22)</sup> dispos'd,  
And all the rest o' the fleet.

*Ari.* Safely in harbour  
Is the king's ship ; in the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid :  
The mariners all under hatches stow'd ;  
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,  
I've left asleep : and for the rest o' the fleet,  
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,  
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,  
Bound sadly home for Naples ;  
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,  
And his great person perish.

*Pros.* Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd : but there's more work.  
What is the time o' the day ?

*Ari.* Past the mid season.

*Pros.* At least<sup>(23)</sup> two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now  
Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.

*Ari.* Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give me pains,  
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,  
Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pros.* How now, moody !  
What is't thou canst demand ?

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pros.* Before the time be out ? no more !

*Ari.* I prithee,  
Remember I have done thee worthy service ;  
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings,<sup>(24)</sup> serv'd  
Without or grudge or grumblings : thou didst promise  
To bate me a full year.

*Pros.* Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee ?

*Ari.*

No.

*Pros.* Thou dost ; and think'st it much to tread the ooze  
Of the salt deep,  
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,  
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth  
When it is bak'd with frost.

*Ari.*

I do not, sir.

*Pros.* Thou liest, malignant thing ! Hast thou forgot  
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy  
Was grown into a hoop ? hast thou forgot her ?

*Ari.* No, sir.

*Pros.* Thou hast. Where was she born ? speak ; tell  
me.

*Ari.* Sir, in Argier.

*Pros.* O, was she so ? I must  
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,  
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,  
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible  
To enter human hearing, from Argier,  
Thou know'st, was banish'd : for one thing she did  
They would not take her life. Is not this true ?

*Ari.* Ay, sir.

*Pros.* This blue-ey'd hag<sup>(25)</sup> was hither brought with  
child,

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,  
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant ;  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers,  
And in her most unmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven pine ; within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years ; within which space she died,  
And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy groans  
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—  
Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with  
A human shape.

*Ari.* Yes, Caliban her son.

*Pros.* Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban,  
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st  
What torment I did find thee in ; thy groans  
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts  
Of ever-angry bears : it was a torment<sup>(26)</sup>  
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax  
Could not again undo : it was mine art,  
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine, and let thee out.

*Ari.* I thank thee, master.

*Pros.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

*Ari.* Pardon, master :  
I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my spriting gently.

*Pros.* Do so ; and after two days  
I will discharge thee.

*Ari.* That's my noble master !  
What shall I do ? say what ; what shall I do ?

*Pros.* Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea :  
Be subject to no sight but mine ;<sup>(27)</sup> invisible  
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,  
And hither come in't : hence<sup>(28)</sup> with diligence ! [*Exit Ariel.*  
Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well ;  
Awake !

*Mir.* [*waking*] The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness in me.

*Pros.* Shake it off. Come on ;  
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never  
Yields us kind answer.

*Mir.* 'Tis a villain, sir,  
I do not love to look on.

*Pros.* But, as 'tis,  
We cannot miss him : he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood ; and serves in offices  
That profit us.—What, ho ! slave ! Caliban !  
Thou earth, thou ! speak.

*Cal.* [*within*] There's wood enough within.



*Pros.* Come forth, I say ! there's other business for thee :  
Come, thou tortoise ! when ?

*Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition ! My quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear.

*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]

*Pros.* Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself  
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth !

*Enter CALIBAN.*

*Cal.* As wicked dew<sup>(29)</sup> as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
Drop on you both ! a south-west blow on ye,  
And blister you all o'er !

*Pros.* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up ; urchins  
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee ; thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honeycomb,<sup>(30)</sup> each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st here first,<sup>(31)</sup>  
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me ; wouldst give me  
Water with berries in't ; and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night : and then I lov'd thee,  
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile :—  
Cursèd be I that did so ! All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !  
For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king : and here you sty me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest o' th' island.

*Pros.* Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness ! I have us'd thee,  
Filth as thou art, with human care ; and lodg'd thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child.

*Cal.* O ho, O ho!—would 't had been done!  
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans.

*Pros.*<sup>(32)</sup> Abhorred slave,  
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,  
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,  
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,  
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures  
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou  
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,  
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.<sup>(33)</sup>

*Cal.* You taught me language; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you  
For learning me your language!

*Pros.* Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt<sup>(34)</sup> best,  
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?  
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,  
Fill all thy bones with achès, make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Cal.* No, pray thee.—  
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him.

*Pros.* So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*]

*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND  
following.*

ARIEL'S song.

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:

Court'sied when you have and kiss'd,—

The wild waves whist,—<sup>(35)</sup>

Foot it featly here and there ;

And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.<sup>(36)</sup>

Hark, hark !

[*Burden, dispersedly, within.* Bow, wow.]

The watch-dogs bark :

[*Burden, dispersedly, within.* Bow, wow.]

Hark, hark ! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

*Fer.* Where should this music be ? i' th' air or th' earth ?  
It sounds no more :—and, sure, it waits upon  
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,  
This music crept by me upon the waters,  
Allaying both their fury and my passion  
With its sweet air : thence I have follow'd it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather :—but 'tis gone.  
No, it begins again.

*ARIEL sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies ;

Of his bones are coral made ;

Those are pearls that were his eyes ;

Nothing of him that doth fade

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :

[*Burden, within.* Ding-dong.]

Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd father :—  
This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owes :—I hear it now above me.

*Pros.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,  
And say what thou see'st yond.

*Mir.*

What is't ? a spirit ?

Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir,  
It carries a brave form :—but 'tis a spirit.

*Pros.* No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses  
As we have, such. This gallant which thou see'st  
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd  
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him  
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,  
And strays about to find 'em.

*Mir.* I might call him  
A thing divine; for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

*Pros.* [*aside*] It goes on, I see,  
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee  
Within two days for this.

*Fer.* Most sure, the goddess  
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer  
May know if you remain upon this island;  
And that you will some good instruction give  
How I may bear me here: my prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder!—  
If you be maid or no?

*Mir.* No wonder, sir;  
But certainly a maid.

*Fer.* My language! heavens!—  
I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

*Pros.* How! the best!  
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;  
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;  
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld  
The king my father wreck'd.

*Mir.* Alack, for mercy!

*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan  
And his brave son being twain.

*Pros.* [*aside*] The Duke of Milan  
And his more braver daughter could control<sup>(37)</sup> thee,  
If now 'twere fit to do't.—At the first sight  
They have chang'd eyes.—Delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;  
I fear you've done yourself some wrong: a word.

*Mir.* Why speaks my father so ungently ? This  
Is the third man that e'er I saw ; the first  
That e'er I sigh'd for : pity move my father  
To be inclin'd my way !

*Fer.* O, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The queen of Naples.

*Pros.* Soft, sir ! one word more.—  
[*Aside*] They 're both in either's powers : but this swift busi-  
ness

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light.—One word more ;<sup>(38)</sup> I charge thee  
That thou attend me : thou dost here usurp  
The name thou ow'st not ; and hast put thyself  
Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't.

*Fer.* No, as I'm a man.

*Mir.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

*Pros.* Follow me.— [To *Fer.*  
Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor.—Come ;  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :  
Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

*Fer.* No ;  
I will resist such entertainment till  
Mine enemy has more power.

[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*

*Mir.* O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle, and not fearful.

*Pros.* What, I say,  
My fool my tutor !<sup>(39)</sup>—Put thy sword up, traitor ;  
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience  
Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward ;  
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,  
And make thy weapon drop.

*Mir.* Beseech you, father !—

*Pros.* Hence ! hang not on my garments.

*Mir.*

Sir, have pity ;

I'll be his surety.

*Pros.*

Silence ! one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,  
An advocate for an impostor ! hush !  
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,  
Having seen but him and Caliban : foolish wench !  
To the most of men this is a Caliban,  
And they to him are angels.

*Mir.*

My affections

Are, then, most humble ; I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.

*Pros.*

Come on ; obey :

[*To Fer.*

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,  
And have no vigour in them.

*Fer.*

So they are :

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats  
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,<sup>(40)</sup>  
Might I but through my prison once a-day  
Behold this maid : all corners else o' th' earth  
Let liberty make use of ; space enough  
Have I in such a prison.

*Pros.* [*aside*]

It works.—Come on.—

[*To Fer.*

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel !—Follow me.—

[*To Fer.*

Hark what thou else shalt do me.

[*To Ariel.*

*Mir.*

Be of comfort ;

My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech : this is unwonted  
Which now came from him.

*Pros.*

Thou shalt be as free

As mountain winds : but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

*Ari.*

To the syllable.

*Pros.* Come, follow.—Speak not for him.

[*E reunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,  
FRANCISCO, and others.*

*Gon.* Beseech you, sir, be merry ; you have cause—  
So have we all—of joy ; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe  
Is common ; every day some sailor's wife,  
The master<sup>(41)</sup> of some merchant, and the merchant,  
Have just our theme of woe :<sup>(42)</sup> but for the miracle,  
I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alon.* Prithee, peace.

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*Ant.* The visitor will not give him o'er so.

*Seb.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit ; by and  
by it will strike.

*Gon.* Sir,—

*Seb.* One :—tell.

*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,  
Comes to the entertainer—

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed : you have spoken  
truer than you purposed.

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord,—

*Ant.* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue !

*Alon.* I prithee, spare.<sup>(43)</sup>

*Gon.* Well, I have done : but yet,—

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first  
begins to crow?<sup>(44)</sup>

*Seb.* The old cock.

*Ant.* The cockerel.

*Seb.* Done ! The wager ?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match!

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert,—

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid.

*Adr.* Uninhabitable,<sup>(45)</sup> and almost inaccessible,—

*Seb.* Yet,—

*Adr.* Yet,—

*Ant.* He could not miss't.

*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

*Seb.* Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

*Gon.* Here is every thing advantageous to life.

*Ant.* True; save means to live.

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

*Ant.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of green in't.

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

*Gon.* But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

*Seb.* As many vouched rarities are.

*Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and gloss,<sup>(46)</sup> being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

*Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

*Adr.* Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

*Gon.* Not since widow Dido's time.



*Ant.* Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

*Seb.* What if he had said "widower Æneas" too? Good Lord, how you take it!

*Adr.* Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*Adr.* Carthage!

*Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.

*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.

*Seb.* He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

*Ant.* And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*Alon.*<sup>(47)</sup> Ay!

*Ant.* Why, in good time.

*Gon.* Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

*Ant.* O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

*Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fished for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears against  
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never  
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,  
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,  
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,  
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir  
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish  
Hath made his meal on thee?

*Fran.*

Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,  
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted

The surge most swoln that met him ; his bold head  
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
 To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,  
 As stooping to relieve him : I not doubt  
 He came alive to land.

*Alon.* No, no, he's gone.

*Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,  
 That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,  
 But rather lose her to an African ;  
 Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,  
 Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

*Alon.* Prithee, peace.

*Seb.* You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise,  
 By all of us ; and the fair soul herself  
 Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at  
 Which end o' the beam she'd bow.<sup>(48)</sup> We've lost your son,  
 I fear, for ever : Milan and Naples have  
 More widows in them of this business' making  
 Than we bring men to comfort them : the fault's  
 Your own.

*Alon.* So is the dear'st o' the loss.

*Gon.* My Lord Sebastian,  
 The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,  
 And time to speak it in : you rub the sore,  
 When you should bring the plaster.

*Seb.* Very well.

*Ant.* And most chirurgeonly.

*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
 When you are cloudy.

*Seb.* Foul weather !

*Ant.* Very foul.

*Gon.* Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

*Ant.* He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.

*Gon.* And were the king on't,<sup>(49)</sup> what would I do ?

*Seb.* Scape being drunk for want of wine.

*Gon.* I' the commonwealth I would by contraries  
 Execute all things ; for no kind of traffic  
 Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;

Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,  
And use of service, none ; contract, succession,  
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;<sup>(50)</sup>  
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;  
No occupation ; all men idle, all ;  
And women too,—but innocent and pure ;  
No sovereignty,—

*Seb.* Yet he would be king on't.

*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

*Gon.* All things in common nature should produce  
Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony,  
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,  
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

*Ant.* None, man ; all idle,—whores and knaves.

*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
T' excel the golden age.

*Seb.* Save his majesty !

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo !<sup>(51)</sup>

*Gon.* And,—do you mark me, sir ?—

*Alon.* Prithee, no more : thou dost talk nothing to me.

*Gon.* I do well believe your highness ; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laughed at.

*Gon.* Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you : so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given !

*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle ; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible ; solemn music playing.*

*Seb.* We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

*Ant.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

*Gon.* No, I warrant you ; I will not adventure my dis-

cretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*]

*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes  
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find  
They are inclin'd to do so.

*Seb.* Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:  
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,  
It is a comforter.

*Ant.* We two, my lord,  
Will guard your person while you take your rest,  
And watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.

[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*]

*Seb.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

*Ant.* It is the quality o' the climate.

*Seb.* Why

Doth it not, then, our eyelids sink? I find not  
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;  
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,  
Worthy Sebastian,—O, what might?—No more:—  
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,  
What thou shouldst be: th' occasion speaks thee; and  
My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.

*Seb.* What, art thou waking?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak?

*Seb.* I do; and surely

It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,  
And yet so fast asleep.

*Ant.* Noble Sebastian,  
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep,—die, rather; wink'st  
Whiles thou art waking.

*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly ;  
There's meaning in thy snores.

*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom : you  
Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do  
Trebles thee o'er.

*Seb.* Well, I am standing water.

*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so : to ebb  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*Ant.* O,  
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish  
Whiles thus you mock it ! how, in stripping it,  
You more invest it ! Ebbing men, indeed,  
Most often do so near the bottom run  
By their own fear or sloth.

*Seb.* Prithee, say on :  
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim  
A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed,  
Which throes thee much to yield.

*Ant.* Thus, sir :  
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,—  
Who shall be of as little memory  
When he is earth'd,—hath here almost persuaded,—<sup>(52)</sup>  
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only  
Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,—  
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd  
As he that sleeps here swims.

*Seb.* I have no hope  
That he's undrown'd.

*Ant.* O, out of that no hope,  
What great hope have you ! no hope, that way, is  
Another way so high a hope that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
But doubts<sup>(53)</sup> discovery there. Will you grant with me  
That Ferdinand is drown'd ?

*Seb.* He's gone.

*Ant.* Then, tell me,  
Who's the next heir of Naples ?

*Seb.* Claribel.

*Ant.* She that is queen of Tunis ; she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life ; she that from Naples  
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,—  
The man-i'-the-moon's too slow,—till new-born chins  
Be rough and razorable ; she from whom<sup>(54)</sup>  
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again ;  
And, by that destiny, to perform an act  
Whereof what's past is prologue ; what to come,  
In yours and my discharge.

*Seb.* What stuff is this !—How say you ?  
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis ;  
So is she heir of Naples ; 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.

*Ant.* A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, " How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples ?"<sup>(55)</sup> Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake !"—Say, this were death  
That now hath seiz'd them ; why, they were no worse  
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleeps ; lords that can prate  
As amply and unnecessarily  
As this Gonzalo ; I myself could make  
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore  
The mind that I do ! what a sleep were this  
For your advancement ! Do you understand me ?

*Seb.* Methinks I do.

*Ant.* And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune ?

*Seb.* I remember  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

*Ant.* True :  
And look how well my garments sit upon me ;  
Much feater than before : my brother's servants  
Were then my fellows ; now they are my men.

*Seb.* But, for your conscience,—

*Ant.* Ay, sir ; and<sup>(56)</sup> where lies that ? if 'twere a kibe,  
'Twould put me to my slipper : but I feel not  
This deity in my bosom : twenty consciences,  
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,  
And melt, ere they molest ! Here lies your brother,  
No better than the earth he lies upon,

If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;<sup>(57)</sup>  
 Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
 Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,  
 To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
 This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
 They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;  
 They'll tell the clock to any business that  
 We say befits the hour.

*Seb.* Thy case, dear friend,  
 Shall be my precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,  
 I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke  
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;  
 And I the king shall love thee.

*Ant.* Draw together;  
 And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
 To fall it on Gonzalo.

*Seb.* O, but one word. [*They converse apart.*]

*Music.* Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

*Ari.* My master through his art foresees the danger  
 That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—  
 For else his project dies,—to keep thee living.<sup>(58)</sup>

[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*]

While you here do snoring lie,  
 Open-ey'd conspiracy  
 His time doth take.  
 If of life you keep a care,  
 Shake off slumber, and beware:  
 Awake, Awake!

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.

*Gon.* [*waking*] Now, good angels  
 Preserve the king!—[*To Seb. and Ant.*] Why, how now!—  
 [*To Alon.*] Ho, awake!—  
 [*To Seb. and Ant.*] Why are you drawn? wherefore this  
 ghastly looking?

*Alon.* [*waking*] What's the matter?<sup>(59)</sup>

*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
 Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

Like bulls, or rather lions : did't not wake you ?  
It struck mine ear most terribly.

*Alon.* I heard nothing.

*Ant.* O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,  
To make an earthquake ! sure, it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.

*Alon.* Heard you this, Gonzalo ?

*Gon.* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me :  
I shak'd you, sir, and cried : as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn :—there was a noise,  
That's verity.<sup>(60)</sup> 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,  
Or that we quit this place : let's draw our weapons.

*Alon.* Lead off this ground ; and let's make further search  
For my poor son.

*Gon.* Heavens keep him from these beasts !  
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

*Alon.* Lead away. [*Exit with the others.*]

*Ari.* Prospero my lord shall know what I have done :—  
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*]

---

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease ! His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em : but  
For every trifle are they set upon me ;  
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,  
And after bite me ; then like hedgehogs, which  
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount  
Their pricks at my footfall ; sometime am I  
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now, lo !



Here comes a spirit of his ; and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat ;  
Perchance he will not mind me.

[*Lies down.*]

*Enter TRINCULO.*

*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing ; I hear it sing i' the wind : yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head : yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here ? a man or a fish ? dead or alive ? A fish : he smells like a fish ; a very ancient and fish-like smell ; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish ! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver : there would this monster make a man ; any strange beast there makes a man : when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man ! and his fins like arms ! Warm, o' my troth ! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer,—this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again ! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine ; there is no other shelter hereabout : misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

[*Creeps under Caliban's garment.*]

*Enter STEPHANO, singing ; a bottle in his hand.*

*Ste.* I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die a-shore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral : well,  
... here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,  
The gunner, and his mate,  
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,  
But none of us car'd for Kate ;  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang !

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch ;  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.

Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang !

This is a scurvy tune too : but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

*Cal.* Do not torment me :—O !

*Ste.* What's the matter ? Have we devils here ? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages<sup>(61)</sup> and men of Inde, ha ? I have not scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs ; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground ; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at's nostrils.<sup>(62)</sup>

*Cal.* The spirit torments me :—O !

*Ste.* This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language ? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, prithee ;  
I'll bring my wood home faster.

*Ste.* He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle : if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him ; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt ;  
Thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling :  
Now Prosper works upon thee.

*Ste.* Come on your ways ; open your mouth ; here is that which will give language to you, cat : open your mouth ; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly [*Gives Cal. drink*] : you cannot tell who's your friend : open your chaps again [*Gives Cal. drink*].

*Trin.* I should know that voice : it should be—but he is drowned ; and these are devils :—O, defend me !

*Ste.* Four legs and two voices,—a most delicate monster ! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague.— [*Gives Cal. drink.*] Come,—Amen ! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano!—

*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me?—Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

*Trin.* Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

*Ste.* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. [*Draws Trin. out by the legs from under Caliban's garment.*]—Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans escaped!

*Ste.* Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

*Cal.* [*aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

*Ste.* How didst thou scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

*Cal.* I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

*Ste.* Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.<sup>(63)</sup>

*Trin.* Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Ste.* Here, kiss the book [*Gives Trin. drink*]. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trin.* O Stephano, hast any more of this?

*Ste.* The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid.—How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

*Ste.* Out o' the moon, I do assure thee : I was the man-i'-the-moon when time was.

*Cal.* I've seen thee in her, and I do adore thee :  
My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

*Ste.* Come, swear to that ; kiss the book :—I will furnish it anon with new contents :—swear. [*Gives Cal. drink.*]

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster !—I afeard of him !—a very weak monster :—the man-i'-the-moon !—a most poor credulous monster !—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

*Cal.* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island ;  
And I'll kiss thy foot : I prithee, be my god.

*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster ! when 's god 's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot ; I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Ste.* Come on, then ; down, and swear.

*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster : a most scurvy monster ! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

*Ste.* Come, kiss. [*Gives Cal. drink.*]

*Trin.* But that the poor monster's in drink : an abominable monster !

*Cal.* I'll show thee the best springs ; I'll pluck thee berries ;  
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,  
Thou wondrous man.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard !

*Cal.* I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow ;  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;  
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmoset ; I'll bring thee  
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young scamels from the rock.<sup>(64)</sup> Wilt thou go with me ?

*Ste.* I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle :<sup>(65)</sup> fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

*Cal.* Farewell, master ; farewell, farewell ! [*Sings drunkenly.*]

*Trin.* A howling monster ; a drunken monster !

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish ;  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring ;  
Nor scrape trencher,<sup>(66)</sup> nor wash dish :  
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban  
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day, freedom ! freedom, hey-day,  
freedom !

*Ste.* O brave monster ! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

---

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's cell.*

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful, and their labour  
Delight in them sets off:<sup>(67)</sup> some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be  
As heavy to me as 'tis<sup>(68)</sup> odious, but  
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,  
And makes my labours pleasures : O, she is  
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,—  
And he's compos'd of harshness ! I must remove  
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,  
Upon a sore injunction : my sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work ; and says such baseness  
Had never like executor. I forget :  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour ;  
Most busiless when I do it.<sup>(69)</sup>

*Enter MIRANDA ; and PROSPERO behind.*

*Mir.* Alas, now, pray you,  
Work not so hard : I would the lightning had

Burnt up those logs that you're enjoin'd to pile !  
Pray, set it down, and rest you : when this burns,  
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father  
Is hard at study ; pray, now, rest yourself :  
He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.* O most dear mistress,  
The sun will set before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.

*Mir.* If you'll sit down,<sup>(70)</sup>  
I'll bear your logs the while : pray, give me that ;  
I'll carry 't to the pile.

*Fer.* No, precious creature ;  
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

*Mir.* It would become me  
As well as it does you : and I should do it  
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,  
And yours 'tis 'gainst.

*Pros.* [*aside*] Poor worm, thou art infected !  
This visitation shows it.

*Mir.* You look wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with me  
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—  
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—  
What is your name ?

*Mir.* Miranda :—O my father,  
I've broke your hest to say so !

*Fer.* Admir'd Miranda !  
Indeed the top of admiration ; worth  
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady  
I've ey'd with best regard ; and many a time  
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues  
Have I lik'd several women ; never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,  
And put it to the foil : but you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best !

*Mir.* I do not know  
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen  
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,  
And my dear father : how features are abroad,  
I'm skilless of ; but, by my modesty,—  
The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you ;  
Nor can imagination form a shape,  
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle  
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
I therein do forget.

*Fer.* I am, in my condition,  
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king,—  
I would not so !—and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery than to suffer tamely<sup>(71)</sup>  
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak ;  
The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,  
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man.

*Mir.* Do you love me ?

*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,  
And crown what I profess with kind event,  
If I speak true ! if hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me to mischief ! I,  
Beyond all limit of what<sup>(72)</sup> else i' the world,  
Do love, prize, honour you.

*Mir.* I am a fool  
To weep at what I'm glad of.

*Pros.* [*aside*] Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between 'em !

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you ?

*Mir.* At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer  
What I desire to give ; and much less take  
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling ;  
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning !  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !

I am your wife, if you will marry me ;  
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow  
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.

*Fer.* My mistress, dearest ;  
And I thus humble ever.

*Mir.* My husband, then ?

*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.

*Mir.* And mine, with my heart in't : and now farewell  
Till half an hour hence.

*Fer.* A thousand thousand !

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*]

*Pros.* So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
Who are surpris'd withal ; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book ;  
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform  
Much business appertaining. [Exit.]

---

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, with a bottle.*<sup>(73)</sup>

*Ste.* Tell not me ;—when the butt is out, we will drink  
water ; not a drop before : therefore bear up, and board 'em.  
—Servant-monster, drink to me.

*Trin.* Servant-monster ! the folly of this island ! They  
say there's but five upon this isle : we are three of them ; if  
th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

*Ste.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee : thy eyes  
are almost set in thy head. [*Caliban drinks.*]

*Trin.* Where should they be set else ? he were a brave  
monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

*Ste.* My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack :  
for my part, the sea cannot drown me ; I swam, ere I could  
recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on, by this  
light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list ; he's no standard.

*Ste.* We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.



*Trin.* Nor go neither : but you'll lie, like dogs ; and yet say nothing neither.

*Ste.* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

*Cal.* How does thy honour ? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster : I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou debauched fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day ? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster ?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me ! wilt thou let him, my lord ?

*Trin.* "Lord," quoth he !—that a monster should be such a natural !

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again ! bite him to death, I prithee.

*Ste.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head : if you prove a mutineer,—<sup>(74)</sup> the next tree ! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd To hearken once again to the suit I made to thee ?<sup>(75)</sup>

*Ste.* Marry, will I : kneel and repeat it ; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before,<sup>(76)</sup> I am subject to a tyrant,—a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou : I would my valiant master would destroy thee ! I do not lie.

*Ste.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum, then, and no more.—[*To Caliban*] Proceed.

*Cal.* I say, by sorcery he got this isle ; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him,—for I know thou dar'st, But this thing dare not,—

*Ste.* That's most certain.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.<sup>(77)</sup>

*Ste.* How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest; thou canst not.

*Cal.* What a pied ninny's this!—Thou scurvy patch!—I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him: when that's gone, He shall drink naught but brine; for I'll not show him Where the quick freshes are.

*Ste.* Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go further off.<sup>(78)</sup>

*Ste.* Didst thou not say he lied?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? take thou that [*Strikes Trin.*]. As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give thee the lie.<sup>(79)</sup>—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ste.* Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand further off.

*Cal.* Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

*Ste.* Stand further.—Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' th' afternoon to sleep: then thou mayst brain him,<sup>(80)</sup> Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wesand with thy knife: remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not One spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I:—burn but his books. He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,— Which, when he has a house, he'll deck't<sup>(81)</sup> withal:

And that most deeply to consider is  
The beauty of his daughter; he himself  
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman,<sup>(82)</sup>  
But only Sycorax my dam and she;  
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax  
As great'st does least.

*Ste.* Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,  
And bring thee forth brave brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will  
be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thy-  
self shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but,  
while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

*Cal.* Within this half hour will he be asleep:  
Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* Ay, on mine honour.

*Ari.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure:  
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch  
You taught me but while-ere?

*Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.  
—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout<sup>(83)</sup> 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em;  
Thought is free.

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

*Ste.* What is this same?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture  
of Nobody.

*Ste.* If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if  
thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

*Trin.* O, forgive me my sins!

*Ste.* He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy  
upon us!

*Cal.* Art thou afeard?

*Ste.* No, monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,

Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.  
Sometime<sup>(84)</sup> a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,  
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,  
I cried to dream again.

*Ste.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall  
have my music for nothing.

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroyed.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

*Trin.* The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after  
do our work.

*Ste.* Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see  
this taborer! he lays it on.—Wilt come?<sup>(85)</sup>

*Trin.* I'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,  
FRANCISCO, and others.*

*Gon.* By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;  
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,  
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience,  
I needs must rest me.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee, '  
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.  
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd  
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

*Ant.* [*aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he's so out of  
hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose  
That you resolv'd t' effect.

*Seb.* [*aside to Ant.*] The next advantage  
Will we take throughly.

*Ant.* [*aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night ;  
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they  
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance  
As when they're fresh.

*Seb.* [*aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night : no more.

[*Solemn and strange music.*]

*Alon.* What harmony is this ?—My good friends, hark !

*Gon.* Marvellous sweet music !

*Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter, below, several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heavens !—What were these ?

*Seb.* A living drollery. Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns ; that in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne ; one phoenix  
At this hour reigning there.

*Ant.* I'll believe both ;  
And what does else want credit, come to me,  
And I'll be sworn 'tis true : travellers ne'er did lie,<sup>(86)</sup>  
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

*Gon.* If in Naples  
I should report this now, would they believe me ?  
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—<sup>(87)</sup>  
For, certes, these are people of the island,—  
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,  
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of  
Our human generation you shall find  
Many, nay, almost any.

*Pros.* [*aside*] Honest lord,  
Thou hast said well ; for some of you there present  
Are worse than devils.

*Alon.* I cannot too much muse  
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—  
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind  
Of excellent dumb discourse.

*Pros.* [*aside*] Praise in departing.

*Fran.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Seb.* No matter, since  
They've left their viands behind ; for we have stomachs.—

Will't please you taste of what is here ?

*Alon.*

Not I.

*Gon.* Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys, Who would believe that there were mountaineers Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em Wallets of flesh ? or that there were such men Whose heads stood in their breasts ? which now we find Each putter-out of one for five<sup>(88)</sup> will bring us Good warrant of.

*Alon.* I will stand to, and feed, Although my last : no matter, since I feel The best is past.<sup>(89)</sup>—Brother, my lord the duke, Stand to, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*<sup>(90)</sup>

*Ari.* You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,— That hath to instrument this lower world And what is in't,—the never-surfeited sea Hath caus'd to belch up you ; and on this island,<sup>(91)</sup> Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst men Being most unfit to live. I've made you mad ; And even with such-like valour men hang and drown Their proper selves. [*Alon., Seb. &c. draw their swords.*]

You fools ! I and my fellows Are ministers of Fate : the elements, Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish One dowle that's in my plume : my fellow-ministers Are alike invulnerable. If you could hurt, Your swords are now too massy for your strengths, And will not be uplifted. But remember,— For that's my business to you,—that you three From Milan did supplant good Prospero ; Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it, Him and his innocent child : for which foul deed The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures, Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,

They have bereft ; and do pronounce, by me,  
Lingering perdition—worse than any death  
Can be at once—shall step by step attend  
You and your ways ; whose wrath<sup>(92)</sup> to guard you from,—  
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls  
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart's-sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder ; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again,  
and dance with mocks and mows, and carry out the table.*

*Pros. [aside]* Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou  
Perform'd, my Ariel ; a grace it had, devouring :  
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated  
In what thou hadst to say : so, with good life,  
And observation strange, my meaner ministers  
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,  
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up  
In their distractions : they now are in my power ;  
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit  
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—  
And his and mine lov'd darling. *[Exit above.]*

*Gon.* I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
In this strange stare ?

*Alon.* O, it is monstrous, monstrous !  
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it ;  
The winds did sing it to me ; and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd  
The name of Prosper : it did bass my trespass.  
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded ; and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,  
And with him there lie mudded. *[Exit.]*

*Seb.* But one fiend at a time,  
I'll fight their legions o'er.

*Ant.* I'll be thy second.

*[Exeunt Seb. and Ant.]*

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate : their great guilt,  
Like poison given to work a great time after,<sup>(93)</sup>  
Now gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you,  
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,  
And hinder them from what this ecstasy

May now provoke them to.

*Adr.*

Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO'S cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

*Pros.* If I have too austere<sup>ly</sup> punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends ; for I  
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,<sup>(94)</sup>  
Or that for which I live : who once again  
I tender to thy hand : all thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test : here, afore Heaven,  
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,  
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,  
And make it halt behind her.

*Fer.*

I do believe it

Against an oracle.

*Pros.* Then, as my gift,<sup>(95)</sup> and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter : but  
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow ; but barren hate,  
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly  
That you shall hate it both : therefore take heed,  
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

*Fer.*

As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,  
With such love as 'tis now,—the murkiest den,  
The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion  
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt



Mine honour into lust ; to take away  
The edge of that day's celebration,  
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,  
Or Night kept chain'd below.

*Pros.* Fairly spoke.

Sit, then, and talk with her ; she is thine own.—  
What, Ariel ! my industrious servant, Ariel !

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ari.* What would my potent master ? here I am.

*Pros.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service  
Did worthily perform ; and I must use you  
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,  
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place :  
Incite them to quick motion ; for I must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some vanity of mine art :<sup>(96)</sup> it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

*Ari.* Presently ?

*Pros.* Ay, with a twink.

*Ari.* Before you can say, "Come," and "Go,"  
And breathe twice, and cry, "So, so,"  
Each one, tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mow.  
Do you love me, master ? no ?

*Pros.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach  
Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ari.* Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

*Pros.* Look thou be true ; do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein ; the strongest oaths are straw  
To the fire i' the blood : be more abstemious,  
Or else good night your vow !

*Fer.* I warrant you, sir ;  
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart  
Abates the ardour of my liver.

*Pros.* Well.—

Now come, my Ariel ! bring a corollary,  
Rather than want a spirit : appear, and pertly !—  
No tongue ; all eyes ; be silent. [*Soft music.*

*Enter IRIS.*

*Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease ;  
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep ;  
Thy banks with peonèd and liliated brims,<sup>(97)</sup>  
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,  
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy broom-  
groves,<sup>(98)</sup>

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard ;  
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,  
Where thou thyself dost air ;—the queen o' the sky,  
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,  
Bids thee leave these ; and with her sovereign grace,  
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
To come and sport :—her peacocks<sup>(99)</sup> fly amain :  
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

*Enter CERES.*

*Cer.* Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er  
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;  
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers  
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers ;  
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,  
Rich scarf to my proud earth ;—why hath thy queen  
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green ?

*Iris.* A contract of true love to celebrate ;  
And some donation freely to estate  
On the bless'd lovers.

*Cer.* Tell me, heavenly bow,  
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,  
Do now attend the queen ? Since they did plot  
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,  
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company  
I have forsworn.

*Iris.* Of her society  
Be not afraid : I met her deity  
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son  
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,  
 Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid  
 Till Hymen's torch be lighted : but in vain ;  
 Mars's hot minion is return'd again ;  
 Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,  
 And be a boy right out.

*Cer.* High'st queen of state,  
 Great Juno, comes ; I know her by her gait.

*Enter JUNO.*

*Juno.* How does my bounteous sister ? Go with me  
 To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,  
 And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

*Juno.* Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
 Long continuance, and increasing,  
 Hourly joys be still upon you !  
 Juno sings her blessings on you.

*Cer.* Earth's increase, and foison plenty, <sup>(100)</sup>  
 Barns and garners never empty ;  
 Vines with clustering bunches growing ;  
 Plants with goodly burden bowing ;  
 Spring come to you at the farthes  
 In the very end of harvest !  
 Scarcity and want shall shun you ;  
 Ceres' blessing so is on you.

*Fer.* This is a most majestic vision, and  
 Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold  
 To think these spirits ?

*Pros.* Spirits, which by mine art  
 I have from their confines call'd to enact  
 My present fancies.

*Fer.* Let me live here ever ;  
 So rare a wonder'd father and a wife  
 Make this place Paradise. <sup>(101)</sup>

*[Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.]*

*Pros.* Sweet, now, silence !  
 Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;  
 There's something else to do ; hush, and be mute,  
 Or else our spell is marr'd.

*Iris.* You nymphs, call'd Naiades, of the wandering<sup>(102)</sup>  
 brooks,  
 With your sedg'd<sup>(103)</sup> crowns and ever-harmless looks,  
 Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land  
 Answer your summons ; Juno does command :  
 Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
 A contract of true love ; be not too late.

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,  
 Come hither from the furrow, and be merry :  
 Make holiday ; your rye-straw hats put on,  
 And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
 In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited : they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks ; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

*Pros.* [*aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
 Of the beast Caliban and his confederates  
 Against my life : the minute of their plot  
 Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits*] Well done ;—avoid,—no  
 more.

*Fer.* This is most strange: your father's in some passion<sup>(104)</sup>  
 That works him strongly.

*Mir.* Never till this day  
 Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

*Pros.* Sure,<sup>(105)</sup> you do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,  
 As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, sir.  
 Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
 Are melted into air, into thin air :  
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a wreck behind.<sup>(106)</sup> We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made on ; and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd ;  
Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled :  
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity :  
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,  
And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,  
To still my beating mind.

*Fer. Mir.* We wish your peace.

*Pros.* [to *Ariel*] Come with a thought !—I thank ye [*Exeunt Fer. and Mir.*].—*Ariel*, come !<sup>(107)</sup>

*Re-enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure ?

*Pros.* Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

*Ari.* Ay, my commander : when I presented Ceres,  
I thought t' have told thee of it ; but I fear'd  
Lest I might anger thee.

*Pros.* Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets ?<sup>(108)</sup>

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking ;  
So full of valour that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor ;  
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,  
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses  
As they smelt music : so I charm'd their ears,  
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through  
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,  
Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I left them  
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet.<sup>(109)</sup>

*Pros.* This was well done, my bird.  
Thy shape invisible retain thou still :  
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,  
For stale to catch these thieves.

*Ari.* I go, I go.

[*Exit.*

*Pros.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,  
Humanely taken, are all lost, quite lost ;<sup>(110)</sup>

And as with age his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,

*Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistening apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring.—Come, hang them on this line.<sup>(111)</sup>

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. *Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not  
Hear a foot fall : we now are near his cell.

*Ste.* Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless  
fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-piss ; at which my  
nose is in great indignation.

*Ste.* So is mine.—Do you hear, monster ? If I should  
take a displeasure against you, look you,—

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Good my lord,<sup>(112)</sup> give me thy favour still.  
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
Shall hoodwink this mischance : therefore speak softly ;—  
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

*Ste.* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that,  
monster, but an infinite loss.

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting : yet this is  
your harmless fairy, monster.

*Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for  
my labour.

*Cal.* Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,  
This is the mouth o' the cell : no noise, and enter.  
Do that good mischief which may make this island  
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,  
For aye thy foot-licker.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody  
thoughts.

*Trin.* O King Stephano ! O peer ! O worthy Stephano !  
look what a wardrobe here is for thee !

*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool ; it is but trash.

*Trin.* O, ho, monster ! we know what belongs to a frippery.—O King Stephano !

*Ste.* Put off that gown, Trinculo : by this hand, I'll have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool ! what do you mean To dote thus on such luggage ? Let's along, <sup>(113)</sup>  
And do the murder first : if he awake,  
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,  
Make us strange stuff.

*Ste.* Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin ? Now is the jerkin under the line : now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

*Trin.* Do, do : we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

*Ste.* I thank thee for that jest ; here's a garment for't : wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. "Steal by line and level" is an excellent pass of pate ; there's another garment for't.

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on't : we shall lose our time,  
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or <sup>(114)</sup> apes  
With foreheads villanous low.

*Ste.* Monster, lay-to your fingers : help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom : go to, carry this.

*Trin.* And this.

*Ste.* Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.*

*Pros.* Hey, Mountain, hey !

*Ari.* Silver ! there it goes, Silver !

*Pros.* Fury, Fury ! there, Tyrant, there ! hark, hark !

[*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints  
With dry convulsions ; shorten up their sinews  
With agèd cramps ; and more pinch-spotted make them  
Than pard or cat-o'-mountain.

*Ari.*

Hark, they roar !

*Pros.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour  
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies :  
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou  
Shalt have the air at freedom : for a little  
Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *Before the cell of PROSPERO.*

*Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.*

*Pros.* Now does my project gather to a head :  
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and Time  
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day ?

*Ari.* On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,  
You said our work should cease.

*Pros.* I did say so,  
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,  
How fares the king and 's followers ?

*Ari.* \* Confin'd together  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,  
Just as you left them ; all are prisoners, sir, <sup>(115)</sup>  
In the line-grove <sup>(116)</sup> which weather-fends your cell ;  
They cannot budge till your release. <sup>(117)</sup> The king,  
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;  
And the remainder mourning over them,  
Brimful of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly  
Him that you term'd, sir, <sup>(118)</sup> " The good old lord, Gon-  
zalo ; "

His tears run down his beard, like winter-drops <sup>(119)</sup>  
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

*Pros.* Dost thou think so, spirit ?

*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

*Pros.* And mine shall.



Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply  
Passion as they, <sup>(120)</sup> be kindlier mov'd than thou art?  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,  
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part: the rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves.

*Ari.* I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

*Pros.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;  
And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him  
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that  
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms, <sup>(121)</sup> that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—  
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd  
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault <sup>(122)</sup>  
Set roaring war: to the dread-rattling thunder  
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory  
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar: graves at my command  
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth  
By my so potent art. But this rough magic  
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd  
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—  
To work mine end upon their senses that  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book.

[*Solcmn music.*

*Re-enter ARIEL : after him, ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO ; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO : they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed ; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter  
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,  
 Now useless, boil'd<sup>(123)</sup> within thy skull ! There stand,  
 For you are spell-stopp'd.—  
 Holy Gonzalo,<sup>(124)</sup> honourable man,  
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the show<sup>(125)</sup> of thine,  
 Fall fellowly<sup>(126)</sup> drops.—The charm dissolves apace ;  
 And as the morning steals upon the night,  
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses  
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
 Their clearer reason.—O thou good Gonzalo,<sup>(127)</sup>  
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
 To him thou follow'st ! I will pay thy graces  
 Home both in word and deed.—Most cruelly  
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter :  
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act,—  
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood.—  
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
 Expell'd remorse and nature ; who, with Sebastian,—<sup>(128)</sup>  
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—  
 Would here have kill'd your king ; I do forgive thee,  
 Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding  
 Begins to swell ; and the approaching tide  
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,  
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them  
 That yet looks on me, or would know me :—Ariel,  
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell :— [Exit Ariel.  
 I will discase me, and myself present  
 As I was sometime Milan :—quickly, spirit ;  
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

*Re-enter ARIEL ; who sings while helping to attire PROSPERO.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;

There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer<sup>(129)</sup> merrily.  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

*Pros.* Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;  
But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so, so.—  
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:  
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep  
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain  
Being awake,<sup>(130)</sup> enforce them to this place,  
And presently, I prithee.

*Ari.* I drink the air before me, and return  
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. *[Exit.]*

*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement,  
Inhabit here: some heavenly power guide us  
Out of this fearful country!

*Pros.* Behold, sir king,  
The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospero:  
For more assurance that a living prince  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;  
And to thee and thy company I bid  
A hearty welcome.

*Alon.* Whêr thou be'st he or no,  
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,  
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse  
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,  
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,  
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—  
An if this be at all—a most strange story.  
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat.  
Thou pardon me my wrongs.<sup>(131)</sup>—But how should Prospero  
Be living and be here?

*Pros.* First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot  
Be measur'd or confin'd.

*Gon.* Whether this be  
Or be not, I'll not swear.

*Pros.* You do yet taste  
Some subtilties o' th' isle, that will not let you

Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all:—

[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords, were I  
so minded,

I here could pluck his 'highness' frown upon you,

And justify you traitors: at this time

I'll tell no tales.

*Seb.* [*aside*] The devil speaks in him.

*Pros.* No.—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother

Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive

Thy rankest faults,<sup>(132)</sup>—all of them; and require

My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,

Thou must restore.

*Alon.* If thou be'st Prospero,

Give us particulars of thy preservation;

How thou hast met us here, who three hours since

Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—

How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—

My dear son Ferdinand.

*Pros.* I'm woe for't, sir.

*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss ; and patience

Says it is past her cure.

*Pros.* I rather think

You have not sought her help ; of whose soft grace,

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,

And rest myself content.

*Alon.* You the like loss!

*Pros.* As great to me as late ; and, súpportable<sup>(135)</sup>

To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker-

Than you may call to comfort you ; for I

Have lost my daughter.

*Alon.* A daughter! <sup>(134)</sup>

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,

The king and queen there ! that they were, I wish

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed

Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

*Pros.* In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords

At this encounter do so much admire,

That they devour their reason, and scarce think

Their eyes do offices of truth, their<sup>(135)</sup> words

Are natural breath : but, howso'er you have  
Been justled from your senses, know for certain  
That I am Prospero, and that very duke  
Which was thrust forth of Milan ; who most strangely  
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,  
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this ;  
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,  
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ;  
This cell's my court : here have I few attendants,  
And subjects none abroad : pray you, look in.  
My dukedom since you've given me again,  
I will requite you with as good a thing ;  
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye  
As much as me my dukedom.

*The cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing  
at chess.*<sup>(136)</sup>

*Mir.* Sweet lord, you play me false.

*Fer.* No, my dear'st love,

I would not for the world.

*Mir.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,  
And I would call it fair play.

*Alon.* If this prove  
A vision of the island, one dear son  
Shall I twice lose.

*Seb.* A most high miracle !

*Fer.* Though the seas threaten, they are merciful :  
I've curs'd them without cause. [*Kneels to Alon.*

*Alon.* Now all the blessings  
Of a glad father compass thee about !  
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

*Mir.* O, wonder !  
How many goodly creatures are there here !  
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,  
That has such people in't !

*Pros.* 'Tis new to thee.

*Alon.* What is this maid with whom thou wast at play ?  
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :  
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,

And brought us thus together ?

*Fer.*

Sir, she's mortal ;

But by immortal Providence she's mine :

I chose her when I could not ask my father  
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She  
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before ; of whom I have  
Receiv'd a second life ; and second father  
This lady makes him to me.

*Alon.*

I am hers :

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness !

*Pros.*

There, sir, stop :

Let us not burden our remembrance<sup>(137)</sup> with  
A heaviness that's gone.

*Gon.*

I've inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this.—Look down, you gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessèd crown !  
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way  
Which brought us hither.

*Alon.*

I say, Amen, Gonzalo !

*Gon.* Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become kings of Naples ? O, rejoice  
Beyond a common joy ! and set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars,—In one voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis ;  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife  
Where he himself was lost ; Prospero, his dukedom  
In a poor isle ; and all of us, ourselves  
When no man was his own.

*Alon.* [to *Fer.* and *Mir.*] Give me your hands :

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy !

*Gon.*

Be't so ! Amen !

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir ! here is more of us :  
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,  
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,

That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?  
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

*Boats.* The best news is, that we have safely found  
Our king and company; the next, our ship—  
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—  
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when  
We first put out to sea.

*Ari.* [*aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service  
Have I done since I went.

*Pros.* [*aside to Ari.*] My tricksy spirit!

*Alon.* These are not natural events; they strengthen  
From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?

*Boats.* If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,<sup>(138)</sup>  
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;  
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:  
When we, in all her<sup>(139)</sup> trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master  
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,  
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,  
And were brought moping hither.

*Ari.* [*aside to Pros.*] Was't well done?

*Pros.* [*aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt  
be free.

*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;  
And there is in this business more than nature  
Was ever conduct of: some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge.

*Pros.* Sir, my liege,  
Do not infest your mind with beating on  
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,  
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you—  
Which to you shall seem probable—of every  
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,  
And think of each thing well.—[*Aside to Ari.*] Come hither,  
spirit:  
Set Caliban and his companions free;

Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*].—How fares my gracious sir?  
There are yet missing of your company  
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO,  
in their stolen apparel.*

*Ste.* Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take  
care for himself; for all is but fortune.—Coragio, bully-mon-  
ster, coragio!

*Trin.* If these be true spies which I wear in my head,  
here's a goodly sight.

*Cal.* O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!  
How fine my master is! I am afraid  
He will chastise me.<sup>(140)</sup>

*Seb.* Ha, ha!  
What things are these, my lord Antonio?  
Will money buy 'em?

*Ant.* Very like; one of them  
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

*Pros.* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
Then say if they be true.—This mis-shapen<sup>(141)</sup> knave,—  
His mother was a witch; and one so strong  
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,  
And deal in her command, without her power.  
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—  
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them  
To take my life: two of these fellows you  
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.* I shall be pinch'd to death.

*Alon.* Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

*Seb.* He is drunk now: where had he wine?

*Alon.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they  
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?—  
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

*Trin.* I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last,  
that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear  
fly-blowing.

*Seb.* Why, how now, Stephano!

*Ste.* O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but a cramp.



*Pros.* You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah ?

*Ste.* I should have been a sore one, then.

*Alon.* This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.<sup>(142)</sup>  
[*Pointing to Caliban.*]

*Pros.* He is as disproportion'd in his manners  
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell ;  
Take with you your companions ; as you look  
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

*Cal.* Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter,  
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool !

*Pros.* Go to ; away !

*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

*Seb.* Or stole it, rather. [*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*]

*Pros.* Sir, I invite your highness and your train  
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest  
For this one night ; which—part of it—I'll waste  
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it  
Go quick away,—the story of my life,  
And the particular accidents gone by  
Since I came to this isle : and in the morn  
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear-belov'd solémnizèd ;  
And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

*Alon.* I long

To hear the story of your life, which must  
Take the ear strangely.

*Pros.* I'll deliver all ;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch  
Your royal fleet far off.—[*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel,—chick,—  
That is thy charge : then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well !—Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

## EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
And what strength I have's mine own,—  
Which is most faint : now, 'tis true,  
I must be here confin'd by you,  
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got,  
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
In this bare island by your spell ;  
But release me from my bands  
With the help of your good hands :  
Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please : now I want  
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant ;  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,  
Which pierces so, that it assaults  
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.

- P. 175. (1) "Boats. *Here, master : what cheer ?*  
Mast. *Good, speak to the mariners :''*

With "*Good, speak to the mariners,*" &c. compare what presently follows,—"*Gon. Nay, good, be patient,*" and "*Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard*" ("*Good*" meaning "Good friend" or "Good fellow"). Here most of the modern editors follow the punctuation of the folio, "*Mast. Good: Speake to th' Mariners,*" &c.,—forgetting that this is one of the passages in the folio where the colon is equivalent to a comma,—and making the Master reply that *the cheer* is "*good,*" while in the same breath he says that they are in danger of running aground.

- P. 175. (2) "*have care.*"

Dryden and Davenant, in their alteration of the play, read "*have a care ;''*" and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

- P. 176. (3) "*Bring her to try with main-course !''*

That this (which has been altered to "*Bring her to : try wi' th' main-course*") is right, appears from the following passages, the one cited by Malone, the other by Steevens. "And when the barke had way, we cut the hauser, and so gate the sea to our friend, and *tried out* all that day *with our maine course.*" Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598. "Let us lie at *Trie with our maine course,*" &c. Smith's *Sea-Grammar*, 1627.

- P. 177. (4) "*ling, heath, broom, furze, any thing.*"

The folio has "*Long heath, Browne firrs, any thing.*"—I adopt Hanmer's correction; "*which,*" says Walker, "*I feel assured is the true reading. The balance requires it. Besides, what are 'long heath' and 'brown furze' ?''*" *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 1.—"*I find in Harrison's description of Britain, prefixed to our author's good friend Holinshed, p. 91 ; 'Brome, heth, firze, brakes, whinnes, ling,' &c.*" FARMER.—By this time probably Mr. Halliwell has seen reason to repudiate his defence of "*long heath,*" &c.

- P. 177. (5) "*creatures*"

The folio has "*creature.*"

- P. 177. (6) "Mir. *O, woe the day !*  
Pros. *No harm.*  
*I have done nothing*"

Johnson, and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 188) propose

- "Mir. *O, woe the day !—no harm ?*  
Pros. *I have done nothing,*" &c.

- P. 178. (7) "*prevision in mine art*"

So Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, i. 186) and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*prouision in mine Art.*" But compare, act ii. sc. 1,

"*My master through his art foresees the danger,*" &c.

P. 178. (8)

"no soul —"

Rowe gives "no soul lost;" Theobald, "no foil;" Capell, "no loss."—Johnson conjectures "no soil."—Here Steevens observes that "such interruptions are not uncommon in Shakespeare." But *qy.*?

P. 179. (9)

"and thy father

*Was Duke of Milan; thou his only heir,**A princess,—no worse issu'd."*

The folio has "—— and his *onely heire*," which Hanmer corrected, perceiving that the "and" was repeated by mistake from the preceding line. It also has "And *Princesse: no worse Issued*," which was corrected by Pope. (In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iv. sc. 1, the first and second folios have

"For practising to steale away a Lady,

*And heire*," &c.;

in *Henry VIII.* act ii. sc. 4, all the folios have

"on the debating

*And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleance*," &c.;

in *King Lear*, act i. sc. 1, the quartos have "She is her selfe *and* dower;" and in our author's cxxix<sup>th</sup> Sonnet the quarto has "*and* very wo,"—in all four places "and" being a mistake for "a.")

P. 180. (10)

"like one

*Who having into truth by telling of it*," &c.

"The construction is, 'telling of it into truth.' Perhaps the ensuing extracts will help to facilitate the apprehension of words so joined as in—'telling of it into truth.' 'Some feasible line of frontier which may also be discussed into familiarity.' *The Times*, Oct. 10, 1862. 'Till he has thought a distasteful apprehension into an action of murder.' South, Sermon 9, p. 281, vol. x. ed. 1744. 'Yet vice can never be praised into virtue.' Ibid. Sermon 8, p. 190, vol. viii. 'Swears him into name.' Jonson's *Time Vindicated*. 'By thanking thus the courtesy to life.' Jonson's *Underwoods*. 'To tell a lie into truth,' the language here attributed to Shakespeare, is not a whit more forced or ungrammatical than 'to discuss a frontier into familiarity,' 'to think an apprehension into an action,' 'to praise vice into virtue,' 'to swear a youth into name,' or 'to thank a courtesy to life.'" Arrowsmith's *Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators*, pp. 44-46.

P. 180. (11)

"Me, poor man, my library

*Was dukedom large enough*:"

i.e. *For me . . . large enough*.—Compare *Timon of Athens*, act v. sc. 1,

"Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough," &amp;c.

And in *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 1, "this point which now you censure him."

P. 180. (12)

"with the King of Naples"

Here the folio omits "*the*."—(In the preceding scene the folio has "Let's all

sinke *with' King*" (i.e. "*with the king*"); and here most probably the Ms. had the same mark of elision, to which the printer did not attend.)—Rowe printed "*wi' th' King of Naples*;" and so perhaps Shakespeare meant us to pronounce the words.

P. 181. (13)

"*hearkens*"

"The pause seems too slight to admit of the extra syllable. Qu. '*harks*' or '*hearks*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 1.—Pope printed "*hears*;" Theobald "*hearks*."

P. 181. (14)

"*practice*,"

i.e. contrivance, conspiracy.—The folio has "*purpose*;" but as that word occurs again in the second line after this, I adopt here the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 181. (15)

"*I, not remembering how I cried on't then,  
Will cry it o'er again:*"

The folio has "*— how I cride out then,*" &c.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "*— how I cried it then,*" &c.

P. 181. (16)

"*boat*,"

The folio has "*Butt*."

P. 181. (17)

"*had*"

The folio has "*haue*."

P. 182. (18)

"*Now I arise:—*"

I cannot dispel the obscurity which has always hung over these words.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector inserts here what Mr. Collier calls an "*important and entirely new stage-direction*," viz. "*Putting on his robe again*."—In my former edition I gave "*Resumes his robe*."—Mr. Staunton gives the words as spoken "*[Aside to Ariel, above]*;" and cites, in confirmation of that stage-direction, the conclusion of Prospero's next speech,

"Come away, servant, come! I'm ready now:  
Approach my Ariel; come!"

P. 183. (19)

"*lightnings*,"

The folio has "*Lightning*."

P. 183. (20)

"*Seem'd*"

The folio has "*Seeme*."

P. 183. (21)

"*My brave spirit!*"

Theobald printed "*My brave, brave spirit!*" Hanmer, "*That's my brave spirit!*"

P. 184. (22) "how thou hast"

"Perhaps, 'how hast thou.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. ii. p. 250.

P. 184. (23) "At least," &c.

Mr. Staunton points the passage thus ;

"At least two glasses—the time, 'twixt six and now—

Must by us both be spent most preciouslly,"—

and very erroneously, I think.

P. 184. (24) "made no mistakings,"

The folio has "made thee no mistakings."

P. 185. (25) "This blue-ey'd hag"

It has been proposed to read "This blear-ey'd hag."

P. 186. (26) "What torment I did find thee in ; . . .  
 . . . . . it was a torment"

Walker (*Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. i. p. 296) conjectures "torture" instead of "torment" in the second of these lines ; "but perhaps," he adds, "the corruption is deeper, and lies in the other place."

P. 186. (27) "Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea :  
 Be subject to no sight but mine ;"

The folio has most ridiculously

"Goe make thyselfe like [the second folio adds "to"] a  
 "Nymph o' th' Sea,  
 Be subiect to no sight but thine, and mine."

P. 186. (28) "hence"

The folio has "goe : hence,"—the transcriber or compositor having caught the word "goe" from the preceding line.

P. 187. (29) "Upon thy wicked dam . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 As wicked dew"

Though "wicked," as an epithet to "dew," makes very good sense (meaning *baneful*), I suspect that it is not Shakespeare's word, and that it has been repeated by mistake from the line just above.

P. 187. (30) "honeycomb,"

Has been altered to "honeycombs ;" but unnecessarily, I believe.

P. 187. (31) "When thou cam'st here first,"

The folio has "When thou cam'st first ;" which is usually altered, very awkwardly, to "When thou camest first."—Walker says, "'cam'st here first,' surely" [Ritson's conjecture]. *Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. iii. p. 2.

P. 188. (32)

“Pros.”

The folio has “*Mira*.”

P. 188. (33)

“*Deservedly confin’d into this rock,  
Who hadst deserv’d more than a prison.*”

“I cannot help suspecting that ‘*deservedly*’ has been foisted into the text ;

‘*Confin’d into this rock, who hadst deserv’d  
More than a prison.*’

Note the difference in the flow.” Walker’s *Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. i. p. 287.

P. 188. (34)

“*thou’rt*”

Has been altered to “*thou wert*,”—which is here the meaning of the contraction.

P. 189. (35)

“*Court’sied when you have and kiss’d,—  
The wild waves whist,—*”

The punctuation of the folio is,

“*Curtsied when you haue, and kist  
the wilde waues whist ;*”

which, of course, affords a meaning, viz. “when you have courtsied, and kissed the wild waves to silence.” But I believe that Steevens was right in considering the second line as parenthetical,—“The wild waves *being* whist ;” the poet having had an eye to the ceremonies (the *court’sying* and *kissing*) which were formerly observed at the commencement of certain dances.

P. 189. (36)

“*the burden bear.*”

The folio has “*beare the burthen.*”

With the latter part of this song the Cambridge Editors make strange work when they print

“*Burthen [dispersedly]. Hark, hark !  
Bow-wow.*

‘ The watch-dogs bark :  
Bow-wow.

*Ari.* Hark, hark ! I hear,” &c.

P. 190. (37)

“*control*”

Mr. Staunton asks if this be “a misprint for *console* ?” Surely not. Here “*control*” means confute : see Johnson *ad l.*, and Walker’s *Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. ii. p. 303.

P. 191. (38)

“*One word more ;*”

Has been altered, for the metre, to “*Sir, one word more.*”

P. 191. (39)

“*My fool my tutor !*”

So Walker (*Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. iii. p. 3), comparing Fletcher’s *Pilgrim*, act iv. sc. 2,

"When fools and mad-folks shall be tutors to me,  
And feel my sores, yet I unsensible," &c.—

The folio has "*My foote my Tutor?*" which is defended in the *Var. Shakespeare* by several passages that are nothing to the purpose,—among them, "*My foot usurps my head,*" the faulty reading of one of the quartos of *King Lear*, act iv. sc. 2.

P. 192. (40) "nor this man's threats  
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,"

Has been altered to

"and [and "or"] this man's threats  
To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me."

But compare "*Have*" in the last line of the speech.

P. 193. (41) "master"  
The folio has "*Masters.*"

P. 193. (42) "of woe :"  
An interpolation perhaps.

P. 193. (43) "*I prithee, spare.*"  
"Read," says Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 265), "'I prithee, spare me.'"

P. 193. (44) "*Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?*"  
Mr. W. N. Lettsom compares *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. 2,

"Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,  
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena."

And Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 353) incidentally quotes from Sidney's *Arcadia*; "But then the question arising, who should be the former [*i.e.* the first to fight] against Phalantus, of the black or the ill-apparelled night," &c.,—which (as Walker's editor observes) shows that the present passage of *The Tempest* is right.

P. 194. (45) "Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—  
Seb. Ha, ha, ha !—So, you're paid.  
Adr. Uninhabitable,"

The folio has

"Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert.  
Seb. Ha, ha, ha.  
Ant. So : you'r paid.  
Adr. Vninhabitable."

P. 194. (46) "*their freshness and gloss,*"  
The folio has "*their freshnesse and glosses,*"—where "*glosses*" is manifestly an error for the old spelling of the singular, "*glosse*" (which the folio has in



*Macbeth*, act i. sc. 7, "in *their* newest glosse").—This correction was suggested to me by Mr. Swynfen Jervis.

P. 195. (47)

"Alon."

The folio has "*Gon.*"—Mr. Staunton was the first to see that "this sigh or exclamation belongs to Alonso, who is awaking from his trance of grief."

P. 196. (48)

"*she'd bow.*"

So Malone.—The folio has "should bow."

P. 196. (49)

"on't,"

Has been altered, for the sake of the metre, to "of it:" but compare line 8, next page.

P. 197. (50) "*Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;*"

Hanmer printed "— *tilth, vineyard, olives* [Capell "*olive*"], *none.*"—Walker says; "After '*tilth,*' '*pasture,*' or some synonymous word, seems to have been lost." *Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. ii. p. 16.

P. 197. (51)

"Seb.           *Save his majesty !*  
Ant. *Long live Gonzalo !*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. iii. p. 215) would read and arrange,—

"Seb. *God save his majesty !*  
Ant.           *Long live Gonzalo !*"

P. 199. (52)

"*hath here almost persuaded,—*" &c.

Something, surely, is wrong here. "I cannot help," says Steevens, "regarding the words '*Professes to persuade*' as a mere gloss or paraphrase on 'he has [he's] a spirit of persuasion.' Read the passage without these words;

          '*hath here almost persuaded*  
(For he's a spirit of persuasion only)  
The king his son's alive; 'tis as impossible  
That he's undrown'd as he that sleeps here swims.  
Seb. I have no hope  
That he's undrown'd.'"

P. 199. (53)

"doubts"

The folio has "doubt."

P. 200. (54)

"*she from whom*"

"*i.e.* in coming from whom. The old copy has '*she that from,*' &c. The compositor's eye probably glanced on a preceding line, '*she that from Naples.*' The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe." MALONE.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*she for whom.*"

P. 200. (55)

"How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples?"

Hanmer printed

"How shalt thou, Claribel,  
Measure it back to Naples?"

and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector agrees with him in reading "it."

P. 200. (56)

"and"

Not in the folio.

P. 201. (57)

"that's dead;"

"The words 'that's dead' (as Dr. Farmer observes to me) are evidently a gloss, or marginal note, which had found its way into the text. Such a supplement is useless to the speaker's meaning, and one of the verses [the next one] becomes redundant by its insertion." STEEVENS.

P. 201. (58)

"My master through his art foresees the danger  
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—  
For else his project dies,—to keep thee living."

The folio has "—— to keepe them living."—Johnson's conjecture, "That these, his friends, are in . . . to keep them living," was adopted by Steevens: but we cannot suppose that Ariel, under any circumstances, would style Alonso one of Prospero's friends, when Prospero himself uses such terms as the following;

"This King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate," &c. p. 181.

"Most cruelly  
Did thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter," &c. p. 228.

Malone proposed

"—— and sends me forth,  
For else his projects die, to keep them [i.e. his projects] living,"—

which introduces what appears to me a rather awkward construction: besides, the plural "projects" is at variance with the language of two later passages in this play,—“Now does my project gather to a head,” &c., p. 226, and “or else my project fails,” p. 236.

The alteration which I have made here,—that of “them” to “thee,”—suggested itself, I see, to Mr. Halliwell also: though he has preferred the conjecture of Malone.

1863. I now find that Hanmer substituted “to keep you living.” But, as various passages of our author show, there is not the least objection to “thee” and “you” in the same sentence.

P. 201. (59)

"Gon. [waking] Now, good angels  
Preserve the king!—[To Seb. and Ant.] Why, how now!—[To  
Alon.] Ho, awake!—  
[To Seb. and Ant.] Why are you drawn? wherefore this ghastly  
looking?  
Alon. [waking] What's the matter?"

The folio has

"Gon. Now, good Angels preserue the King.

Alo. Why how now hoa ; awake ? why are you drawn ?

Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

Gon. What's the matter ?"

Mr. Staunton was the first editor who deviated from the folio in distributing these speeches ; and I have attempted to improve somewhat upon his distribution. "In the old copy, and in every subsequent edition," observes Mr. Staunton, "this speech [*Why, how now ! ho, awake, &c.*] is given to the king, and the next to Gonzalo ; but erroneously, as we think is evident from the language, the business of the scene, and from what Gonzalo presently says ;

'I heard a humming,

And that a strange one too, *which did awake me :*

*I shak'd you, sir, and cried : as mine eyes open'd,*

*I saw their weapons drawn.'*"

P. 202. (60)

"*That's verity.*"

The folio has "*That's verily.*"—Most probably Steevens was right in giving the remainder of the line thus,—"*Best stand upon our guard :*" he compares "*Best draw my sword,*" in *Cymbeline*, act iii. sc. 3.

P. 204. (61)

"*sauages*"

"The folio reads—'*salvages*,' and rightly. It was the spelling and pronunciation of the time." So says worthy Isaac Reed,—who ought to have known that the folio, like other books of that date, is quite inconsistent in its spelling : e.g. earlier in the present play, p. 188, it has "when thou didst not (*Sauage*)," &c. ; in *Love's Labour's lost*, act iv. sc. 3, it has "a rude and *sauage* man of Inde ;" and again in the same play, act v. sc. 2, "That we (like *sauages*) may worship it." (In Shelton's *Don Quixote*, Part Sec., p. 261, ed. 1620, we find ; "*fourre Sauages entred the Garden,*" &c., and, six lines after, "*the Saluage replied,*" &c.)

P. 204. (62)

"*at's nostrils.*"

The folio has "*at' nostrils.*"

P. 205. (63) "*Ste. Here ; swear, then, how thou escapedst.*"

This is very suspicious. Pope gave "*Ste. Here, swear, then : how escapedst thou ?*" and Ritson says ; "The passage should probably be printed thus :

'*Ste. [To Cal.] Here, swear then.—[To Trin.] How escapedst thou ?*'

The speaker would naturally take notice of Caliban's proffered allegiance. Besides, he bids Trinculo kiss the book after he has answered the question ; a sufficient proof of the rectitude of the proposed arrangement." But Ritson's alteration is opposed by a portion of Stephano's preceding speech—"swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither."

P. 206. (64)

"*Young scamels from the rock.*"

Here "*scamels*" has been explained as the diminutive of *scams*, and as mean-

ing—limpets. But I have little or no doubt that it is a misprint: for who gathers young limpets? and besides, the words "*from the rock*" would seem to be equivalent to "*from the cliffs*." Theobald substituted "*shamois*," and also proposed "*sea-malls*" (or "*sea-mells*"), and "*stannels*" (or "*staniels*").—Of the last of these conjectures ("*staniels*") I was not aware, when in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 5, I wrote as follows:—"Mr. Knight is mistaken in supposing that there is no such word as '*sea-mall*.' R. Holme, after describing the *Sea-Mew*, has a separate article on '*The Sea Mall*;' the bill white, but yellow towards the tip, bending towards the point; the feet of a pale green, claws black,' &c. *Acad. of Armory*, 1688, B. ii. p. 262. But though there is undoubtedly such a word as '*sea-mall*,' and though perhaps there is also such a word as '*sea-mell*,' it by no means follows that '*scamels*' (*without a hyphen and with a single l*) should be a misprint for either '*sea-malls*' or '*sea-mells*.'

"Qy. is the right reading '*staniels*'? In the first place, '*staniels*' comes very near the trace of the old letters,—

*scamels*  
*staniels*.

Secondly, '*staniels*' accords well with the context, '*from the rock*;' for the '*Kestrel*, *Stannel*, or *Windhover* . . . is one of our most common species [of hawks], especially in the more rocky situations and high cliffs on our coasts, where they breed.' Montagu's *Ornith. Dict.* Thirdly, in another passage of Shakespeare, where nobody doubts that the genuine reading is '*staniel*,' all the old eds. exhibit the gross misprint, '*stallion*;'

‘And with what wing the *stallion* checks at it!’

*Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 5."

(A critic in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for June 1844, p. 566, citing from an old ornithologist "*Δαπος*, gavia, a sea-cob, or seagell," declares that "*sea-gells*" is the right word here! Again, in the same miscellany for June 1845, p. 582, he objects to the reading "*staniels*," because "all that Caliban promised to give Trinculo [Stephano] were things that could be eaten:—" but did Caliban mean that his new friend should eat "the nimble marmoset"?)

P. 206. (65)

“bear my bottle:”

According to the Cambridge Editors, Capell was wrong in inserting here the stage-direction “[*To Cal.*]” for it appears from the words of Caliban, in p. 212, “And take his bottle from him,” that Trinculo was intrusted with the care of the bottle. Perhaps so. But in a still later scene Trinculo talks of “our bottles,” p. 224.

P. 207. (66)

“trencher,”

The folio has “trenchering,” which is undoubtedly an error of the transcriber or compositor, occasioned by the preceding words, “firing” and “requiring.”

P. 207. (67)

“and their labour

*Delight in them sets off:”*

Pope printed “but their labour,” &c.—The folio has “—— set off.”

P. 207. (68)

" 'tis"

Pope's addition ; which Malone and Boswell would persuade us is unnecessary.

P. 207. (69) " *But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour ;  
Most busiless when I do it.*"

The folio has

" *But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,  
Most busie lest [the second folio "least"], when I doe it.*"

After much consideration, I now (1863) adopt, in this very difficult passage, the reading of Theobald, "*Most busiless*," as far more satisfactory, on the whole, than any of the numerous emendations which have been proposed.—Walker has adduced from Sylvester's *Dubartas* (that once so famous tome) the following instances of words formed like "*busiless* ;"

"Week i. Day i. ed. 1641, p. 4, col. 2,

'Alas ! how faithless, and how *modestless* [Fr. "*de honte vuides*"],  
Are you, that in your ephemerides  
Mark th' year, the month, the [read "and"] day, &c.

[Day] vii. [of Week i.] p. 60, col. 2,

'Fond Epicure, thou . . . . .  
. . . . . vainly fraudulent  
(Not shunning th' atheist's sin, but punishment)  
Imaginest [read "Imagined'st"] a God, so *perfect-less* [Fr. "*imparfait*"],  
In works defying whom thy words profess.'

[Day] ii. [of Week] ii. [Part] iv. p. 142, col. 2,

'yet *firm-less* [Fr. has no corresponding word] in affects,  
It falls in love with subtle Grecian wits.'

[Day] iv. [of Week ii. Part] iii. p. 220, col. 2,

'Th' unsavory breath of serpents crawling o're  
The Lybians pest-full and *un-blest-full* [Fr. has no corresponding  
word] shore.'" *Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. ii. p. 286.

(Walker also cites "Kyd, Translation of Garnier's *Cornelia*, i. Dodsley, vol. ii. p. 250," as affording an instance of the word "*worthiless*;" but on turning to the rare old 4to of Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1594, sig. B 2, I find that it there has "worthily" (to say nothing of "*plus digne*" in the original French of Garnier,—*Tragedies*, &c. p. 103, ed. 1616), and consequently that the "*worthiless*" which Walker unsuspectingly quotes is one of the thousand blunders of Dodsley and his editors.—Both Dr. Johnson and Dr. Richardson have admitted "*busiless*" into their respective Dictionaries on the strength of Theobald's conjecture.

Of the other attempts to amend the present passage I may mention,—Pope's "*Least busy when I do it*;" Holt White's "*Most busiest when I do it*;" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector's "*Most busy-blest when I do it*;" Mr. Staunton's "*Most busy felt when I do it*;" and Mr. Spedding's "*Most busiest when idlest*."—On the last of these conjectures Mr. W. N. Lettsom remarks ; "It appears to me to invert the sense required by the context, which is (at least

if this half-line refers to Ferdinand himself, not to his thoughts) 'Most idlest when most busiest.' "

Just as I am about to send the present note to press, Mr. John Forster writes to me as follows; "I hope you will not hesitate to adopt Theobald's reading, '*busiless*,' in the much-vexed passage of *The Tempest*. Pope, in making the alteration, 'Least busy when I do it,' saw what was the meaning required; though he failed to see, as Theobald did, how slight a correction would produce that meaning in the form of a word wherein no greater license was taken than has been in many other instances conceded to the poet.—Ferdinand is not, as Spedding's undoubtedly ingenious suggestion would make him, 'Most busiest when idlest:' his case is the reverse of that; he is most idlest when busiest. On the other hand, Holt White's 'Most busiest when I do it' contradicts the sense of the preceding line; and Staunton's 'Most busy felt when I do it' seems to me sheer nonsense."

P. 208. (70)

"If you'll sit down," &c.

See note 89.

P. 209. (71) "This wooden slavery than to suffer tamely"

The folio has merely "*This wodden slauerie, then to suffer*,"—the line being undoubtedly mutilated. Pope printed "*This wooden slavery than I would suffer*:" but Malone has taken some pains to show (and perhaps successfully) that the old reading "*to suffer*" is right, however ungrammatical."

P. 209. (72)

"what"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "aught" (a repudiated conjecture of Malone's).

P. 210. (73)

"with a bottle."

See note 65.

P. 211. (74)

"mutineer,—"

So the folio ("*mutineere*"). But it is questionable if Shakespeare did not write here "*mutiner*," the more usual spelling of the word: in *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. 1, we have "*Worshipful mutiners*."

P. 211. (75) "To hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?"

Should most probably be

"To hearken once again the suit I made thee?"

P. 211. (76)

"Cal. As I told thee before," &c.

I quite agree with Steevens in thinking that Caliban was intended *always* to speak in verse; and I therefore believe that the present speech is corrupted, because it defies any tolerable metrical arrangement.

P. 211. (77)

"I'll serve thee."

"Rather, I think, '*I will serve thee*;' for I doubt whether an emphasis was intended to be laid on '*thee*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 5.

P. 212. (78) "I'll go further off."

Wrongly altered in the second folio to "Ile goe no further off."

P. 212. (79) "give thee the lie.—"

So the fourth folio.—The earlier folios omit "thee."

P. 212. (80) "then thou mayst brain him,"

The folio has "there thou," &c.—Long before I learned that the alteration of "there" to "then" had occurred to Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, it was suggested to me by the subsequent "Wilt thou destroy him *then*?" and, though in my former edition I retained the old reading, I now hold the alteration to be absolutely necessary.

P. 212. (81) "deck't"

So Hanmer (and so Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 5).—The folio has "decke."

P. 213. (82) "I ne'er saw woman,"

The folio has "I neuer saw a woman."

P. 213. (83) "scout"

The folio has "cout."

P. 214. (84) "Sometime"

The folio has "Sometimes:" but see the next line; and compare "*Sometime . . . sometime*" in Caliban's speech, p. 202.

P. 214. (85) "Wilt come?"

The folio makes these words commence the next speech.—Ritson saw the proper distribution.

P. 215. (86) "did lie,"

Hanmer reads, and very plausibly, "lied."

P. 215. (87) "islanders,—"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "Islands."

P. 216. (88) "Each putter-out of one for five"

The folio has "—— of five for one,"—which Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier consider as equivalent to—"Each putter-out at the rate of five for one:" but the words could not bear that meaning. I adopt (with Malone and Mr. Halliwell) the emendation of Thirlby. (In a note on Jonson's *Works*, ii. 72, Gifford observes; "Thus, too, Shakespeare, 'Each putter-out of *one for five*,—as Malone properly reads," &c.)—1863. The Cambridge Editors retain the reading of the folio, "*Each putter-out of five for one*," with the following note; "See Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Noble Gentleman*, i. i. (Vol. ii. p. 261, ed. Moxon): 'The return will give you five for one.' MARINE is about to travel;"—a note in which they evidently confound "*putting out five for one*" with "*receiving five for one*," and show, besides, that they are imperfectly acquainted with the story of the play they quote.

P. 216. (89) "Alon. *I will stand to, and feed,  
Although my last : no matter, since I feel  
The best is past.—*"

"I cannot but think that this passage was intended to be in rhyme, and should be printed thus :

'I will stand to and feed; although my last,  
No matter, since I feel the best is past.' " MASON.

But a greater objection to such an arrangement than what would arise from breaking the *συνάφεια* of the blank verse at the commencement of this speech, is presented by the words with which it concludes,

*"Brother, my lord the duke,  
Stand to, and do as we ;"*

for they cannot with any propriety be reduced to a single line; and there would be no little awkwardness in cutting them up into

*"Brother,  
My lord the duke, stand to, and do as we."*

Previously in this play, p. 208, we have had a speech which, though printed as blank verse, will read as a couplet,

*"Mir. If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while : pray, give me that;  
I'll carry 't to the pile."*

Nor is it improbable that Shakespeare originally intended couplets in both these passages, but afterwards changed his mind.

P. 216. (90) "and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes."

Means that the mechanist of the theatre was to do his best to make it seem that the harpy had devoured the banquet (compare what Prospero says presently,

*"Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou  
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring," &c.),*

and to contrive some method for the disappearing of the table.

P. 216. (91) "*You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in't,—the never-surfeited sea  
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this island,"*

Here the usual modern reading is "*Hath causèd to belch up; and on this island,"* &c.; but the old text is undoubtedly right. (In the fourth folio "*up you*" is altered to "*you up*.") Compare

*"and then I lost—  
All mine own folly—the society,  
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,  
Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
Once more to look on him."*

*The Winter's Tale, act v. sc. 1.*



(When Mr. Collier, having adopted the modern reading here, pronounced “you” to be “too much for the verse,” it must have escaped him that the folio has “*caus’d*,”—not “*causèd*.”)

P. 217. (92)

“*wrath*”

The folio has “*wraths*.”

P. 217. (93)

“*their great guilt,  
Like poison given to work a great time after,*”

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 289) would read “—— a long time after.”

P. 218. (94)

“*a thread of mine own life,*”

The folio has “*a third of mine owne life,*”—which is rather an old spelling than a mistake: in early books we occasionally find “third” for “thrid,” i. e. *thread*. (The form “thrid” occurs in Dryden, and, I believe, in still more recent writers.)

P. 218. (95)

“*gift,*”

The folio has “*guest*.”

P. 219. (96)

“*Some vanity of mine art :*”

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 6) “suspects that ‘*vanity*’ is an erratum for ‘*rarity*.’” But “*vanity*” (i. e. illusion) is quite right: see, in *Glossary* to the present edition, the passage cited by Steevens from the romance of *Emare*.

P. 220. (97)

“*with peonèd and lilied brims,*”

The folio has “*with pioned, and twilled brims*.”—In Milton’s *Arcades* we find

“Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more.

By sandy Ladon’s *lilied banks* ;”

on which T. Warton writes; “Here is an authority for reading ‘*lilied*’ instead of ‘*twilled*’ in a very controverted verse of *The Tempest*: this instance almost ascertains one of Mr. Steevens’s very rational conjectures on a text which had been long incorrigible.”—“Mr. Boaden has observed to me that Mr. Steevens might have offered a better defence than he has produced for his reading ‘*lilied*,’ which Mr. Henley [the most provoking of all the annotators on Shakespeare] objected to, because lilies are not to be found in April. In Lord Bacon’s *Essay on Gardens*, where he is enumerating the flowers which are in season at different periods of the year, we meet with the following passage: ‘In April follow the double white violet; the wall-flower; the stock-gillyflower; the cowslip; flower-de-luces; and *lilies of all natures*; rosemary flowers; the tulipa; the double *peony*, &c.’” BOSWELL. See Singer’s ed. of Bacon’s *Essays*, p. 173.—Here Mr. Grant White well remarks that “pioned [peonèd] and lilied banks [brims]” are required “to make cold nymphs chaste crowns.”

P. 220. (98)

"broom-groves,"

Altered very improperly by Hanmer (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector) to "brown groves."

P. 220. (99)

"her peacocks"

The folio has "here *Peacocks*;" and, just above, the stage-direction "*Iuno descends*,"—from which Mr. Collier understands that "*Juno* appeared in the air during the present speech, that she was let down *slowly* (as the Ms. Corrector states in the margin), and that she did not reach the stage until *Iris* and *Ceres* were concluding their speeches." But I much doubt if *Juno* was visible to the audience so soon: in old plays (printed from the prompter's copies) stage-directions are very often placed prematurely, as warnings to the performers to be ready.

P. 221. (100) "Cer. *Earth's increase, and foison plenty*,"

The prefix "*Cer.*" was added by Theobald.—The editor of the second folio inserted the "*and*." (According to Mr. Collier, "the conjunction gives the measure a jiggling turn;" which is exactly what the absence of the conjunction does.)

P. 221. (101)

"*So rare a wonder'd father and a wife  
Make this place Paradise.*"

In this passage the words "*So rare a wonder'd father*" are equivalent to "*So rare-wonder'd a father*:" see *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 129, by Walker, who compares "*so new a fashion'd robe*" in *King John*, act iv. sc. 2, "*so fair an offer'd chain*" in *The Comedy of Errors*, act iii. last speech, &c.—The folio has

"*So rare a wondred Father, and a wise  
Makes this place Paradise.*"

P. 222. (102)

"wandering"

The folio has "*windring*." (Here I give, with the folio, "*Naiades*," which, I believe, was the usual form of the word: so in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act ii. sc. 2, we have "*Nereides*," not "*Nereids*.")

P. 222. (103)

"*sedg'd*"

"Perhaps '*sedge*,'" says Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 69); and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 222. (104) "*This is most strange: your father's in some passion*"

So Hanmer.—The folio has "*This is strange*," &c.—Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 80) would read "*This strange*," &c. ("*This*" being the contracted form of "*This is*;" which the folio has in *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.) He also thinks that the reading "*This is most strange*," &c., "is, in spite of *Miranda's* reply, too strong for the occasion," and that "the contracted '*passion*' at the end of a line is unlikely." But, in my opinion, the addition "*most*" is quite justified by *Miranda's* reply; and already in the present play, p. 189, we have had "the contracted '*passion*' at the end of a line,"

"Allaying both their fury and my *passion*."

P. 222. (105)

"Sure,"

I have added this word for the metre's sake.—Hanmer added "Why."

P. 222. (106)

"Leave not a wreck behind."

The folio has "*Leaue not a racke behinde*."—On this celebrated passage I made the following remarks in a little work published some years ago: "I believe that Malone's objection to the reading, 'a rack,' is unanswerable. 'No instance,' he observes, 'has yet been produced where *rack* is used to signify a single small fleeting cloud;' in other words,—though our early writers very frequently make mention of 'the rack,' they never say 'a rack.' Malone adds, 'I incline to think that *rack* is a mis-spelling for *wrack*, i. e. wreck:—and I now am thoroughly convinced that such is the case. In authors of the age of Elizabeth and James I have repeatedly met with *rack* put for *wrack* [e. g. in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer*, act ii. sc. 3, the old eds. have

'That tongue that tells faire tales to mens destructions  
Shall neuer *rack* [i. e. *wrack*=wreck] me more.'

In Fletcher's *Woman's Prize*, act ii. sc. 3, they have

'And if he can cure such a *rack* [i. e. *wrack*=wreck] of honour,'  
&c.

In Fletcher's *Wife for a Month*, act v. sc. 2,

'You may snatch him vp by parcels, like a Sea *Rack* [i. e. sea-  
*wrack*=sea-wreck], ' &c.];

and in all the early editions of Milton's *Paradise Lost* which I possess,—viz. the first, 1667; the second, 1674; the third, 1678; the fourth, 1688; and the eighth, 1707,—I find

'Now dreadful deeds

Might have ensued, nor only Paradise  
In this commotion, but the starry cope  
Of heaven perhaps, or all the elements  
At least had gone to *rack* [i. e. *wrack*=wreck], ' &c.

B. iv. 990.

'A world devote to universal *rack* [i. e. *wrack*=wreck].'

B. xi. 821."

A Few Notes, &c. p. 13.

Since the publication of the volume just quoted, Dr. Richardson has favoured me with a letter containing an elaborate defence of "*Leave not a rack behind*:" but his arguments have only strengthened my conviction that it is wrong. A portion of his pleading in favour of "rack" runs thus: "Prospero the magician has presented a vision of baseless fabric, and the actors and agencies of it are *meltd into thin air*; and he pronounces—that *like this* baseless fabric, *the fabric of the great globe itself shall dissolve*, that is, *melt*; and, like this faded or *evanished* unsubstantial pageant, shall by this *dissolution* (not destruction or disruption) leave not (the only possible relict of such visionary unsubstantial pageant) a *rack* behind. All *likeness* would be lost by the substitution of *wreck*,—a mass of solid ruins." Now, I cannot but think that in the above minute analysis of the simile Dr. Richardson shows himself over-subtle. Shakespeare, I believe, meant nothing more than this: "as the unsubstantial pageant had wholly vanished, so the great substantial globe itself should pass away without leaving a single fragment behind."

P. 223. (107)

"Fer. Mir.

*We wish your peace.*

Pros. [to Ariel] *Come with a thought!—I thank ye* [Exeunt Fer. and Mir.].—*Ariel, come!*"

Here Walker (*Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. ii. p. 194) "suspects" that we ought to read "*We wish your peace*;" which the fourth folio has.—The second of these speeches stands in the folio thus; "*Come with a thought; I thank thee Ariell: come*;" and Mr. Grant White objects to any alteration, conceiving that the whole line is addressed to Ariel. He ridicules the idea of "making Prospero thank Ferdinand and Miranda for their salutation:" but surely the words "*We wish your peace*" cannot possibly be regarded as a "salutation;" they form a very proper reply to what Prospero has just said,

"I am vex'd ;

Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled," &c.

(In my first edition I retained the old reading, "*I thank thee*," with the remark that "formerly 'thee' was sometimes used when more persons than one were addressed,"—a remark which I now believe to be without foundation. As to the passage in *The Sec. Part of King Henry IV.*, act ii. sc. 3,

"I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter," &c.

we must suppose (if "*thee*" be not a mistake for "*ye*") that the full construction is, "I pray thee, loving wife, and thee, gentle daughter," &c.: and as to the passage which Mr. Staunton cites from *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2, where the prince, addressing the players, says (according to the old eds.), "You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends,"—the position of "*thee*" in the sentence determines that it is an error for "*ye*." Moreover, the folio has in *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. 1, "He that will give good words to thee, will flatter," &c.; where the author must have written "*ye*" or "*you*."

P. 223. (108) "*Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?*"

Can hardly be right. It has been amended to "*But, say again*," &c., and to "*Well; say again*," &c.

P. 223. (109)

"*feet*."

Mr. Spedding conjectures "*fear*."

P. 223. (110)

"*are all lost, quite lost*;"

So Hanmer printed (and Malone proposed).—The folio has "*all, all lost*," &c.—Walker (*Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. i. p. 297) would read "*all are lost*," &c.

P. 224. (111)

"*them on this line*."

The folio has "*on them this line*."

P. 224. (112)

"*Good my lord*,"

Is "*lord*" a dissyllable here (as it sometimes is)? I think not.—This has been amended to "*Good good, my lord*."

P. 225. (113) " *Let's along,*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "*Let's alone*" (which, according to Mr. Staunton, has the same meaning as Theobald's alteration).

P. 225. (114) " *or*"

The folio has "*or to*."

P. 226. (115) " *all are prisoners, sir,*"

The folio has "*all prisoners Sir*."—Pope printed "*all your prisoners, sir*;" but I prefer the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 226. (116) " *the line-grove*"

Is usually altered to "*the lime-grove*." (Mr. Hunter, *Disq. on Shakespeare's Tempest*, p. 59, cites from Cole, "*line-tree, tilia,*" &c.)

P. 226. (117) " *till your release.*"

The editor of the third folio printed "*till you release*." But see note 131.

P. 226. (118) " *sir,*"

An interpolation, perhaps.

P. 226. (119) " *like winter-drops*"

So the fourth folio.—The earlier folios have "*like winters drops*."

P. 227. (120) " *that relish all as sharply*  
*Passion as they,*"

So these words are pointed in the third folio, and rightly, it would seem.—The earlier folios have a comma after "*sharply*."—For "*Passion*" Pope substituted "*Passion'd*."

P. 227. (121) " *mushrooms,*"

So the third folio ("*Mushromes*").—The earlier folios have "*Mushrumps*."

P. 227. (122) " *azur'd vault*"

"Perhaps '*azure vault*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 69.

P. 228. (123) " *boil'd*"

The folio has "*boile*."

P. 228. (124) " *Holy Gonzalo,*"

Mr. Collier, at the bidding of his Ms. Corrector, prints "*Noble Gonzalo*," because Gonzalo was "in no respect *holy*." But Mr. Staunton well observes; "The word '*holy*,' in Shakespeare's time, besides its ordinary meaning of *godly, sanctified*, and the like, signified also *pure, just, righteous*, &c.: in this

sense, Leontes, in 'The Winter's Tale,' act v. sc. 1, speaks of Polixenes as 'holy,'

' You have a *holy* father,  
A graceful gentleman'."

And I may add, that in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iv. sc. 2, we have the epithet "*holy*" applied to Silvia, a young lady no more remarkable for piety than her neighbours;

" Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
*Holy*, fair, and wise is she," &c.

P. 228. (125) "show"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "flow;" which is, at least, more plausible than the alteration he makes in the preceding line.

P. 228. (126) "fellowly"

Has been altered to "fellow."

P. 228. (127) "O thou good Gonzalo,"

Here "*thou*" is the addition proposed by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 7), who compares "*O thou good Kent*" in *King Lear*, act iv. sc. 7.—The earlier insertion was "*O my good Gonzalo.*"

P. 228. (128)

" *Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood.—  
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—*

The folio has

" *Thou art pinch'd for't now Sebastian. Flesh, and bloud,  
You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,  
Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with Sebastian.*"

The alteration in the pointing of the first line was made by Theobald: and I would particularly refer the reader to my note on the first speech of act iv. sc. 5 of *Troilus and Cressida*. (Here "*flesh and blood*" means, of course, the whole man: which I notice, because Capell calls this change of punctuation an absurdity, and asks "what is *pinching in blood*?" *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. p. iv. p. 70.)—In the second line "entertaine" was corrected to "*entertain'd*" by the editor of the second folio.—In the third line I have not ventured to retain the original reading (that of all the folios),—"whom, with Sebastian," &c.,—though it has been defended. (Earlier, indeed, in this play, I have given, with the old copy,

" *who t' advance, and who  
To trash for over-topping.*" p. 179.

and

" *Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—*" p. 217.

but these are less startling improprieties.) Again, in a subsequent passage (p. 230), where the folio has

"How thou hast met vs heere, *whom* three howres since  
Were wrackt vpon this shore,"

I have altered, with the editor of the second folio, "*whom*" to "*who*."

P. 229. (129) "summer"

Theobald substituted "sun-set."

P. 229. (130) "awake,"

"Perhaps an error for '*awak'd*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 67.

P. 229. (131) "*Thou pardon me my wrongs.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "— thy *wrongs*;" and Mr. Collier adopts this very ignorant alteration. Here undoubtedly Shakespeare wrote "*my wrongs*" (i. e. the wrongs done by me to thee); just as he wrote, earlier in this scene, p. 227, "*their high wrongs*" (i. e. the high wrongs done by them to me); and in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act ii. sc. 1, "*Your wrongs* (i. e. the wrongs done by you) do set a scandal on my sex:" so, too, Greene in the concluding sentence of his exhortation to his companions in his *Groatsworth of Wit*, &c.; "Well, my hand is tyred, and I am forst to leaue where I would beginne; for a whole booke cannot contain *their wrongs*" (i. e. the wrongs done by them—viz. the players), &c.—Compare also, in p. 226, "till *your release*" (i. e. till the release of them by you); and, in *King Lear*, act iv. sc. 2,

"'twas he inform'd against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that *their punishment*

(i. e. the punishment inflicted by Cornwall and Regan on Gloster)

Might have the freer course."

P. 230. (132) "faults,"

The folio has "fault."—Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 230. (133) "supportable"

Steevens reads, and rightly perhaps, "portable" (which Shakespeare elsewhere uses).

P. 230. (134) "*Have lost my daughter.*

Alon.

*A daughter!*"

Here "*daughter*" is a trisyllable: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 207.

P. 230. (135) "*their*"

Capell printed "these,"—a not improbable alteration. (See the note of Malone, to whom an anonymous correspondent had proposed it.)

P. 231. (136) "The cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess."

Here Mr. Collier observes; "The Rev. Mr. Dyce ('Few Notes,' p. 16) refers to a similar 'discovery' in 'The Devil's Charter,' 1607, by B. Barnes, just as

if it were a rarity. These discoveries were common. . . . Mr. Dyce must have entirely forgotten the 'discovery' of 'Henry VIII.' in A. ii. sc. 2, "and many others." The abominable dishonesty of this note! Mr. Collier conceals the very reason why I pointed out the "discovery" in Barnes's tragedy, viz. because in it two young people are *discovered playing at cards*, just as in *The Tempest* Ferdinand and Miranda are *discovered playing at chess*:—Cæsar Borgia, after taking Katherine prisoner, and making her believe that he had put to death her two sons, says,

"Come hither, Katherine, wonder of thy sex,  
The grace of all Italian womanhood,  
Cæsar shall neuer prooue dishonourable:  
Behold thy children living in my tent.

*He discoureth his Tent, where her two sonnes were at  
Cardes."* *The Devils Charter*, sig. I.

P. 232. (137) "remembrance"

The folio has "remembrances."

P. 233. (138) "dead of sleep,"

Has been altered to "dead asleap," and to "dead on sleep,"—the latter of which was the more usual old phraseology. But here, as in some other passages of Shakespeare, "of" is equivalent to "on." And compare

"This stout Assyrian hath a liberall looke,  
And, of my soule, is farre from trecherie," &c.

*The Warres of Cyrus King of Persia*, &c., 1594, sig. A 4.

P. 233. (139) "When we, in all her"

The folio has "Where we, in all our."

P. 234. (140) "He will chastise me."

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 8) would read "He'll chástise me;" and he would make a similar alteration in *Troilus and Cressida*. But he allows that the pronunciation "chastise" was known in Shakespeare's time.

P. 234. (141) "mis-shapen"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 8) would read "mis-shap'd;" which was Pope's alteration.

P. 235. (142) "This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on."

So Capell (and in accordance with the phraseology of an earlier passage, p. 233, "This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod").—The folio has "This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on."



THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.



## THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623.—It is mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c. 1598 (see the Memoir of Shakespeare); and there can be no doubt that it was written at a considerably earlier period:—it is evidently one of the first of Shakespeare's original productions,—that is, of pieces that were not *rifacimenti* of older dramas.—“Some of the incidents in this play may be supposed to have been taken from *The Arcadia* [by Sir P. Sidney, entered in the Stationers' Registers 1588, and printed 1590], book i. chap. vi., where Pyrocles consents to head the Helots.” STEEVENS. “Mrs. Lennox observes, and I think not improbably, that the story of Proteus and Julia might be taken from a similar one in the *Diana* of George Montemayor. ‘This pastoral romance,’ says she, ‘was translated from the Spanish in Shakespeare's time.’ I have seen no earlier translation than that of Bartholomew Yong, who dates his Dedication in November 1598. . . . Indeed, Montemayor was translated two or three years before by one Thomas Wilson; but this work, I am persuaded, was never published *entirely*; perhaps some parts of it were, or the tale might have been translated by others. However, Mr. Steevens says, very truly, that this kind of love-adventure is frequent in the old novelists.” FARMER. It appears from Yong's Preface, that his version, though not printed till 1598, had “lyen by him finished Horaces ten and sixe yeeres more.” After all, however, the story of Felix and Felismena (the portion of the *Diana*, b. ii., which closely resembles the story of Proteus and Julia) may have become known to Shakespeare from a play entitled *The history of Felix and Philiomena shewed and enacted before her highnes by her Ma<sup>ty</sup>s. servaunts on the sondaie next after neweyeaes daie, at night at Grenewiche*, &c., 1584: see Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iii. 408. (“*The Story of the Shepherdess Felismena*,” from Yong's translation of the *Diana*, is reprinted in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



Duke of Milan.

ANTONIO.

PROTEUS, his son.

VALENTINE.

THURIO.

EGLAMOUR.

SPEED, servant to Valentine.

LAUNCE, servant to Proteus.

PANTHINO, servant to Antonio.

Host.

Outlaws.

SILVIA, daughter to the Duke.

JULIA.

LUCETTA, her waiting-woman.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE—*In Verona ; in Milan ; and in a forest near Milan.*

THE  
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

---

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Verona. An open place in the city.*

*Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*

*Val.* Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus :  
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.  
Were't not affection chains thy tender days  
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,  
I rather would entreat thy company  
To see the wonders of the world abroad,  
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,  
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.  
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,  
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

*Pro.* Wilt thou be gone ? Sweet Valentine, adieu !  
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply see'st  
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel :  
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,  
When thou dost meet good hap ; and in thy danger,  
If ever danger do environ thee,  
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,  
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

*Val.* And on a love-book pray for my success ?

*Pro.* Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

*Val.* That's on some shallow story of deep love ;  
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

*Pro.* That's a deep story of a deeper love ;  
For he was more than over shoes in love.

*Val.* 'Tis true ; for you are over boots in love,  
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.<sup>(1)</sup>

*Pro.* Over the boots ! nay, give me not the boots.

*Val.* No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

*Pro.*

What ?

*Val.* To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans ;  
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs ; one fading<sup>(2)</sup> moment's mirth  
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights :  
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain ;  
If lost, why then a grievous labour won ;  
However, but a folly bought with wit,  
Or else a wit by folly vanquishèd.

*Pro.* So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

*Val.* So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

*Pro.* 'Tis love you cavil at : I am not Love.

*Val.* Love is your master, for he masters you :  
And he that is so yokèd by a fool,  
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

*Pro.* Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud  
The eating canker dwells, so eating love  
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

*Val.* And writers say, as the most forward bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
Even so by love the young and tender wit  
Is turn'd to folly ; blasting in the bud,  
Losing his verdure even in the prime,  
And all the fair effects of future hopes.  
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,  
That art a votary to fond desire ?  
Once more adieu ! my father at the road  
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

*Pro.* And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

*Val.* Sweet Proteus, no ; now let us take our leave.  
To Milan<sup>(3)</sup> let me hear from thee by letters  
Of thy success in love, and what news else  
Betideth here in absence of thy friend ;  
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

*Pro.* All happiness bechance to thee in Milan !

*Val.* As much to you at home ! and so, farewell. [*Exit.*

*Pro.* He after honour hunts, I after love :  
He leaves his friends to dignify them more ;  
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.  
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me,—  
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,  
War with good counsel, set the world at naught ;  
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.<sup>(4)</sup>

*Enter SPEED.*

*Speed.* Sir Proteus, save you ! Saw you my master ?

*Pro.* But now he parted hence, t' embark for Milan.

*Speed.* Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already,  
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

*Pro.* Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,  
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

*Speed.* You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then,  
and I a<sup>(5)</sup> sheep ?

*Pro.* I do.

*Speed.* Why, then, my horns are his horns, whether I  
wake or sleep.

*Pro.* A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

*Speed.* This proves me still a sheep.

*Pro.* True ; and thy master a shepherd.

*Speed.* Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

*Pro.* It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

*Speed.* The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep  
the shepherd ; but I seek my master, and my master seeks  
not me : therefore I am no sheep.

*Pro.* The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shep-  
herd for food follows not the sheep ; thou for wages followest  
thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee : therefore  
thou art a sheep.

*Speed.* Such another proof will make me cry “ baa.”

*Pro.* But, dost thou hear ? gavest thou my letter to Julia ?

*Speed.* Ay, sir : I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her,  
a laced mutton ; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost  
mutton, nothing for my labour.

*Pro.* Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

*Speed.* If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

*Pro.* Nay, in that you are a stray, 'twere best pound you.

*Speed.* Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

*Pro.* You mistake ; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

*Speed.* From a pound to a pin ? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

*Pro.* But what said she ?

*Speed* [*nodding*]. Ay.

*Pro.* Nod, Ay ?—why, that's noddy.<sup>(6)</sup>

*Speed.* You mistook, sir ; I say, she did nod : and you ask me if she did nod ; and I say, Ay.

*Pro.* And that set together is—noddy.

*Speed.* Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

*Pro.* No, no ; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

*Speed.* Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

*Pro.* Why, sir, how do you bear with me ?

*Speed.* Marry, sir, the letter very orderly ; having nothing but the word “ noddy ” for my pains.

*Pro.* Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

*Speed.* And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

*Pro.* Come, come, open the matter in brief ; what said she ?

*Speed.* Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

*Pro.* Well, sir, here is for your pains [*Giving him money*]. What said she ?

*Speed.* Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

*Pro.* Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her ?

*Speed.* Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her ; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter : and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.<sup>(7)</sup> Give her no token but stones ; for she's as hard as steel.

*Pro.* What, said she nothing ?

*Speed.* No, not so much as “ Take this for thy pains.” To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned<sup>(8)</sup> me ; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself : and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

*Pro.* Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck, Which cannot perish having thee aboard,



Being destin'd to a drier death on shore. [Exit Speed.  
I must go send some better messenger :  
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,  
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [Exit.

---

SCENE II. *The same. The garden of JULIA'S house.*

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*Jul.* But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,  
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love ?

*Luc.* Ay, madam ; so you stumble not unheedfully.

*Jul.* Of all the fair resort of gentlemen  
That every day with parle encounter me,  
In thy opinion which is worthiest love ?

*Luc.* Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind  
According to my shallow-simple skill.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour ?

*Luc.* As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine ;  
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio ?

*Luc.* Well of his wealth ; but of himself, so-so.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus ?

*Luc.* Lord, Lord ! to see what folly reigns in us !

*Jul.* How now ! what means this passion at his name ?

*Luc.* Pardon, dear madam : 'tis a passing shame  
That I, unworthy body as I am,  
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

*Jul.* Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest ?<sup>(9)</sup>

*Luc.* Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

*Jul.* Your reason ?

*Luc.* I have no other but a woman's reason ;  
I think him so, because I think him so.

*Jul.* And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him ?

*Luc.* Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

*Jul.* Why, he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

*Luc.* Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

*Jul.* His little speaking shows his love but small.

*Luc.* Fire that's<sup>(10)</sup> closest kept burns most of all.

*Jul.* They do not love that do not show their love.

*Luc.* O, they love least that let men know their love.

*Jul.* I would I knew his mind.

*Luc.* Peruse this paper, madam. [Gives a letter.]

*Jul.* [reads] "*To Julia.*"—Say, from whom?

*Luc.* That the contents will show.

*Jul.* Say, say, who gave it thee?

*Luc.* Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.

He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,  
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.

*Jul.* Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper: see it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight.

*Luc.* To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

*Jul.* Will ye be gone?

*Luc.* That you may ruminate. [Exit.]

*Jul.* And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter:

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she,<sup>(11)</sup> that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view,—

Since maids, in modesty, say "No" to that

Which they would have the profferer construe "Ay"!

Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angerly I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!

My penance is, to call Lucetta back,

And ask remission for my folly past.—

What, ho! Lucetta!

*Re-enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* What would your ladyship?

*Jul.* Is it near dinner-time?

*Luc.* I would it were,  
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,  
And not upon your maid.

*Jul.* What is't that you took up so gingerly?

*Luc.* Nothing.

*Jul.* Why didst thou stoop, then?

*Luc.* To take a paper up that I let fall.

*Jul.* And is that paper nothing?

*Luc.* Nothing concerning me.

*Jul.* Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

*Luc.* Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,  
Unless it have a false interpreter.

*Jul.* Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

*Luc.* That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.  
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.<sup>(12)</sup>

*Jul.* As little by such toys as may be possible.  
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.<sup>(13)</sup>

*Luc.* It is too heavy for so light a tune.

*Jul.* Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then?

*Luc.* Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

*Jul.* And why not you?

*Luc.* I cannot reach so high.

*Jul.* Let's see your song [*Taking the letter*]. How now,  
minion!<sup>(13)</sup>

*Luc.* Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:  
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

*Jul.* You do not?

*Luc.* No, madam; it is too sharp.

*Jul.* You, minion, are too saucy.

*Luc.* Nay, now you are too flat,  
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:  
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

*Jul.* The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

*Luc.* Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

*Jul.* This babble shall not henceforth trouble me:—  
Here is a coil with protestation!— [*Tears the letter.*]

Go get you gone, and let the papers lie :  
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

*Luc.* She makes it strange ; but she would be best pleas'd  
To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.]

*Jul.* Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same !  
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words !  
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,  
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings !  
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.  
Look, here is writ—"kind Julia :"—unkind Julia !  
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,  
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,  
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.  
And here is writ—"love-wounded Proteus :"—  
Poor wounded name ! my bosom, as a bed,  
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd ;  
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.  
But twice or thrice was "Proteus" written down :—  
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,  
Till I have found each letter in the letter,  
Except mine own name : that some whirlwind bear  
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,  
And throw it thence into the raging sea !—  
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—  
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,  
To the sweet Julia :"—that I'll tear away ;—  
And yet I will not, sith so prettily  
He couples it to his complaining names.<sup>(14)</sup>  
Thus will I fold them one upon another :  
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

*Re-enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* Madam,  
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

*Jul.* Well, let us go.

*Luc.* What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here ?

*Jul.* If you respect them, best to take them up.

*Luc.* Nay, I was taken up for laying them down :  
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

*Jul.* I see you have a month's mind to them.<sup>(15)</sup>

*Luc.* Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see ;  
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

*Jul.* Come, come ; will't please you go ? [*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE III. *The same. A room in ANTONIO'S house.*

*Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.*

*Ant.* Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that  
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister ?

*Pan.* 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

*Ant.* Why, what of him ?

*Pan.* He wonder'd that your lordship  
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,  
While other men, of slender reputation,<sup>(18)</sup>  
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out :  
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there ;  
Some to discover islands far away ;  
Some to the studious universities.  
For any, or for all these exercises,  
He said that Proteus your son was meet ;  
And did request me to impórtune you  
To let him spend his time no more at home,  
Which would be great impeachment to his age,  
In having known no travel in his youth.

*Ant.* Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to that  
Whereon this month I have been hammering.  
I have consider'd well his loss of time,  
And how he cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world :  
Experience is by industry achiev'd,  
And perfected by the swift course of time.  
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him ?

*Pan.* I think your lordship is not ignorant  
How his companion, youthful Valentine,  
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

*Ant.* I know it well.

*Pan.* 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither :  
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,

Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,  
And be in eye of every exercise  
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

*Ant.* I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:  
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,  
The execution of it shall make known.  
Even with the speediest expedition  
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

*Pan.* To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,  
With other gentlemen of good esteem,  
Are journeying to salute the emperor,  
And to commend their service to his will.

*Ant.* Good company; with them shall Proteus go:  
And,—in good time:—now will we break with him.

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!<sup>(17)</sup>  
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;  
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.  
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,  
To seal our happiness with their consents!  
O heavenly Julia!

*Ant.* How now! what letter are you reading there?

*Pro.* May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two  
Of commendations sent from Valentine,  
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

*Ant.* Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

*Pro.* There is no news, my lord; but that he writes  
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,  
And daily gracèd by the emperor;  
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

*Ant.* And how stand you affected to his wish?

*Pro.* As one relying on your lordship's will,  
And not depending on his friendly wish.

*Ant.* My will is something sorted with his wish.  
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;  
For what I will, I will, and there an end.  
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time  
With Valentinus<sup>(18)</sup> in the emperor's court:  
What maintenance he from his friends receives,

Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go :

Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

*Pro.* My lord, I cannot be so soon provided :  
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

*Ant.* Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee :  
No more of stay ; to-morrow thou must go.—

Come on, Panthino : you shall be employ'd

To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*]

*Pro.* Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,  
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.

I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,

Lest he should take exceptions to my love ;

And with the vantage of mine own excuse

Hath he excepted most against my love.

O, how this spring of love resembleth<sup>(19)</sup>

Th' uncertain glory of an April day,  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away !

*Re-enter PANTHINO.*

*Pan.* Sir Proteus, your father calls for you :

He is in haste ; therefore, I pray you, go.

*Pro.* Why, this it is,—my heart accords thereto,

And yet a thousand times it answers, No. [*Exeunt.*]

---

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Milan. A room in the Duke's palace.*

*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

*Speed.* [*picking up a glove*] Sir, your glove.

*Val.* Not mine ; my gloves are on.

*Speed.* Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.

*Val.* Ha, let me see : ay, give it me, it's mine :—  
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine !  
Ah, Silvia, Silvia !

*Speed.* [*calling*] Madam Silvia, Madam Silvia !

*Val.* How now, sirrah !

*Speed.* She is not within hearing, sir.

*Val.* Why, sir, who bade you call her ?

*Speed.* Your worship, sir ; or else I mistook.

*Val.* Well, you'll still be too forward.

*Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

*Val.* Go to, sir : tell me, do you know Madam Silvia ?

*Speed.* She that your worship loves ?

*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in love ?

*Speed.* Marry, by these special marks : first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a mal-content ; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast ; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence ; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C ; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam ; to fast, like one that takes diet ; to watch, like one that fears robbing ; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock ; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions ; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner ; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money : and now you are metamorphosed<sup>(20)</sup> with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

*Val.* Are all these things perceived in me ?

*Speed.* They are all perceived without ye.

*Val.* Without me ! they cannot.

*Speed.* Without you ! nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would : but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

*Val.* But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia ?

*Speed.* She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper ?

*Val.* Hast thou observed that ? even she I mean.

*Speed.* Why, sir, I know her not.

*Val.* Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not ?

*Speed.* Is she not hard-favoured, sir ?

*Val.* Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

*Speed.* Sir, I know that well enough.



*Val.* What dost thou know?

*Speed.* That she is not so fair as, of you, well favoured.

*Val.* I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

*Speed.* That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

*Val.* How painted? and how out of count?

*Speed.* Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

*Val.* How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

*Speed.* You never saw her since she was deformed.

*Val.* How long hath she been deformed?

*Speed.* Ever since you loved her.

*Val.* I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

*Speed.* If you love her, you cannot see her.

*Val.* Why?

*Speed.* Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

*Val.* What should I see then?

*Speed.* Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.<sup>(21)</sup>

*Val.* Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

*Speed.* True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

*Val.* In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

*Speed.* I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

*Val.* Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

*Speed.* And have you?

*Val.* I have.

*Speed.* Are they not lamely writ?

*Val.* No, boy, but as well as I can do them.—Peace! here she comes.

*Speed.* [*aside*] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

*Enter SILVIA.*

*Val.* Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows !

*Speed.* [*aside*] O, give ye good even ! here's a million of manners.

*Sil.* Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

*Speed.* [*aside*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

*Val.* As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter  
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours ;  
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,  
But for my duty to your ladyship. [*Gives a letter.*]

*Sil.* I thank you, gentle servant : 'tis very clerkly done.

*Val.* Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off ;  
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,  
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

*Sil.* Perchance you think too much of so much pains ?

*Val.* No, madam ; so it stead you, I will write,  
Please you command, a thousand times as much :  
And yet,—

*Sil.* A pretty period ! Well, I guess the sequel ;  
And yet I will not name 't ;—and yet I care not ;—  
And yet take this again ;—and yet I thank you ;  
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

*Speed.* [*aside*] And yet you will ; and yet another “yet.”

*Val.* What means your ladyship ? do you not like it ?

*Sil.* Yes, yes ; the lines are very quaintly writ :  
But since unwillingly, take them again ;  
Nay, take them. [*Gives back the letter.*]

*Val.* Madam, they are for<sup>(22)</sup> you.

*Sil.* Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request ;  
But I will none of them ; they are for you :  
I would have had them writ more movingly.

*Val.* Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

*Sil.* And when it's writ, for my sake read it over :  
And if it please you, so ; if not, why, so.

*Val.* If it please me, madam ! what then ?

*Sil.* Why, if it please you, take it for your labour :  
And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit.*]

*Speed.* O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,

As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple !  
My master sues to her ; and she hath taught her suitor,  
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.  
O excellent device ! was there ever heard a better,  
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the  
letter ?

*Val.* How now, sir ! what are you reasoning with yourself ?

*Speed.* Nay, I was rhyming : 'tis you that have the reason.

*Val.* To do what ?

*Speed.* To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

*Val.* To whom ?

*Speed.* To yourself : why, she wooes you by a figure.

*Val.* What figure ?

*Speed.* By a letter, I should say.

*Val.* Why, she hath not writ to me ?

*Speed.* What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself ? Why, do you not perceive the jest ?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Speed.* No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest ?

*Val.* She gave me none, except an angry word.

*Speed.* Why, she hath given you a letter.

*Val.* That's the letter I writ to her friend.

*Speed.* And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

*Val.* I would it were no worse.

*Speed.* I'll warrant you, 'tis as well :

For often\* have you writ to her ; and she, in modesty,  
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply ;  
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,  
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.—Why muse you, sir ? 'tis dinner-time.

*Val.* I have dined.

*Speed.* Ay, but hearken, sir ; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress ; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

\* *For often, &c.* A quotation, it would seem.

SCENE II. *Verona. The garden of JULIA's house.**Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.**Pro.* Have patience, gentle Julia.*Jul.* I must, where is no remedy.*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will return.*Jul.* If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

*[Gives him a ring.]**Pro.* Why, then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this.*[Gives her another.]**Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.*Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy;

And when that hour o'erslips me in the day

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,

The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!

My father stays my coming; answer not;

The tide is now:—nay, not thy tide of tears;

That tide will stay me longer than I should:

Julia, farewell!

*[Exit Julia.]*

What, gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

*Enter PANTHINO.**Pan.* Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.*Pro.* Go; I come, I come:—

Alas, this parting strikes poor lovers dumb!

*[Exeunt.]*SCENE III. *The same. A street.**Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.**Launce.* Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab my

dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives : my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear : he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog : a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting ; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father ;—no, this left shoe is my father ;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother ;—nay, that cannot be so neither ;—yes, it is so, it is so,—it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father ; a vengeance on't ! there 'tis : now, sir, this staff is my sister ; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand : this hat is Nan, our maid : I am the dog ;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself ; ay, so, so.<sup>(23)</sup> Now come I to my father ; “ Father, your blessing ! ” now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping : now should I kiss my father ; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother ;—O, that the shoe could speak now like a wood woman !<sup>(24)</sup>—well, I kiss her ;—why, there 'tis ; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister : mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word : but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

*Enter PANTHINO.*

*Pan.* Launce, away, away, aboard ! thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter ? why weepest thou, man ? Away, ass ! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

*Launce.* It is no matter if the tied were lost ; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

*Pan.* What's the unkindest tide ?

*Launce.* Why, he that's tied here,—Crab, my dog.

*Pan.* Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood : and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage ; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master ; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service ; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth ?

*Launce.* For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

*Pan.* Where should I lose my tongue?

*Launce.* In thy tale.

*Pan.* In my<sup>(25)</sup> tail!

*Launce.* Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied!<sup>(26)</sup> Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

*Pan.* Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

*Launce.* Sir, call me what thou darest.

*Pan.* Wilt thou go?

*Launce.* Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE IV. *Milan. A room in the Duke's palace.*

*Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, and SPEED.*

*Sil.* Servant,—

*Val.* Mistress?

*Speed.* Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

*Val.* Ay, boy, it's for love.

*Speed.* Not of you.

*Val.* Of my mistress, then.

*Speed.* 'Twere good you knocked him.

*Sil.* Servant, you are sad.

*Val.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.

*Thu.* Seem you that you are not?

*Val.* Haply I do.

*Thu.* So do counterfeits.

*Val.* So do you.

*Thu.* What seem I that I am not?

*Val.* Wise.

*Thu.* What instance of the contrary?

*Val.* Your folly.

*Thu.* And how quote you my folly?

*Val.* I quote it in your jerkin.

*Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet.

*Val.* Well, then, I'll double your folly.

*Thu.* How!

*Sil.* What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

*Val.* Give him leave, madam ; he is a kind of chameleon.

*Thu.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

*Val.* You have said, sir.

*Thu.* Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

*Val.* I know it well, sir ; you always end ere you begin.

*Sil.* A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

*Val.* 'Tis indeed, madam ; we thank the giver.

*Sil.* Who is that, servant ?

*Val.* Yourself, sweet lady ; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

*Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

*Val.* I know it well, sir ; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers,—for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

*Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more :—here comes my father.

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.—  
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health :  
What say you to a letter from your friends  
Of much good news ?

*Val.* My lord, I will be thankful  
To any happy messenger from thence.

*Duke.* Know ye Don Antonio,<sup>(27)</sup> your countryman ?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman  
To be of worth and worthy estimation,<sup>(28)</sup>  
And not without desert so well reputed.

*Duke.* Hath he not a son ?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord ; a son that well deserves  
The honour and regard of such a father.

*Duke.* You know him well ?

*Val.* I know him as myself ;<sup>(29)</sup> for from our infancy  
We have convers'd and spent our hours together :  
And though myself have been an idle truant,

Omitting the sweet benefit of time  
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,  
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,  
Made use and fair advantage of his days;  
His years but young, but his experience old;  
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;  
And, in a word,—for far behind his worth  
Come all the praises that I now bestow,—  
He is complete in feature and in mind,  
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

*Duke.* Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,  
He is as worthy for an empress' love  
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.  
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,  
With commendation from great potentates;  
And here he means to spend his time awhile:  
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

*Val.* Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

*Duke.* Welcome him, then, according to his worth;  
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:—  
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:  
I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*

*Val.* This is the gentleman I told your ladyship  
Had come along with me, but that his mistress  
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

*Sil.* Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them,  
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

*Val.* Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

*Sil.* Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,  
How could he see his way to seek out you?

*Val.* Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

*Thu.* They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

*Val.* To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:  
Upon a homely object Love can wink.

*Sil.* Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Val.* Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,  
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

*Sil.* His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,



If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

*Val.* Mistress, it is : sweet lady, entertain him  
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

*Sil.* Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

*Pro.* Not so, sweet lady ; but too mean a servant  
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

*Val.* Leave off discourse of disability :—  
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

*Pro.* My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

*Sil.* And duty never yet did want his meed :  
Servant, you're welcome to a worthless mistress.

*Pro.* I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

*Sil.* That you are welcome ?

*Pro.* That you are worthless.<sup>(30)</sup>

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, my lord your father would speak with  
you.<sup>(31)</sup>

*Sil.* I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Servant.*

*Come, Sir Thurio,*

Go you<sup>(32)</sup> with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome :

I'll leave you to confer of home affairs ;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

*Pro.* We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.*

*Val.* Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came ?

*Pro.* Your friends are well, and have them much com-  
mended.

*Val.* And how do yours ?

*Pro.* I left them all in health.

*Val.* How does your lady ? and how thrives your love ?

*Pro.* My tales of love were wont to weary you ;

I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

*Val.* Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now.

I have done penance for contemning Love :

Those high-imperious thoughts<sup>(33)</sup> have punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,

With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs ;

For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,

And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.  
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,  
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,  
There is no woe to his correction,  
Nor to his service no such joy on earth!  
Now no discourse, except it be of love;  
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,  
Upon the very naked name of love.

*Pro.* Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.  
Was this the idol that you worship so?

*Val.* Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

*Pro.* No; but she is an earthly paragon.

*Val.* Call her divine.

*Pro.* I will not flatter her.

*Val.* O, flatter me; for love delights in praise.<sup>(34)</sup>

*Pro.* When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;  
And I must minister the like to you.

*Val.* Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,  
Yet let her be a principality,  
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

*Pro.* Except my mistress.

*Val.* Sweet, except not any;  
Except thou wilt except against my love.

*Pro.* Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

*Val.* And I will help thee to prefer her too:  
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—  
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth  
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,  
And, of so great a favour growing proud,  
Disdain to root the summer-swelling<sup>(35)</sup> flower,  
And make rough winter everlastingly.

*Pro.* Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

*Val.* Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing  
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;<sup>(36)</sup>  
She is alone.

*Pro.* Then let her alone.<sup>(37)</sup>

*Val.* Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;  
And I as rich in having such a jewel  
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,  
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.  
My foolish rival, that her father likes  
Only for his possessions are so huge,  
Is gone with her along ; and I must after,  
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

*Pro.* But she loves you ?

*Val.* Ay,

And we're betroth'd : nay, more, our marriage-hour,  
With all the cunning manner of our flight,  
Determin'd of ; how I must climb her window,  
The ladder made of cords ; and all the means  
Plotted and greed on for my happiness.  
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,  
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

*Pro.* Go on before ; I shall inquire you forth :  
I must unto the road, to disembark  
Some necessities that I needs must use ;  
And then I'll presently attend on you.<sup>(38)</sup>

*Val.* Will you make haste ?

*Pro.* I will.

[*Exeunt Valentine and Speed.*]

Even as one heat another heat expels,  
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
So the remembrance of my former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.  
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,<sup>(39)</sup>  
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,  
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus ?  
She's fair ; and so is Julia, that I love,—  
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd ;  
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,  
Bears no impression of the thing it was.  
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,  
And that I love him not as I was wont :  
O, but I love his lady too-too much ;  
And that's the reason I love him so little.  
How shall I dote on her with more advice,  
That thus without advice begin to love her !  
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,  
And that hath dazzled my reason's light ;<sup>(40)</sup>

But when I look on her perfections,  
There is no reason but I shall be blind.  
If I can check my erring love, I will ;  
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[*Exit.*

---

SCENE V. *The same. A street.*

*Enter SPEED and LAUNCE severally.*

*Speed.* Launce ! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan !<sup>(41)</sup>

*Launce.* Forswear not thyself, sweet youth ; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged ; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, “ Welcome.”

*Speed.* Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently ; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia ?

*Launce.* Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

*Speed.* But shall she marry him ?

*Launce.* No.

*Speed.* How, then ? shall he marry her ?

*Launce.* No, neither.

*Speed.* What, are they broken ?

*Launce.* No, they are both as whole as a fish.

*Speed.* Why, then, how stands the matter with them ?

*Launce.* Marry, thus ; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

*Speed.* What an ass art thou ! I understand thee not.

*Launce.* What a block art thou, that thou canst not ! My staff understands me.

*Speed.* What thou sayest ?

*Launce.* Ay, and what I do too : look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

*Speed.* It stands under thee, indeed.

*Launce.* Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

*Speed.* But tell me true, will't be a match ?

*Launce.* Ask my dog : if he say ay, it will ; if he say no, it will ; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

*Speed.* The conclusion is, then, that it will.

*Launce.* Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

*Speed.* 'Tis well that I get it so. But, *Launce*, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover ?

*Launce.* I never knew him otherwise.

*Speed.* Than how ?

*Launce.* A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

*Speed.* Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

*Launce.* Why, fool, I meant not thee ; I meant thy master.

*Speed.* I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

*Launce.* Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so ; if not, <sup>(42)</sup> thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

*Speed.* Why ?

*Launce.* Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go ?

*Speed.* At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE VI. *The same. A room in the Duke's palace.*

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* To leave my *Julia*, shall I be forsworn ;  
To love fair *Silvia*, shall I be forsworn ;  
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn ;  
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,  
Provokes me to this threefold perjury :  
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear :  
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd, <sup>(43)</sup>  
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it !  
At first I did adore a twinkling star,  
But now I worship a celestial sun :  
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ;  
And he wants wit that wants resolvèd will  
To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for better.

Fie, fie, unreverend tongue ! to call her bad,  
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd  
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.  
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do ;  
But there I leave to love where I should love.  
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose :  
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself ;  
If I lose them, this<sup>(44)</sup> find I by their loss,—  
For Valentine, myself ; for Julia, Silvia.  
I to myself am dearer than a friend,  
For love is still most precious in itself ;  
And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her fair !—  
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.  
I will forget that Julia is alive,  
Remembering that my love to her is dead ;  
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,  
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.  
I cannot now prove constant to myself,  
Without some treachery us'd to Valentine.  
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder  
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window ;  
Myself in counsel his competitor :  
Now presently I'll give her father notice  
Of their disguising and pretended flight ;  
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine,  
For Thurio he intends shall wed his daughter :  
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,  
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.  
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,  
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift !

[*Exit.*

---

SCENE VII. *Verona. A room in JULIA'S house.*

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*Jul.* Counsel, Lucetta ; gentle girl, assist me ;  
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—  
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts  
Are visibly charácter'd and engrav'd,—

To lesson me ; and tell me some good mean,  
How, with my honour, I may undertake  
A journey to my loving Proteus.

*Luc.* Alas, the way is wearisome and long !

*Jul.* A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary  
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps ;  
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,  
And when the flight is made to one so dear,  
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

*Luc.* Better forbear till Proteus make return.

*Jul.* O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food ?  
Pity the dearth that I have pinèd in,  
By longing for that food so long a time.  
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,  
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow  
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*Luc.* I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,  
But qualify the fire's<sup>(45)</sup> extreme rage,  
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

*Jul.* The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns :  
The current that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;  
But when his fair course is not hinderèd,  
He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;  
And so by many winding nooks he strays,  
With willing sport, to the wide ocean.<sup>(46)</sup>  
Then let me go, and hinder not my course :  
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,  
And make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step have brought me to my love ;  
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,  
A blessèd soul doth in Elysium.

*Luc.* But in what habit will you go along ?

*Jul.* Not like a woman ; for I would prevent  
The loose encounters of lascivious men :  
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds  
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

*Luc.* Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

*Jul.* No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings  
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots :  
To be fantastic may become a youth  
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

*Luc.* What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

*Jul.* That fits as well as—"Tell me, good my lord,  
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"  
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

*Luc.* You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

*Jul.* Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

*Luc.* A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,  
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

*Jul.* Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have  
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.  
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me  
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?  
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

*Luc.* If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

*Jul.* Nay, that I will not.

*Luc.* Then never dream on infamy, but go.  
If Proteus like your journey when you come,  
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone :  
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

*Jul.* That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear :  
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,  
And instances of infinite of love,<sup>(47)</sup>  
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

*Luc.* All these are servants to deceitful men.

*Jul.* Base men, that use them to so base effect !  
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth :  
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;  
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart ;  
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

*Luc.* Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him !

*Jul.* Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,  
To bear a hard opinion of his truth :  
Only deserve my love by loving him ;  
And presently go with me to my chamber,  
To take a note of what I stand in need of,



To furnish me upon my longing journey.  
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,  
My goods, my lands, my reputation ;  
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.  
Come, answer not, but to it presently ;  
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *Milan. An ante-room in the Duke's palace.*

*Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.*

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile ;  
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit Thurio.*]  
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me ?

*Pro.* My gracious lord, that which I would discover  
The law of friendship bids me to conceal ;  
But when I call to mind your gracious favours  
Done to me, undeserving as I am,  
My duty pricks me on to utter that  
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.  
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,  
This night intends to steal away your daughter ;  
Myself am one made privy to the plot.  
I know you have determin'd to bestow her  
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates ;  
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,  
It would be much vexation to your age.  
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose  
To cross my friend in his intended drift  
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head  
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,  
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

*Duke.* Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care ;  
Which to requite, command me while I live.  
This love of theirs myself have often seen,  
Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep ;

And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid  
Sir Valentine her company and my court :  
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,  
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,—  
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,—  
I gave him gentle looks ; thereby to find  
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.  
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,  
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,  
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,  
The key whereof myself have ever kept ;  
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

*Pro.* Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean  
How he her chamber-window will ascend,  
And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;  
For which the youthful lover now is gone,  
And this way comes he with it presently ;  
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.  
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly  
That my discovery be not aimèd at ;  
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,  
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, he shall never know  
That I had any light from thee of this.

*Pro.* Adieu, my lord ; Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*]

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Duke.* Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?

*Val.* Please it your grace, there is a messenger  
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,  
And I am going to deliver them.

*Duke.* Be they of much import ?

*Val.* The tenour of them doth but signify  
My health, and happy being at your court.

*Duke.* Nay, then, no matter ; stay with me awhile ;  
I am to break with thee of some affairs  
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.  
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought  
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

*Val.* I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the match

Were rich and honourable ; besides, the gentleman  
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities  
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter :  
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him ?

*Duke.* No, trust me ; she is peevish, sullen, froward,  
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;  
Neither regarding that she is my child,  
Nor fearing me as if I were her father :  
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,  
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her ;  
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age  
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,  
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,  
And turn her out to who will take her in :  
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower ;  
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

*Val.* What would your grace have me to do in this ?

*Duke.* There is a lady in Milano here<sup>(48)</sup>  
Whom I affect ; but she is nice and coy,  
And naught esteems my agèd eloquence :  
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,—  
For long ago I have forgot to court ;  
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,—  
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,  
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

*Val.* Win her with gifts, if she respect not words :  
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

*Duke.* But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

*Val.* A woman sometime scorns what best contents her :<sup>(49)</sup>  
Send her another ; never give her o'er ;  
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.  
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,  
But rather to beget more love in you :  
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone ;  
For why<sup>(50)</sup> the fools are mad, if left alone.  
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ;  
For " get you gone," she doth not mean " away !"  
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces ;  
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

*Duke.* But she I mean is promis'd by her friends  
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth ;  
And kept severely from resort of men,  
That no man hath access by day to her.

*Val.* Why, then, I would resort to her by night.

*Duke.* Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,  
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

*Val.* What lets but one may enter at her window ?

*Duke.* Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,  
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it  
Without apparent hazard of his life.

*Val.* Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,  
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,  
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,  
So bold Leander would adventure it.

*Duke.* Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,  
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

*Val.* When would you use it ? pray, sir, tell me that.

*Duke.* This very night ; for Love is like a child,  
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

*Val.* By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

*Duke.* But, hark thee ; I will go to her alone :  
How shall I best convey the ladder thither ?

*Val.* It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it  
Under a cloak that is of any length.

*Duke.* A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn ?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord.

*Duke.* Then let me see thy cloak :  
I'll get me one of such another length.

*Val.* Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

*Duke.* How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak ?—  
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—

What letter is this same ? What's here ?—" *To Silvia* " !

And here an engine fit for my proceeding !

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

[*Reads.*]

" My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly ;  
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying :

O, could their master come and go as lightly,  
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying !  
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them ;  
While I, their king, that thither them impórtune,  
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,  
Because myself do want my servants' fortune :  
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,  
That they should harbour where their lord would<sup>(51)</sup> be."

What's here ?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee :"

'Tis so ; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Why, Phaëthon,—for thou art Merops' son,—

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world ?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee ?

Go, base intruder ! overweening slave !

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates ;

And think my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence :

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories

Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter or thyself.

Be gone ! I will not hear thy vain excuse ;

But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*

*Val.* And why not death, rather than living torment ?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself ;

And Silvia is myself : banish'd from her,

Is self from self,—a deadly banishment !

What light is light, if Silvia be not seen ?

What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by ?

Unless it be to think that she is by,

And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

Except I be by Silvia in the night,

There is no music in the nightingale ;

Unless I look on Silvia in the day,

There is no day for me to look upon :

She is my essence ; and I leave to be,  
If I be not by her fair influence  
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, képt alive.  
I fly not death, to fly this deadly doom :<sup>(52)</sup>  
Tarry I here, I but attend on death ;  
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

*Enter* PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

*Pro.* Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

*Launce.* So-ho, so-ho !

*Pro.* What see'st thou ?

*Launce.* Him we go to find : there 's not a hair on 's head  
but 'tis a Valentine.

*Pro.* Valentine !

*Val.* No.

*Pro.* Who then ? his spirit ?

*Val.* Neither.

*Pro.* What then ?

*Val.* Nothing.

*Launce.* Can nothing speak ? Master, shall I strike ?

*Pro.* Who wouldst thou strike ?

*Launce.* Nothing.

*Pro.* Villain, forbear.

*Launce.* Why, sir, I'll strike nothing : I pray you,—

*Pro.* Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine, a word.

*Val.* My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,  
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

*Pro.* Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,  
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

*Val.* Is Silvia dead ?

*Pro.* No, Valentine.

*Val.* No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia !—  
Hath she forsworn me ?

*Pro.* No, Valentine.

*Val.* No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me !—  
What is your news ?

*Launce.* Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

*Pro.* That thou art banishèd—O, that's the news !—  
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

*Val.* O, I have fed upon this woe already,  
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.  
Doth Silvia know that I am banishèd?

*Pro.* Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom—  
Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force—  
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:  
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;  
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;  
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them  
As if but now they waxèd pale for woe:  
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,  
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,  
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;  
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.  
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,  
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,  
That to close prison he commanded her,  
With many bitter threats of biding there.

*Val.* No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st  
Have some malignant power upon my life:  
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,  
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

*Pro.* Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,  
And study help for that which thou lament'st.  
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.  
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;  
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.  
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,  
And manage it against despairing thoughts.  
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;  
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd  
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.  
The time now serves not to expostulate:  
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;  
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large  
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.  
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,  
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

*Val.* I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st my boy,  
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

*Pro.* Go, sirrah, find him out.—Come, Valentine.

*Val.* O my dear Silvia !—Hapless Valentine !

[*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.*]

*Launce.* I am but a fool, look you ; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave : but that's all one, if he be but one knave.<sup>(53)</sup> He lives not now that knows me to be in love ; yet I am in love ; but a team of horse' shall not pluck that from me ; nor who 'tis I love ; and yet 'tis a woman ; but what woman, I will not tell myself ; and yet 'tis a milkmaid ; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips ; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper.*] Here is the cate-log of her conditions.<sup>(54)</sup> [*Reads*] “Imprimis, She can fetch and carry.” Why, a horse can do no more : nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry ; therefore is she better than a jade. “Item, She can milk ;” look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

*Enter SPEED.*

*Speed.* How now, Signior Launce ! what news with your mastership ?

*Launce.* With my master's ship ?<sup>(55)</sup> why, it is at sea.

*Speed.* Well, your old vice still ; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper ?

*Launce.* The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

*Speed.* Why, man, how black ?

*Launce.* Why, as black as ink.

*Speed.* Let me read them.

*Launce.* Fie on thee, jolt-head ! thou canst not read.

*Speed.* Thou liest ; I can.

*Launce.* I will try thee. Tell me this : who begot thee ?

*Speed.* Marry, the son of my grandfather.

*Launce.* O illiterate loiterer ! it was the son of thy grandmother : this proves that thou canst not read.

*Speed.* Come, fool, come ; try me in thy paper.

*Launce.* There ; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed !

*Speed.* [*reads*] “Imprimis, She can milk.”

*Launce.* Ay, that she can.<sup>(56)</sup>



*Speed.* "Item, She brews good ale."

*Launce.* And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

*Speed.* "Item, She can sew."

*Launce.* That's as much as to say, Can she so?

*Speed.* "Item, She can knit."

*Launce.* What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

*Speed.* "Item, She can wash and scour."

*Launce.* A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

*Speed.* "Item, She can spin."

*Launce.* Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

*Speed.* "Item, She hath many nameless virtues."

*Launce.* That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

*Speed.* "Here follow her vices."

*Launce.* Close at the heels of her virtues.

*Speed.* "Item, She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath."<sup>(57)</sup>

*Launce.* Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

*Speed.* "Item, She hath a sweet mouth."

*Launce.* That makes amends for her sour breath.

*Speed.* "Item, She doth talk in her sleep."

*Launce.* It's no matter for that, so she sleep<sup>(58)</sup> not in her talk.

*Speed.* "Item, She is slow in words."

*Launce.* O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

*Speed.* "Item, She is proud."

*Launce.* Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

*Speed.* "Item, She hath no teeth."

*Launce.* I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

*Speed.* "Item, She is curst."

*Launce.* Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

*Speed.* "Item, She will often praise her liquor."

*Launce.* If her liquor be good, she shall : if she will not, I will ; for good things should be praised.

*Speed.* "Item, She is too liberal."

*Launce.* Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of ; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut : now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

*Speed.* "Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

*Launce.* Stop there ; I'll have her : she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

*Speed.* "Item, She hath more hair than wit,"—

*Launce.* More hair than wit,—it may be : I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt ; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next ?

*Speed.* "And more faults than hairs,"—

*Launce.* That's monstrous : O, that that were out !

*Speed.* "And more wealth than faults."

*Launce.* Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her : and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

*Speed.* What then ?

*Launce.* Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

*Speed.* For me !

*Launce.* For thee ! ay ; who art thou ? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

*Speed.* And must I go to him ?

*Launce.* Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

*Speed.* Why didst not tell me sooner ? pox of your love-letters !

[*Exit.*]

*Launce.* Now will he be swunged for reading my letter,—an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets ! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the Duke's palace.*

*Enter Duke and THURIO.*

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,  
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

*Thu.* Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,  
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,  
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

*Duke.* This weak impress of love is as a figure  
Trenchèd in ice, which with an hour's heat  
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.  
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,  
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

*Enter PROTEUS.*

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,  
According to our proclamation, gone?

*Pro.* Gone, my good lord.

*Duke.* My daughter takes his going grievously.

*Pro.* A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

*Duke.* So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.  
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—  
For thou hast shown some<sup>(59)</sup> sign of good desert—  
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

*Pro.* Longer than I prove loyal to your grace  
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

*Duke.* Thou know'st how willingly I would effect  
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

*Pro.* I do, my lord.

*Duke.* And also, I think, thou art not ignorant  
How she opposes her against my will.

*Pro.* She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

*Duke.* Ay, and perversely she persévers so.  
What might we do to make the girl forget  
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

*Pro.* The best way is to slander Valentine  
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,—  
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

*Duke.* Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

*Pro.* Ay, if his enemy deliver it :  
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken  
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

*Duke.* Then you must undertake to slander him.

*Pro.* And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do :  
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,  
Especially against his very friend.

*Duke.* Where your good word cannot advantage him,  
Your slander never can endamage him ;  
Therefore the office is indifferent,  
Being entreated to it by your friend.

*Pro.* You have prevail'd, my lord : if I can do it  
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,  
She shall not long continue love to him.  
But say, this weed<sup>(60)</sup> her love from Valentine,  
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

*Thu.* Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,  
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,  
You must provide to bottom it on me ;  
Which must be done by praising me as much  
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

*Duke.* And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,  
Because we know, on Valentine's report,  
You are already Love's firm votary,  
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.  
Upon this warrant shall you have access  
Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;  
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,  
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;  
When<sup>(61)</sup> you may temper her, by your persuasion,  
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

*Pro.* As much as I can do, I will effect :—  
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;  
You must lay lime to tangle her desires  
By wailful sonnets, whose composèd rhymes  
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.

*Duke.* Ay,  
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

*Pro.* Say, that upon the altar of her beauty  
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart :

Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears  
Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line<sup>(62)</sup>  
That may discover such integrity :<sup>(63)</sup>  
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews ;  
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans  
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.  
After your dire-lamenting elegies,  
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window  
With some sweet consort ; to their instruments  
Tune a deploring dump : the night's dead silence  
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.  
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

*Duke.* This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

*Thu.* And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.  
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,  
Let us into the city presently  
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music :  
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn  
To give the onset to thy good advice.

*Duke.* About it, gentlemen.

*Pro.* We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,  
And afterward determine our proceedings.

*Duke.* Even now about it ; I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*]

---

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A forest near Milan.*

*Enter certain Outlaws.*

*First Out.* Fellows, stand fast ; I see a passenger.

*Sec. Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

*Third Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about  
ye :

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

*Speed.* O,<sup>(64)</sup> sir, we are undone ! these are the villains  
That all the travellers do fear so much.

*Val.* My friends,—

*First Out.* That's not so, sir,—we are your enemies.

*Sec. Out.* Peace ! we'll hear him.

*Third Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we ;  
For he's a proper man.

*Val.* Then know that I have little wealth to lose :  
A man I am cross'd with adversity :  
My riches are these poor habiliments,  
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,  
You take the sum and substance that I have.

*Sec. Out.* Whither travel you ?

*Val.* To Verona.

*First Out.* Whence came you ?

*Val.* From Milan.

*Third Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there ?

*Val.* Some sixteen months ; and longer might have stay'd,  
If crookèd fortune had not thwarted me.

*First Out.* What, were you banish'd thence ?

*Val.* I was.

*Sec. Out.* For what offence ?

*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse :  
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent ;  
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,  
Without false vantage or base treachery.

*First Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.  
But were you banish'd for so small a fault ?

*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

*Sec. Out.* Have you the tongues ?

*Val.* My youthful travel therein made me happy,  
Or else I often had been miserable.<sup>(65)</sup>

*Third Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,  
This fellow were a king for our wild faction !

*First Out.* We'll have him :—sirs,<sup>(66)</sup> a word.

*Speed.* Master, be one of them ;  
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

*Val.* Peace, villain !

*Sec. Out.* Tell us this : have you anything to take to ?

*Val.* Nothing but my fortune.

*Third Out.* Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,  
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth  
Thrust from the company of awful men :  
Myself was from Verona banishèd  
For practising to steal away a lady,  
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.<sup>(67)</sup>

*Sec. Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,  
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

*First Out.* And I for such-like petty crimes as these.  
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,  
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives ;  
And partly, seeing you are beautified  
With goodly shape, and by your own report  
A linguist, and a man of such perfection  
As we do in our quality much want,—

*Sec. Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,  
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you :  
Are you content to be our general ?  
To make a virtue of necessity,  
And live, as we do, in this wilderness ?

*Third Out.* What say'st thou ? wilt thou be of our consòrt ?  
Say ay, and be the captain of us all :  
We'll do thee homage and be rul'd by thee,  
Love thee as our commander and our king.

*First Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

*Sec. Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

*Val.* I take your offer, and will live with you,  
Provided that you do no outrages  
On silly women or poor passengers.

*Third Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.  
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our cave,  
And show thee all the treasure we have got ;<sup>(68)</sup>  
Which, with ourselves, shall<sup>(69)</sup> rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE II. *Milan. The court of the Duke's palace.*

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Pro.* Already have I been false to Valentine,  
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

Under the colour of commending him,  
I have access my own love to prefer :  
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,  
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.  
When I protest true loyalty to her,  
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend ;  
When to her beauty I commend my vows,  
She bids me think how I have been forsworn  
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd :  
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,  
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,  
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,  
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.  
But here comes Thurio : now must we to her window,  
And give some evening music to her ear.

*Enter THURIO and Musicians.*

*Thu.* How now, Sir Proteus ! are you crept before us ?

*Pro.* Ay, gentle Thurio ; for you know that love  
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

*Thu.* Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

*Pro.* Sir, but I do ; or else I would be hence.

*Thu.* Who ? Silvia ?

*Pro.* Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

*Thu.* I thank you for your own.—Now, gentlemen,  
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

*Enter, at a distance, Host, and JULIA in boy's clothes.*

*Host.* Now, my young guest,—methinks you're allicholy :  
I pray you, why is it ?

*Jul.* Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

*Host.* Come, we'll have you merry : I'll bring you where  
you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.

*Jul.* But shall I hear him speak ?

*Host.* Ay, that you shall.

*Jul.* That will be music.

[*Music plays.*]

*Host.* Hark, hark !

*Jul.* Is he among these ?

*Host.* Ay : but, peace ! let's hear 'em.



*Song.*

Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair,—  
For beauty lives with kindness?  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness;  
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels<sup>(70)</sup> each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling:  
To her let us garlands bring.

*Host.* How now! you are sadder<sup>(71)</sup> than you were before:  
How do you, man? the music likes you not.

*Jul.* You mistake; the musician likes me not.

*Host.* Why, my pretty youth?

*Jul.* He plays false, father.

*Host.* How? out of tune on the strings?

*Jul.* Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very  
heart-strings.

*Host.* You have a quick ear.

*Jul.* Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow  
heart.

*Host.* I perceive you delight not in music.

*Jul.* Not a whit,—when it jars so.

*Host.* Hark, what fine change is in the music!

*Jul.* Ay, that change is the spite.

*Host.* You would have them always play but one thing?

*Jul.* I would alwáys have one play but one thing.

But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on  
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

*Host.* I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,—he  
loved her out of all nick.

*Jul.* Where is Launce?

*Host.* Gone to seek his dog ; which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

*Jul.* Peace ! stand aside : the company parts.

*Pro.* Sir Thurio, fear not you : I will so plead,  
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

*Thu.* Where meet we ?

*Pro.* At Saint Gregory's well.

*Thu.* Farewell.

[*Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.*]

*SILVIA appears above, at her window.*

*Pro.* Madam, good even to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Who is that that spake ?

*Pro.* One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,  
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

*Sil.* Sir Proteus, as I take it.

*Pro.* Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

*Sil.* What is your will ?

*Pro.* That I may compass yours.

*Sil.* You have your wish ; my will is even this,—  
That presently you hie you home to bed.  
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man !  
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,  
To be seduced by thy flattery,  
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows ?  
Return, return, and make thy love amends.  
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,  
I am so far from granting thy request,  
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit ;  
And by and by intend to chide myself  
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

*Pro.* I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady ;  
But she is dead.

*Jul.* [*aside*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it ;  
For I am sure she is not buried.

*Sil.* Say that she be ; yet Valentine thy friend  
Survives ; to whom, thyself art witness,<sup>(72)</sup>  
I am betroth'd : and art thou not asham'd  
To wrong him with thy importunacy ?

*Pro.* I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

*Sil.* And so suppose am I; for in his<sup>(73)</sup> grave  
Assure thyself my love is buried.

*Pro.* Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

*Sil.* Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;  
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

*Jul.* [*aside*] He heard not that.

*Pro.* Madam, if your<sup>(74)</sup> heart be so obdurate,  
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,  
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;  
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:  
For since the substance of your perfect self  
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;  
And to your shadow will I make true love.

*Jul.* [*aside*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, de-  
ceive it,  
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

*Sil.* I'm very loth to be your idol, sir;  
But since your falsehood shall become you well  
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,  
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:  
And so, good rest.

*Pro.* As wretches have o'ernight  
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Proteus, and Silvia above.*]

*Jul.* Host, will you go?

*Host.* By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

*Jul.* Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

*Host.* Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis al-  
most day.

*Jul.* Not so; but it hath been the longest night  
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter EGLAMOUR.*

*Egl.* This is the hour that Madam Silvia  
Entreated me to call and know her mind:  
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—  
Madam, madam!

SILVIA *re-appears above, at her window.*

*Sil.* Who calls?

*Egl.* Your servant and your friend;  
One that attends your ladyship's command.

*Sil.* Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

*Egl.* As many, worthy lady, to yourself.  
According to your ladyship's impose,  
I am thus early come to know what service  
It is your pleasure to command me in.

*Sil.* O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,—  
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,—  
Valiant,<sup>(75)</sup> wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd :  
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will  
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine ;  
Nor how my father would enforce me marry  
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.<sup>(76)</sup>  
Thyself hast lov'd ; and I have heard thee say  
No grief did ever come so near thy heart  
As when thy lady and thy true love died,  
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.  
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,  
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode ;  
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,  
I do desire thy worthy company,  
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.  
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,  
But think upon my grief,—a lady's grief,—  
And on the justice of my flying hence,  
To keep me from a most unholy match,  
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.  
I do desire thee, even from a heart  
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,  
To bear me company, and go with me :  
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,  
That I may venture to depart alone.

*Egl.* Madam, I pity much your grievances ;  
Which since<sup>(77)</sup> I know they virtuously are plac'd,  
I give consent to go along with you ;  
Recking as little what betideth me

As much I wish all good befortune you.

When will you go ?

*Sil.* This evening coming.<sup>(78)</sup>

*Egl.* Where shall I meet you ?

*Sil.* At Friar Patrick's cell,

Where I intend holy confession.

*Egl.* I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow,  
Gentle lady.

*Sil.* Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt Eglamour, and Silvia above.*]

*Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog.*

*Launce.* When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard : one that I brought up of a puppy ; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it ! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master ; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg : O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies ! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't ; sure as I live, he had suffered for't : you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table : he had not been there (bless the mark !) a pissing-while, but all the chamber smelt him. " Out with the dog," says one ; " What cur is that ?" says another ; " Whip him out," says the third ; " Hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab ; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs : " Friend," quoth I, " you mean to whip the dog ?" " Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. " You do him the more wrong," quoth I ; " 'twas I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his<sup>(79)</sup> servant ? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed ; I have stood on the pillory for geese

he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't.—Thou thinkest not of this now! Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia;<sup>(80)</sup> did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

*Re-enter PROTEUS, and JULIA in boy's clothes.*

*Pro.* Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,  
And will employ thee in some service presently.

*Jul.* In what you please: I will do what I can.

*Pro.* I hope thou wilt.—[*To Launce*] How now, you  
whoreson peasant!

Where have you been these two days loitering?

*Launce.* Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

*Pro.* And what says she to my little jewel?

*Launce.* Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

*Pro.* But she received my dog?

*Launce.* No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

*Pro.* What, didst thou offer her this from me?<sup>(81)</sup>

*Launce.* Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys<sup>(82)</sup> in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own,—who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

*Pro.* Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,  
Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that still an end turns me to shame! [*Exit Launce.*]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,

Partly that I have need of such a youth,

That can with some discretion do my business,

For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout;

But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,

Which—if my augury deceive me not—

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:

Therefore know thou,<sup>(83)</sup> for this I entertain thee.

Go presently, and take this ring with thee,

Deliver it to Madam Silvia :

She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

*Jul.* It seems you lov'd not her, to leave<sup>(84)</sup> her token.  
She's dead, belike ?

*Pro.* Not so ; I think she lives.

*Jul.* Alas !

*Pro.* Why dost thou cry, " Alas " ?

*Jul.* I cannot choose

But pity her.

*Pro.* Wherefore shouldst thou pity her ?

*Jul.* Because methinks that she lov'd you as well<sup>(85)</sup>  
As you do love your lady Silvia :

She dreams on him that has forgot her love ;

You dote on her that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity love should be so contrary ;

And thinking on it makes me cry, " Alas ! "

*Pro.* Well, well, give her that ring, and therewithal<sup>(86)</sup>  
This letter :—that's her chamber :—tell my lady

I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit.*

*Jul.* How many women would do such a message ?

Alas, poor Proteus ! thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs :—

Alas, poor fool ! why do I pity him,

That with his very heart despiseth me ?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me ;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will :

And now am I—unhappy messenger—

To plead for that which I would not obtain ;

To carry that which I would have refus'd ;

To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.

I am my master's true-confirmed love ;

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet will I woo for him ; but yet so coldly

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

*Enter SILVIA below, attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day ! I pray you, be my mean  
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

*Sil.* What would you with her, if that I be she ?

*Jul.* If you be she, I do entreat your patience  
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

*Sil.* From whom ?

*Jul.* From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

*Sil.* O,—he sends you for a picture ?

*Jul.* Ay, madam.

*Sil.* Ursula, bring my picture there.—

*[The picture is brought.]*

Go give your master this : tell him, from me,  
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,  
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

*Jul.* Madam, please you peruse this letter :—<sup>(87)</sup>

*[Gives a letter.]*

Pardon me, madam ; I have unadvis'd  
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not :  
This is the letter to your ladyship.

*[Gives another.]*

*Sil.* I pray thee, let me look on that again.

*Jul.* It may not be ; good madam, pardon me.

*Sil.* There, hold :—*[Gives back the first letter.]*

I will not look upon your master's lines :  
I know they're stuff'd with protestations,  
And full of new-found oaths ; which he will break  
As easily as I do tear his<sup>(88)</sup> paper. *[Tears the second letter.]*

*Jul.* Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

*Sil.* The more shame for him that he sends it me ;  
For I have heard him say a thousand times  
His Julia gave it him at his departure.  
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,  
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

*Jul.* She thanks you.

*Sil.* What say'st thou ?

*Jul.* I thank you, madam, that you tender her.  
Poor gentlewoman ! my master wrongs her much.

*Sil.* Dost thou know her ?

*Jul.* Almost as well as I do know myself :



To think upon her woes I do protest  
That I have wept a hundred several times.

*Sil.* Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

*Jul.* I think she doth ; and that's her cause of sorrow.

*Sil.* Is she not passing fair ?

*Jul.* She hath been fairer, madam, than she is :

When she did think my master lov'd her well,  
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ;  
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,  
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,  
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,  
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,  
That now she is become as black as I.

*Sil.* How tall was she ?

*Jul.* About my stature : for, at Pentecost,  
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,  
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,  
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown ;  
Which servèd me as fit, by all men's judgments,  
As if the garment had been made for me :  
Therefore I know she is about my height.  
And at that time I made her weep a-good,  
For I did play a lamentable part ;  
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning  
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight ;  
Which I so lively acted with my tears,  
That my poor mistress, movèd therewithal,  
Wept bitterly ; and, would I might be dead,  
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow !

*Sil.* She is beholding to thee, gentle youth :—  
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left !—  
I weep myself to think upon thy words.  
Here, youth, there is my purse : I give thee this  
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.  
Farewell.

*Jul.* And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.

[*Exit Silvia with Attendants.*]

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful !  
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,  
Since she respects my mistress' love<sup>(89)</sup> so much.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself !  
Here is her picture : let me see ; I think,  
If I had such a tire, this face of mine  
Were full as lovely as is this of hers :  
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,  
Unless I flatter with myself too much.  
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow :  
If that be all the difference in his love,  
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.  
Her eyes are grey as glass ; and so are mine :  
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.  
What should it be that he respects in her,  
But I can make respective in myself,  
If this fond Love were not a blinded god ?  
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,  
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,  
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd !  
And, were there sense in his idolatry,  
My substance should be statue in thy stead.  
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,  
That us'd me so ; or else, by Jove I vow,  
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,  
To make my master out of love with thee !

[*Exit.*]

---

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Milan. An abbey.*

*Enter EGLAMOUR.*

*Egl.* The sun begins to gild the western sky ;  
And now it is about the very hour  
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.<sup>(90)</sup>  
She will not fail ; for lovers break not hours,  
Unless it be to come before their time ;  
So much they spur their expedition.  
See where she comes.

*Enter SILVIA.*

Lady, a happy evening !

*Sil.* Amen, amen ! Go on, good Eglamour,  
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall :  
I fear I am attended by some spies.

*Egl.* Fear not : the forest is not three leagues off ;  
If we recover that, we're sure enough. [*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the Duke's palace.*

*Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA in boy's clothes.*

*Thu.* Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit ?

*Pro.* O, sir, I find her milder than she was ;  
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

*Thu.* What, that my leg is too long ?

*Pro.* No ; that it is too little.

*Thu.* I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

*Jul.*<sup>(91)</sup> [*aside*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it  
loathes.

*Thu.* What says she to my face ?

*Pro.* She says it is a fair one.

*Thu.* Nay, then, the wanton lies ; my face is black.

*Pro.* But pearls are fair ; and the old saying is,  
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

*Jul.*<sup>(92)</sup> [*aside*] 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies'  
eyes ;

For I had rather wink than look on them.

*Thu.* How likes she my discourse ?

*Pro.* Ill, when you talk of war.

*Thu.* But well, when I discourse of love and peace ?

*Jul.* [*aside*] But, indeed, better<sup>(93)</sup> when you hold your  
peace.

*Thu.* What says she to my valour ?

*Pro.* O, sir, she makes  
No doubt of that.

*Jul.* [*aside*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

*Thu.* What says she to my birth ?

VOL. I.

*Pro.* That you are well deriv'd.

*Jul.* [*aside*] True ; from a gentleman to a fool.

*Thu.* Considers she my possessions ?

*Pro.* O, ay ; and pities them.

*Thu.* Wherefore ?

*Jul.* [*aside*] That such an ass should owe them.

*Pro.* That they are out by lease.

*Jul.* Here comes the duke.

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* How now, Sir Proteus ! how now, Thurio !  
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late ?<sup>(94)</sup>

*Thu.* Not I.

*Pro.* Nor I.

*Duke.* Saw you my daughter ?

*Pro.* Neither.

*Duke.* Why, then, she's fled unto that peasant Valentine ;<sup>(95)</sup>  
And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true ; for Friar Laurence met them both,  
As he in penance wander'd through the forest :  
Him he knew well ; and guess'd that it was she,  
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it :  
Besides, she did intend confession  
At Patrick's cell this even ; and there she was not :  
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.  
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,  
But mount you presently ; and meet with me  
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot  
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled :  
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

[*Exit.*

*Thu.* Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,  
That flies her fortune when it follows her.  
I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour  
Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

[*Exit.*

*Pro.* And I will follow, more for Silvia's love  
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her.

[*Exit.*

*Jul.* And I will follow, more to cross that love  
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The forest.**Enter Outlaws with SILVIA.*

*First Out.* Come, come ;  
Be patient ; we must bring you to our captain.

*Sil.* A thousand more mischances than this one  
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

*Sec. Out.* Come, bring her away.

*First Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her ?

*Third Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,  
But Moses<sup>(96)</sup> and Valerius follow him.  
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood ;  
There is our captain : we'll follow him that's fled ;  
The thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

*[Exeunt all except the First Outlaw and Silvia.]*

*First Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave :  
Fear not ; he bears an honourable mind,  
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

*Sil.* O Valentine, this I endure for thee ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.**Enter VALENTINE.*

*Val.* How use doth breed a habit in a man !  
These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods<sup>(97)</sup>  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :  
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
And to the nightingale's complaining notes  
Tune my distresses and record my woes.  
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,  
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,  
And leave no memory of what it was !  
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia ;  
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain ! *[Noise within.]*  
What halloing and what stir is this to-day ?  
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chase :<sup>(98)</sup>

They love me well ; yet I have much to do

To keep them from uncivil outrages.—

Withdraw thee, Valentine : who's this comes here ? [*Retires.*]

*Enter* PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

*Pro.* Madam, this service I have done for you,—

Though you respect not aught your servant doth,—

To hazard life, and rescue you from him

That would have forc'd your honour and your love :

Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look ;

A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,

And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.

*Val.* [*aside*] How like a dream is this I see and hear !  
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

*Sil.* O miserable, unhappy that I am !

*Pro.* Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came ;  
But by my coming I have made you happy.

*Sil.* By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

*Jul.* [*aside*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

*Sil.* Had I been seizèd by a hungry lion,  
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,  
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.  
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,  
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul ;  
And full as much—for more there cannot be—  
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus !  
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

*Pro.* What dangerous action, stood it next to death,  
Would I not undergo for one calm look ?  
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,  
When women cannot love where they're belov'd !

*Sil.* When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.  
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,  
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith  
Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths  
Descended into perjury, to love me.  
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,  
And that's far worse than none ; better have none

Than plural faith, which is too much by one :  
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

*Pro.* In love

Who respects friend ?

*Sil.* All men but Proteus.

*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words  
Can no way change you to a milder form,  
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,  
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force ye.

*Sil.* O heaven !

*Pro.* I'll force thee yield to my desire.<sup>(99)</sup>

*Val.* [*coming forward*] Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil  
touch,—

Thou friend of an ill fashion !

*Pro.* Valentine !

*Val.* Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,—  
For such is a friend now ;—thou<sup>(100)</sup> treacherous man !  
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes ; naught but mine eye  
Could have persuaded me : now I dare not say  
I have one friend alive ; thou wouldst disprove me.  
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand<sup>(101)</sup>  
Is perjur'd to the bosom ? Proteus,  
I'm sorry I must never trust thee more,  
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.  
The private wound is deep'st : O time most curst,<sup>(102)</sup>  
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst !

*Pro.* My shame and guilt confound me.—  
Forgive me, Valentine : if hearty sorrow  
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,  
I tender't here ; I do as truly suffer  
As e'er I did commit.

*Val.* Then I am paid ;  
And once again I do receive thee honest :—  
Who by repentance is not satisfied  
Is nor of heaven nor earth ; for these are pleas'd ;  
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd :—  
And, that my love may appear plain and free,  
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.<sup>(103)</sup>

*Jul.* O me unhappy !

*Pro.* Look to the boy.

[*Faints.*

*Val.* Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what is the matter? Look up; speak.

*Jul.* O good sir, my master charg'd me To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia;<sup>(104)</sup> Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

*Pro.* Where is that ring, boy?

*Jul.* Here 'tis; this is it. [*Gives a ring.*]

*Pro.* How! let me see:—

Why, this is<sup>(105)</sup> the ring I gave to Julia.

*Jul.* O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook: This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*]

*Pro.* But how cam'st thou by this ring? At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

*Jul.* And Julia herself did give it me; And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

*Pro.* How! Julia!

*Jul.* Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths, And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart: How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!<sup>(106)</sup> O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush! Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me Such an immodest raiment,—if shame live In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

*Pro.* Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven, were man But constant, he were perfect! that one error Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:<sup>(107)</sup> Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

*Val.* Come, come, a hand from either: Let me be bless'd to make this happy close; 'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

*Pro.* Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

*Jul.* And I mine.

*Enter Outlaws, with Duke and THURIO.*

*Outlaws.* A prize, a prize, a prize!

*Val.* Forbear,—<sup>(108)</sup>



Forbear, I say ! it is my lord the duke.—  
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,  
Banishèd Valentine.

*Duke.* Sir Valentine !

*Thu.* Yonder is Silvia ; and Silvia's mine.

*Val.* Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death ;  
Come not within the measure of my wrath :  
Do not name Silvia thine ; if once again,  
Milano shall not hold thee.<sup>(109)</sup> Here she stands :  
Take but possession of her with a touch ;—  
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

*Thu.* Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I ;  
I hold him but a fool that will endanger  
His body for a girl that loves him not :  
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

*Duke.* The more degenerate and base art thou,  
To make such means<sup>(110)</sup> for her as thou hast done,  
And leave her on such slight conditions.—  
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,  
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,  
And think thee worthy of an empress' love :  
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,  
Cancel all grudge,<sup>(111)</sup> repeal thee home again.  
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,  
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,  
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd ;  
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

*Val.* I thank your grace ; the gift hath made me happy.  
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,  
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

*Duke.* I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

*Val.* These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,  
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities :  
Forgive them what they have committed here,  
And let them be recall'd from their exile :  
They are reformèd, civil, full of good,  
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

*Duke.* Thou hast prevail'd ; I pardon them and thee :  
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.—  
Come, let us go : we will include<sup>(112)</sup> all jars

With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

*Val.* And, as we walk along, I dare be bold  
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.

What think you of this page, my lord?<sup>(13)</sup>

*Duke.* I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

*Val.* I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

*Duke.* What mean you by that saying?<sup>(14)</sup>

*Val.* Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,  
That you will wonder what hath fortunèd.—

Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear

The story of your loves discoverèd :

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours ;

One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

P. 264. (1) "For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,  
And yet you never swam the Hellespont."

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "'Tis true; but you are over boots in love," &c.—The old text, if right, must be explained,—“Yes, it is certainly true; for you are not merely, as he was, over shoes in love, but even over boots in love, and yet,” &c.,—“for you are” corresponding to the preceding “For he was.”

P. 264. (2) "fading"

Qy. an interpolation?—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 9) would omit “thee” in the preceding speech of Valentine, and arrange thus;

“Val. No,  
I will not, for it boots not.  
Pro. What?  
Val. To be  
In love, where scorn is bought with groans; coy looks  
With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,” &c.

P. 264. (3) "To Milan"

Altered in the second folio to “At Milan;” which, in spite of Malone's explanation of the old reading, “Let me hear from thee by letters to Milan,” is perhaps right.

P. 265. (4) "I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.  
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me,—  
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,  
War with good counsel, set the world at naught;  
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought."

The folio has “I loue my selfe,” &c.—In the last line Johnson proposed “Make wit with musing weak,” &c. and the late Mr. W. W. Williams (*The Literary Gazette* for March 1, 1862, p. 215) writes as follows (signing himself “W. D.”); “It seems to me that in the last line we ought to read *Make* instead of ‘Made.’ If the received text be correct, and the last line be co-ordinate with the others, we must assume an ellipsis before the word ‘made,’ and supply ‘thou hast’ from the second line. This is the construction which Malone offered of the passage. I cannot, however, but think it more probable that the last three lines are cumulative, and that the right word is *make*, an infinitive, dependent on ‘made’ in the third line. By accepting the ordinary reading, we suppose Julia to affect the wit of Proteus by *her own* musing; whereas her influence was only indirect; she made him make his wit weak by causing him to muse on an all-absorbing subject.”

P. 265. (5) "a"

Was added in the second folio.

- P. 266. (6) "Pro. *But what said she?*  
 Speed. [nodding] *Ay.*  
 Pro. *Nod, Ay?—why, that's noddy.*"

I feel by no means sure that something has not dropt out here.—In my former edition I printed

- "Pro. *But what said she?* [Speed nods.] Did she nod?  
 Speed. *I.*  
 Pro. *Nod, I; why, that's noddy;*"

which is Theobald's reading, varied (in the position of the stage-direction) by Capell.

P. 266 (7) "*and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.*"

The second folio has "*—— to you in telling her minde;*" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*—— to me that brought to her your mind —— in telling you her mind.*"—"The old copy," says Malone, "is certainly right. The meaning is—She being so hard to me who was the bearer of your mind, I fear she will prove no less so to you in the act of *telling* your mind, i. e. when you address her *in person*. The opposition is between *brought* and *telling*."

- P. 266. (8) "testerned"

The folio has "cester'n'd."

- P. 267. (9) "*That I, unworthy body as I am,  
 Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.  
 Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, for the sake of an exact rhyme, gives

- "*That I, unworthy body, as I can,  
 Should censure thus a loving gentleman.*"

but who can read the passage without seeing that here Shakespeare *must* have written "*as I am*"? (So in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act ii. sc. 1,

- "only give me leave,  
*Unworthy as I am, to follow you;*"

and in the present play, p. 291,

- "But when I call to mind your gracious favours  
 Done to me, *undeserving as I am,*" &c.).—

Again, the old text, "*censure thus on*" is strongly supported by the rejoinder of Julia, "*Why not on Proteus,*" &c.

- P. 268. (10) "*Fire that's*"

Here "*Fire*" is a dissyllable. Hence the impropriety of the alteration, "*Fire that is.*"

- P. 268. (11) "*What fool is she,*" &c.

In most of the modern editions an interrogation-point is put after this sent-

ence,—wrongly: for “*What fool is she*” is equivalent to “*What a fool is she*” (as indeed the folio shows by having “*What 'foole,*” &c.).—So, again, in *Twelfth-Night*, act ii. sc. 5, “*What dish o' poison has she dressed him!*” i. e. “*What a dish of poison,*” &c.; and in *Julius Cæsar*, act i. sc. 3, “*Cassius, what night is this!*” i. e. “*Cassius, what a night is this!*”

P. 269. (12) “*your ladyship can set.*”

The folio has no point after “*set.*” but this speech of Lucetta is complete, though Julia is pleased to continue it, playing on the word “*set.*”

P. 269. (\*) “*Light o' love.*”

Of this song, so often mentioned by early writers, the words have not been discovered. “In *Much Ado about Nothing*, in the scene between Hero, Beatrice, and Margaret [vol. ii. p. 114], the last says, ‘Clap us into *Light o' Love*, that goes without a burden [there being no man or men on the stage to sing one]. Do you sing it, and I'll dance it.’ *Light o' Love* was, therefore, strictly a *ballet* to be sung and danced. . . . The air was found by Sir J. Hawkins in an ‘ancient manuscript;’ it is also contained in William Ballet’s *ms. Lute-Book*, and in *Musick's Delight on the Cithren*, 1666.” Chappell’s *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, &c. vol. i. pp. 222-3, sec. ed.

P. 269. (13) “*How now, minion!*”

Hanmer prints “*Why, how now, minion?*”

P. 270. (14) “*his complaining names.*”

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 234) seems to have suspected that here “*names*” was a misprint for “*name.*” But I believe that the plural is right:—the “*complaining names*” are “*Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus.*”

P. 270. (15) “*I see you have a month's mind to them.*”

Hanmer added the word “*minion*” to this line; Mr. Collier’s *Ms. Corrector* reads “*— mind unto them;*” and Mr. Grant White (though the folio has “*months mind*”) does not scruple to print “*moneth's mind.*”

P. 271. (16) “*of slender reputation,*”

“Possibly a mistake for ‘*of slenderer reputation;*’ yet scarcely.” Walker’s *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 200.

P. 272. (17) “*sweet life!*”

Capell gives “*sweet life! sweet Julia!*”

P. 272. (18) “*Valentinus*”

The second folio has “*Valentino*” (an alteration which Mr. Collier attributes to his *Ms. Corrector*).

P. 273. (19) “*resembleth*”

A quadrisyllable here,—as Theobald was the first to notice.

P. 274. (20) "you are metamorphosed"

Both Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector and Mr. Singer's give "*you are so metamorphosed.*" Nevertheless, it is certain that our old writers frequently omit the "so" in sentences of this kind.

P. 275. (21) "hose."

"The allusion," says Mr. Staunton, "whatever it was, which gave point here, has evaporated, or a word on which to hang a quibble been misprinted."—The Cambridge Editors conjecture "shoes."

P. 276. (22) "are for"

Qy. "are writ for"?

P. 279. (23) "I am the dog;—no, . . . ay, so, so."

Hanmer printed "*I am the dog; no, the dog is himself, and I am me: ay, the dog is the dog, and I am myself; ay, so so.*"

P. 279. (24) "O, that the shoe could speak now like a wood woman!"

The folio has "*Oh that she could speake now, like a would-woman;*" and Mason thinks that Launce "uses the feminine pronoun in speaking of the shoe, because it is supposed to represent a woman,"—which is so unlikely, that here I follow Hanmer. Theobald made the correction "*wood,*" i.e. frantic (with grief).

P. 280. (25) "my"

So Hanmer.—The folio has "thy."

P. 280. (26)

"*Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied!*" There is probably some corruption in this passage: it has been variously altered; but none of the alterations is satisfactory.

P. 281. (27) "Don Antonio,"

Walker (*Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. i. p. 231) queries "*Don Antony.*"—But we have various instances in Shakespeare of lines purposely left over-measure when proper names occur: see note 2 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI.*

P. 281. (28) "To be of worth and worthy estimation,"

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*worth*" to "*wealth;*" and so Walker (*Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. i. p. 296). But, in the first place, we have a quibbling repetition, "*worth*"—"worthy," like that in the last line of Valentine's next speech but one, "*With all good grace to grace a gentleman.*" Secondly, as far as concerns the sense, the alteration of "*worth*" to "*wealth*" is altogether unnecessary; for "*worth*" is often used by our early writers as equivalent to "*substance, wealth:*" compare

"They are but beggars that can count their *worth*;

But my true love is grown to such excess,  
I cannot sum up half my sum of *wealth*."

*Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 6.

"But, were my *worth*, as is my conscience, firm," &c.

*Twelfth-Night*, act iii. sc. 3.

"This is the life of the Prigger, who trauailes vp and downe the whole kingdome vpon his geldings of 20 and 40 pound price, and is taken for a *man of good worth* by his outward shew," &c. Dekker's *Belman of London*, sig. G 2, ed. 1608.

"and is, in sooth,

Such as the satirist points truly forth,

That only to his crimes owes all his *worth*."

Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, act iii. sc. 2.

(The satirist is Juvenal;

"Criminibus debent hortos, prætoria, mensas,

Argentum vetus, et stantem extra pocula caprum."

*Sat.* i. 75.)

We also find in our early writers the adjective "*worthy*" in the sense of "substantial, wealthy:" e. g.

"and boasts himself

To have a *worthy* feeding." *Winter's Tale*, act iv. sc. 3.

"You have given me here a treasure to enrich me,

Would make the *worthiest* king alive a beggar."

Fletcher's *Mad Lover*, act v. sc. 4.

(In the passage last cited Mr. Collier alters "*worthiest*" to "*wealthiest*,"—"a correction," he says, "too obvious to need enforcement.")

P. 281. (29) "Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him as myself;"

The folio has "Val. I knew him as my selfe," a stark error. (Just above we have

"Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman," &c.)

P. 283. (30) "That you are worthless."

Probably Johnson was right in reading "No, that you are worthless."

P. 283. (31) "Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you."

The folio has merely

Thur. Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with you."

which is given by Mr. Collier, Mr. Halliwell, and Mr. Grant White,—they having sent Thurio out immediately on the entrance of Proteus, and made him "*re-enter*" here: but Thurio, after what the Duke, in the presence of Silvia, had said to him about welcoming Proteus, would hardly run off the moment Proteus appeared.—Mr. Knight also adheres to the folio, and without having previously marked the *exit* of Thurio, who, he says, may now "be

supposed to step to the door and receive a message,"—which is contrary to all stage-practice, ancient or modern.—That Theobald was right in assigning to a *Servant* "Madam, my lord your father would speak with you," is proved by the immediately following speech of Silvia,

"I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Thurio,  
Go you with me."

for the words, "I wait upon his pleasure," are evidently *not* spoken to Thurio. (Let me add, that the folio erroneously prefixes "*Thu.*" to the speech of Julia, p. 317, "'Tis true, such pearls," &c.)—As to the "exit" of Speed in this scene,—Malone, Mr. Collier, Mr. Knight, Mr. Staunton, and Mr. Grant White, make him accompany Silvia and Thurio, *when they go out to the Duke!* and Mr. Halliwell sends him off earlier,—with Thurio, on the entrance of Proteus. But surely nothing can be plainer than that *Speed* does not leave the stage till the departure of *his master, Valentine* (p. 285).

1863. Mr. W. N. Lettsom writes to me: "I have been dipping into the first volume of the Cambridge Shakespeare. At p. 158 (Note V. *Two Gent. of Ver.*) your note [the present one] is quoted in part, and argued against; but your decisive remark, namely, that, in the passage,

'I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Thurio,  
Go you with me,'—

the words 'I wait upon his pleasure' are evidently not spoken to Thurio, *is quite overlooked.*"

P. 283. (32)

"you"

Added by Capell.

P. 283. (33)

"*Those high-imperious thoughts*"

The folio has "Whose *high*," &c.—"The context *imperiously* commands us to read '*Those*' by Johnson. Malone's note, except the first line, is perfectly true, but nothing to the purpose. Mr. Staunton confirms Johnson's conjecture, while he opposes it." W. N. LETTSOM, apud Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 39.

P. 284. (34)

"*praise.*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "praises."

P. 284. (35)

"*summer-swelling*"

Altered by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "*summer-smelling*;" and Steevens "once thought that our poet had written '*summer-smelling*,' till he met with the epithet "*summer-swelling*" in Sir Arthur Gorges's translation of Lucan.—"Rightly '*summer-swelling*,' I think, not '*summer-smelling*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 300.

P. 284. (36)

"*other worthies nothing*,"

Mr. Grant White substitutes "*other worth as nothing*;" because he conceives that in Shakespeare's time the term "*worthies*" was exclusively applied to warlike heroes. But the old text is quite right.



P. 284. (37)

“*Then let her alone.*”

“Possibly, ‘*Why, then,*’ &c.” Walker’s *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 10. And so Hanmer reads.

P. 285. (38)

“*attend on you.*”

The folio omits “*on.*”—“Surely ‘*attend on you.*’” Walker’s *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 11. So, too, Capell and Mr. Collier’s Ms. Corrector.—Hanmer inserted “*upon.*”

P. 285. (39)

“*Is it mine eye, or Valentinus’ praise,*”

The folio has

“*It is mine, or Valentines praise ?*”

which the editor of the second folio altered to

“*Is it mine then, or Valentineans praise ?*”—

Warburton reads

“*Is it mine eye, or Valentino’s praise ?*”

Hanmer,

“*Is it mine eyne, or Valentino’s praise ?*”

Capell,

“*Is it mine own, or Valentino’s praise ?*”—

Blakeway,

“*Is it her mien, or Valentinus’ praise ?*”—

The form “*Valentinus*” has occurred already, p. 272.

P. 285. (40)

“*And that hath dazzled my reason’s light ;*”

To show that “*dazzled*” is used here as a trisyllable, Malone aptly cites from Drayton,

“*A diadem once dazeling the eye,**The day too darke to see affinitie,*” &c.

[*Lady Jane Gray to Gilford Dudley,—England’s Her. Epistles*, p. 241, ed. 1619.]

See also Walker’s *Shakespeare’s Versification*, &c. p. 8.

P. 286. (41)

“*Milan !*”

The folio has “*Padua.*”

P. 287. (42)

“*If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so ; if not,*”

The folio omits “*so,*” which was properly added by the editor of the second folio.

P. 287. (43)

“*if thou hast sinn’d,*”

“i. e.” says Johnson, “if thou hast influenced me to sin.”—Warburton and Mr. Collier’s Ms. Corrector read “*if I have sinn’d.*”

P. 288. (44)

"this"

The folio has "thus."

P. 289. (45)

"fire's"

A dissyllable, as before : see note<sup>10</sup>.

P. 289. (46)

"the wide ocean."

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*the wilde Ocean.*" but the words "*wide*" and "*wild*" are frequently confounded by transcribers and printers; and Mr. Collier very justly observes that here "*Julia* is referring to the expanse of the sea, which receives small tributaries, and not to its turbulence."

P. 290. (47)

"of infinite of love,"

The second folio has "*as infinite of loue.*"—Malone printed "*of the infinite of love.*"

P. 293. (48)

"There is a lady in Milano here"

The folio has "*There is a Lady in Verona heere.*" which Pope altered to "*There is a lady, sir, in Milan here,*" observing that "the scene apparently is in Milan, as is clear from several passages in the first act, and in the beginning of the first scene of the fourth act. A like mistake has crept into the fifth scene of act ii. [p. 286], where Speed bids his fellow-servant Launce welcome to *Padua.*"—and Pope's reading has been usually adopted.—Mr. Halliwell prints "*There is a lady of Verona here,*" by which he would have us to understand "*There is a lady belonging to Verona who is now in Milan.*"—Some alteration being absolutely necessary, I have adopted, as far preferable to any other, that of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector. Nothing was more common than for poets to use different forms of the same name, as the metre might require. So, at p. 272 of this play, *Valentine* is called "*Valentinus.*" in our author's *Comedy of Errors*, act v. sc. 1, we have

"I ne'er saw *Syracusa* in my life,"

and afterwards,

"No, sir, not I; I came from *Syracuse.*"

in his *Midsummer-Night's Dream* we find both "*Helena*" and "*Helen.*" and in his *Othello* both "*Desdemona*" and "*Desdemon.*" Compare also *The Lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*, &c., 1595,

"But wher's my ladie mistresse *Guendoline*?

She shall be queene in *Guendolinas* roome." Sig. I.

So too Drayton, in the epistle *From Henry Howard to the Lady Geraldine*, has

"Which on the banke of goodly *Thames* doth stand,"

and further on,

"As goodly flowers on *Thamesis* doe grow."

*England's Her. Epistles*, p. 228-9, ed. 1619.

I may add, that Italian names, whether of persons or places, were quite as familiar to Englishmen in Shakespeare's time as they are at present.

P. 293. (49) "Duke. *But she did scorn a present that I sent her.*

Val. *A woman sometime scorns what best contents her :*"

For the sake of a closer rhyme, Mason would read "—— *what best content her,*" &c., i. e. "those gifts which best content her," &c. But Malone thinks that, considering "the laxity of ancient rhymes," the original text ought to stand.—Since my former edition was printed, I find that Walker compares with the present passage the following one of *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 6 ;

"When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts *defile thee,*

In thy just proof, *repeals and reconciles thee,*"—

"which," he observes, "Theobald erroneously altered to "whose wrong thought *defiles thee*.'" *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 143.

P. 293. (50)

"*For why*"

See note 59 on *The Comedy of Errors*.

P. 295. (51)

"*would*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "should."

P. 296. (52)

"*this deadly doom :*"

The folio has "his deadly doom."

P. 298. (53)

"*if he be but one knave.*"

i. e., according to Johnson,—if he be but a single knave, not a double one.—Hanmer reads "*if he be but one kind of knave;*" Warburton, "*if he be but one kind;*" and Mr. Staunton proposes "*if he be but one in love.*"

P. 298. (54)

"*conditions.*"

So the fourth folio.—The earlier folios have "condition."

P. 298. (55)

"*With my master's ship ?*"

The folio has "*With my Mastership ?*"

P. 298. (56)

"Speed. [reads] '*Imprimis, She can milk.*'

Launce. *Ay, that she can.*"

Farmer would omit this, because "Launce clearly directs Speed to go on with the paper where he himself left off. See his preceding soliloquy." On which Malone remarks; "Shakespeare, we know, in repeating a letter already recited from a paper sometimes varies the words, in spite of the adage, *litera scripta manet*; and therefore, I am confident, took no care that Speed should begin where Launce left off."—Mr. Halliwell prints, "*Speed. 'Item, She can milk.'*"

## P. 299. (57)

"*Item, She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.*"

Here the word "*kissed*" was supplied by Rowe; and since the commentators have not brought forward any passages from early authors to show that he was undoubtedly right in making that addition to the text, I subjoin one of the half-dozen which I could adduce:—in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, act ii. sc. 1, Bosola says to the Old Lady, "I would sooner eat a dead pigeon taken from the soles of the feet of one sick of the plague, than *kiss one of you fasting.*"

## P. 299. (58)

"*sleep*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*slip*,"—making Launce joke on the similar sound of "*sleep*" and "*slip*."

## P. 301. (59)

"*some*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*sure.*"

## P. 302. (60)

"*weed*"

Rowe printed "*wean;*" and so reads Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

## P. 302. (61)

"*When*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*Where.*"

## P. 303. (62)

"*line*"

S. Verges (i. e. Mr. Swynfen Jarvis) proposes "*lines.*"

## P. 303. (63)

"*such integrity:*"

Altered by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "*strict integrity.*"—Mr. W. Garrow Lettsom suggests "*such idolatry.*"—Malone supposed that a line following this one had been lost.

## P. 304. (64)

"*O,*"

Added by Capell.

## P. 304. (65)

"*Or else I often had been miserable.*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*Or else I often had beene often miserable.*"

## P. 304. (66)

"*sirs,*"

Walker would read "*Sir,*" as addressed to Valentine (*Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. i. p. 247).

## P. 305. (67)

"*An heir, and near allied unto the duke.*"

The folio has "*And heire and Neece, alide,*" &c.—In the third folio the line was partially amended,—"*An heir, and Neice allide,*" &c.—Theobald altered "*Neece*" to "*near.*"

- P. 305. (68) "Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our cave,  
And show thee all the treasures we have got;"

The folio has "—— we'll bring thee to our Crewes," &c.—Here Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 247) would merely change "crewes" to "crew,"—I adopt the alteration of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, which I feel confident is the right word, whatever be the number of Outlaws now on the stage:—"we'll bring thee to our cave, and show thee all the treasure which we have there laid up." And compare, p. 319,

"Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave."

- P. 305. (69) "shall"

So Pope.—The folio has "all" (caught by the scribe or the compositor from the preceding line).

- P. 307. (70) "That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels"

"'She exceeds'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 288.

- P. 307. (71) "you are sadder"

The folio has "are you sadder."—Corrected by Heath, and by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 250).

- P. 308. (72) "to whom, thyself art witness,"  
Hanmer gave "to whom, even thyself," &c.

- P. 309. (73) "his"  
The folio has "her."—Corrected in the second folio.

- P. 309. (74) "if your"  
Warburton reads "if that your."

- P. 310. (75) "Valiant,"  
"'Valiant' at the beginning of a line is out of tune and strange." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 17.—The line was amended by Pope to "Valiant and wise, remorseful," &c.

- P. 310. (76) "abhors."  
The folio has "abhor'd;" which has been retained by Malone, &c., though Hanmer had made the obvious correction.

- P. 310. (77) "Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;  
Which since"

A rather suspicious passage; in which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector inserts a line,

"Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances,  
And the most true affections that you bear;  
Which since."

P. 311. (78) " *This evening coming.*"

To these words Capell added "on" for the measure.—An anonymous critic conjectures "*This coming evening.*"

P. 311. (79) " *his*"

Has been altered to "their:" but qy.?

P. 312. (80) " *Silvia,*"

Warburton reads "Julia."

P. 312. (81) " *What, didst thou offer her this from me?*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—— *this cur from me?*"—a far from improbable insertion.

P. 312. (82) " *by the hangman boys*"

i. e. by the rascally boys ("hangman" having come to be used as a general term of reproach).—The folio,—which is so frequently faulty in adding *s* to words,—has "*By the Hangmans boyes.*"—The editor of the second folio, striking out the *s* from the wrong word, printed "*By the hangmans boy.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*by a hangman boy.*" (In the next play, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the folio has, act i. sc. 3, "I will be Cheaters to them both," &c.; and, act ii. sc. 1, "the hundred Psalms to the tune of Green-sleeves.")

P. 312. (83) " *thou,*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "thee,"—an error occasioned by that word occurring at the end both of this line and of the next.

P. 313. (84) " *her, to leave*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*her, not leaue.*"

P. 313. (85) " *that she lov'd you as well*"

Altered by Hanmer to "if she loves you as well," and by Mr. Collier to "*that lov'd she you as well.*"

P. 313. (86) " *Well, well, give her that ring, and therewithal*"

The second "*well*" is the addition of Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 143). The other attempts to amend the line are less happy.

P. 314. (87) " *Madam, please you peruse this letter:—*"

Has been variously altered so as to form a complete verse. Capell prints "*Madam, wilt please you to peruse this letter?*"

P. 314. (88) " *his*"

Qy. "this"?

P. 315. (89) "my mistress' love"

"She had in her preceding speech called Julia *her mistress*; but it is odd enough that she should thus describe herself when she is *alone*. Sir T. Hammer reads—'*his mistress*;' but without necessity. Our author knew that his audience considered the disguised Julia in the present scene as a page to Proteus, and this, I believe, and the love of antithesis, produced the expression." MALONE.

P. 316. (90) "*That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.*"

A line over-measure. But see note 2 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI.*

P. 317. (91) "Jul."

The folio has "*Pro.*"

P. 317. (92) "Jul."

The folio has "*Thu.*"

P. 317. (93) "*indeed, better*"

The folio has "*better indeede.*"

P. 318. (94) "*Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?*"

So the fourth folio.—The first folio omits "*Sir.*"—The second and third folios have "*Which of you say saw Sir Eglamoure of late?*"

P. 318. (95) "*Why, then, she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;*"

Is arranged in the folio thus,

"Why then

She's fled vnto that pezant, Valentine;"

but the arrangement of the folio goes for nothing.—See note 2 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI.*

P. 319. (96) "*Moses*"

The folio has "*Moyses,*"—which, as Capell saw, is merely an old spelling.

P. 319. (97) "*These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods*"

The folio has "*This shadowy desart,*" &c.—In my copy of the *Var. Shakespeare* I had substituted "*These*" for "*This*" long before Mr. Collier gave the Ms. Corrector's alterations to the public. (To say nothing of other objections to the reading of the folio, a *shadowy desert* is scarcely sense: and compare our author's *King Lear*, act i. sc. 1,

"With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd," &c.;

and Peele's *David and Bethsabe* (*Works*, p. 467, ed. Dyce, 1861),

"To desert woods, and hills with lightning scorch'd," &c.)

P. 320. (98) "*These are my mates, that make their wills their law,  
Have some unhappy passenger in chase ;*"

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*These my rude mates, that,*" &c. ; and Mr. Singer reads "*'Tis sure my mates, that,*" &c. But is it necessary to disturb the text? The words, "*that make their wills their law,*" are parenthetical, and "*Have*" is equivalent to "*Who have.*"

P. 321. (99) "*I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,  
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force ye.  
Sil. O heaven!  
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.*"

"One of these 'forces' must be wrong; and the metre of line 2 is evidently out of joint." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 12.

P. 321. (100) "thou"  
Added in the second folio.

P. 321. (101) "*Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand*"  
The "*own*" was supplied by Johnson.—The editor of the second folio gives "*Who should be trusted now, when,*" &c.—But Johnson's reading is a more probable one. (Be it remembered that the alterations and additions made in the second folio are undoubtedly conjectural.)

P. 321. (102) "*O time most curst,*"  
The folio has "*oh time most accurst.*"

P. 321. (103) "*All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.*"  
"He [Proteus] expressed such a lively sorrow for the injuries he had done to Valentine, that Valentine, whose nature was noble and generous, even to a romantic degree, not only forgave and restored him to his former place in his friendship, but in a sudden flight of heroism he said, 'I freely do forgive you; and all the interest I have in Silvia, I give it up to you.' Julia, who was standing beside her master as a page, hearing this strange offer, and fearing Proteus would not be able with his new-found virtue to refuse Silvia, fainted, and they were all employed in recovering her; else would Silvia have been offended at being thus made over to Proteus, though she could scarcely think that Valentine would long persevere in this over-strained and too generous act of friendship." *Tales from Shakespeare*, by Charles and Mary Lamb, p. 29, ed. 1841. What I have just quoted is the best comment on our text; which, startling as it is, does not appear to be corrupted. This "act of friendship" on the part of Valentine is indeed ridiculously "over-strained;" nor would Shakespeare probably, if the play had been written in his maturer years, have made Valentine give way to such "a sudden flight of heroism;" but *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was undoubtedly an early production of the poet, and in stories popular during his youth he may have found similar instances of romantic generosity.—1863. Here, in the sec. edition of his *Shakespeare*, Mr. Collier cites the above-quoted passage of Lamb's *Tales*, without acknowledging that he became acquainted with it from my *Remarks* on his former edition.



P. 322. (104) "To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia;"

"Surely," says Steevens, "our author wrote '*Deliver a ring,*' &c."—Here, as elsewhere in this scene, the verse is corrupted; for verse it undoubtedly was meant to be, whatever Malone may assert to the contrary.

P. 322. (105) "this is"

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 85) would print here "this," the contraction of "this is;" which the folio has in *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.—Qy. "'tis"?

P. 322. (106) "How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!"

Among the emendations of Shakespeare's text, which continue to spring up, like mushrooms, in all quarters, I may notice a comparatively recent one of the present line proposed by Kerslake in his *Catalogue of Books* for Jan. 1866. "In the West of England," he observes, "and probably in other parts, when a case either of strong conversational swearing or of hard perjury is being talked of, it is not uncommon to intensify the narrative by saying, 'I thought the *ceiling* would have cracked over us,' or 'I expected every minute that the *roof* would have come in upon us.' It is believed that the word which [in the above line] is always printed '*root*' was originally written '*roof*.' In which case the entire speech would be in the language common to Shakespeare and the plainest English ploughboy."—Now, the truth is, that the alteration of "*root*" to "*roof*" would reduce the speech to "the language common" only to lunatics: a man might say, "I thought the *ceiling* would have cracked over us," or "I expected every minute that the *roof* would have come in upon us;" but no one in his senses would say, "*How often has the ceiling cracked over us!*" or "*How often has the roof come in upon us!*" Such a catastrophe could not happen *often* to the same person or persons,—its single occurrence would in all probability annihilate both the perjurer and his companions.—The old reading, "*cleft the root*," i. e. cleft the root of her heart, is indubitably right; an allusion to *cleaving the pin*,—the metaphor from archery being continued.

P. 322. (107) "all sins:"

The folio has "all th' sins."

P. 322. (108) "Jul. And I mine.

Outlaws.	A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val.	Forbear,—"

Here, probably, the "And" ought to be omitted.—Malone, speaking of Steevens's metrical arrangement of this passage, observes, with disgusting absurdity, "So that even the Outlaws are compelled to proclaim, that they have got a booty, in blank-verse:"—and why should they not?

P. 323. (109) "Milano shall not hold thee."

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (see note 48).—The folio has "*Verona shall not hold thee*;" which Malone, Mr. Staunton, Mr. Grant White, and the Cam-

bridge Editors retain.—Theobald gave “*Milan shall not behold thee;*” Hanmer, “*And Milan shall not hold thee.*”—Mr. Halliwell prints “*Milan e’en shall not hold thee.*”

P. 323. (110) “*To make such means*”

See note 110 on *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

P. 323. (111) “*Cancel all grudge,*”

“Can ‘grudge’ be thus used in the singular? [In other words,—Ought we not to print ‘grudge,’ marked as a plural?]

 Walker’s *Shakespeare’s Versification*, &c. p. 254.

P. 323. (112) “*include*”

A doubtful reading,—was altered by Hanmer to “conclude;” and so Mr. Collier’s Ms. Corrector.

P. 324. (113) “*What think you of this page, my lord?*”

“Possibly, ‘—— my worthy lord?’” Walker’s *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 261.—Mr. Collier’s Ms. Corrector reads “*What think you of this stripling page, my lord?*”

P. 324. (114) “*that saying?*”

Mr. Collier’s Ms. Corrector gives “*that saying, Valentine?*”

THE  
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.



## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Was entered in the Stationers' Registers thus:

"18 Jan. 1601 [-2]. John Bushby] An excellent and pleasant conceited commedie of Sir John Faulstof and the Merry wyves of Windesor.

"Arth. Johnson] By assignment from Jno. Busbye a B[ook], An excellent and pleasant conceited comedie of Sir John Faulstafe and the mery wyves of Windzor;" and accordingly it was published by Johnson in 1602, 4to. That edition, however (reprinted in 1619), is comparatively little more than an outline of the play, which was first given in its present full and perfect state in the folio of 1623; and I scarcely entertain a doubt that the quarto of 1602 is a surreptitious, much mutilated, and very inaccurate text of the author's first sketch of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,—of the comedy as originally performed "both before her Maiestie and elsewhere;" and that the folio of 1623 exhibits it as subsequently altered and amplified by Shakespeare.—Malone supposes that this comedy was written in 1601; Mr. Collier that it was "brought out in the commencement of the summer season of 1600" (*Introd. to the Merry Wives of Windsor*); and I am strongly inclined to think that it was produced somewhat earlier.—"It should be read," says Johnson, "between *King Henry IV.* and *King Henry V.*;" no, says Malone, "it ought rather to be read between *The First* and *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*:" in good truth, "it should be read between" none of them,—being, as a story, complete in all its parts.—For the "sources of the plot" of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* we are referred to the following tales; and it is possible that the English ones at least (which, with the exception of the tale in *Westward for Smelts*, &c. are taken from the Italian) may have afforded some hints to Shakespeare:—two tales in *Le Piacevoli Notti* of Straparola,—*Notte ii. Favola 4*, and *Notte iv. Favola 4*; a tale in *Il Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino,—*Giornata i. Novella 2*; a tale, "*Two friends went to study at Bologna in Italy*," &c. (from *Il Pecorone*), in *The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers*, 1632, of which, according to Steevens, there are several editions; "*The Tale of the two lovers of Pisa, and why they were whipt in Purgatory with nettles*" (from *Le Piacevoli Notti*), in Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatorie*, n. d., but entered in the Stationers' Registers 1590; and "*The Fishwife's Tale of Brainford*," in *Westward for Smelts*, &c. of which no earlier edition than that of 1620 is at present known. (All these may be read in an Appendix to *The First Sketch of Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor*, edited by Mr. Halliwell for the Shakespeare Society, 1842.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON, a young gentleman.

SHALLOW, a country justice.

SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.

FORD, }  
PAGE, } two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.

WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Page.

SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson.

DOCTOR CAIUS, a French physician.

Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, }  
PISTOL, } followers of Falstaff.

NYM,

ROBIN, page to Falstaff.

SIMPLE, servant to Slender.

RUGBY, servant to Doctor Caius.

MISTRESS FORD.

MISTRESS PAGE.

ANNE PAGE, her daughter.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE—*Windsor, and the neighbourhood.*

THE  
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

---

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Windsor. Before PAGE's house.*

*Enter* JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

*Shal.* Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

*Slen.* In the county of Gloster, justice of peace and *coram*.

*Shal.* Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum*.

*Slen.* Ay, and *rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*,—in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

*Shal.* Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

*Slen.* All his successors gone before him have done't; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luses in their coat.

*Shal.* It is an old coat.

*Evans.* The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

*Shal.* The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

*Slen.* I may quarter, coz?

*Shal.* You may, by marrying.

*Evans.* It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

*Shal.* Not a whit.

*Evans.* Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compromises between you.

*Shal.* The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

*Evans.* It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

*Shal.* Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

*Evans.* It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it:—there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page,<sup>(1)</sup> which is pretty virginity.

*Slen.* Mistress Anne Page! She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

*Evans.* It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

*Shal.*<sup>(2)</sup> Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

*Evans.* Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

*Shal.* I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

*Evans.* Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

*Shal.* Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

*Evans.* Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*Knocks*] What, ho! Got pless your house here!

*Page.* [*appearing above*] Who's there?



*Evans.* Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

*Enter PAGE.*

*Page.* I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed.—How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

*Page.* Sir, I thank you.

*Shal.* Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

*Page.* I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

*Slen.* How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsol'.

*Page.* It could not be judged, sir.

*Slen.* You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

*Shal.* That he will not.—'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'tis a good dog.

*Page.* A cur, sir.

*Shal.* Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be more said? he is good and fair.—Is Sir John Falstaff here?

*Page.* Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

*Evans.* It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

*Shal.* He hath wronged me, Master Page.

*Page.* Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

*Shal.* If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wronged.

*Page.* Here comes Sir John.

*Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.*

*Fal.* Now, Master Shallow,—you'll complain of me to the king?

*Shal.* Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

*Fal.* But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

*Shal.* Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

*Fal.* I will answer it straight; I have done all this:—that is now answered.

*Shal.* The Council shall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

*Evans.* *Pauca verba*, Sir John, goot worts.<sup>(3)</sup>

*Fal.* Good worts! good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

*Slen.* Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you: and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol; they carried me to the tavern and made me drunk, and afterward picked my pocket.

*Bard.* You Banbury cheese!

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, Mephostophilus!

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice! that's my humour.

*Slen.* Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

*Evans.* Peace, I pray you.—Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, *fidelicet* Master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet* myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

*Page.* We three, to hear it and end it between them.

*Evans.* Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my notebook; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

*Fal.* Pistol,—

*Pist.* He hears with ears.

*Evans.* The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, "He hears with ear"? why, it is affectations.

*Fal.* Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

*Slen.* Ay, by these gloves, did he—or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else—of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

*Fal.* Is this true, Pistol?

*Evans.* No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

*Pist.* Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.—

Word of denial in thy labras here;

Word of denial:—froth and scum, thou liest!

*Slen.* By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

*Nym.* Be avised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say “marry trap” with you, if you run the nuthook’s humour on me; that is the very note of it.

*Slen.* By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

*Fal.* What say you, Scarlet and John?

*Bard.* Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences,—

*Evans.* It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

*Bard.* And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careers.

*Slen.* Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

*Evans.* So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

*Fal.* You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

*Enter ANNE PAGE, with wine; MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.*

*Page.* Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit Anne Page.]

*Slen.* O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

*Page.* How now, Mistress Ford!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [Kisses her.]

*Page.* Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.—Come, we have a hot venison-pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all except Shal., Slen., and Evans.]

*Slen.* I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

*Enter SIMPLE.*

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

*Sim.* Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?<sup>(4)</sup>

*Shal.* Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz;—there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

*Slen.* Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

*Shal.* Nay, but understand me.

*Slen.* So I do, sir.

*Evans.* Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

*Slen.* Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

*Evans.* But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

*Shal.* Ay, there's the point, sir.

*Evans.* Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

*Slen.* Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

*Evans.* But can you affection the oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

*Shal.* Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

*Slen.* I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

*Evans.* Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak positible, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

*Shal.* That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

*Slen.* I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

*Shal.* Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

*Slen.* I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt:<sup>(5)</sup> but if you say, "marry her," I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

*Evans.* It is a fery discretion answer; save the faul<sup>(6)</sup> is in the ort "dissolutely:" the ort is, according to our meaning, "resolutely:"—his meaning is goot.

*Shal.* Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

*Slen.* Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

*Shal.* Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

*Re-enter ANNE PAGE.*

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

*Anne.* The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

*Shal.* I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

*Evans.* Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Exeunt Shallow and Evans.*]

*Anne.* Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

*Slen.* No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

*Anne.* The dinner attends you, sir.

*Slen.* I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.—Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man.—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

*Anne.* I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

*Slen.* I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

*Anne.* I pray you, sir, walk in.

*Slen.* I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence,—three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since.—Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

*Anne.* I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

*Slen.* I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England.—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

*Anne.* Ay, indeed, sir.

*Slen.* That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

*Re-enter PAGE.*

*Page.* Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

*Slen.* I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

*Page.* By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

*Slen.* Nay, pray you, lead the way.

*Page.* Come on, sir.

*Slen.* Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

*Anne.* Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

*Slen.* Truly, I will not go first; truly, la; I will not do you that wrong.

*Anne.* I pray you, sir.

*Slen.* I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE II. *An outer room in PAGE'S house.*

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.*

*Evans.* Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his try nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

*Sim.* Well, sir.

*Evans.* Nay, it is petter yet.—Give her this letter; for it is a oman that altogetther's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and seese<sup>(7)</sup> to come. [*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE III. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

*Fal.* Mine host of the Garter,—

*Host.* What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.

*Fal.* Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

*Host.* Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

*Fal.* I sit at ten pounds a-week.

*Host.* Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheeazar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

*Fal.* Do so, good mine host.

*Host.* I have spoke; let him follow.—Let me see thee froth and lime:<sup>(8)</sup> I am at a word; follow. [*Exit.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

*Bard.* It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

*Pist.* O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?<sup>(9)</sup> [*Exit Bardolph.*

*Nym.* He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited?

*Fal.* I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer,—he kept not time.

*Nym.* The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest.<sup>(10)</sup>

*Pist.* "Convey" the wise it call. "Steal"! foh! a fico for the phrase!

*Fal.* Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

*Pist.* Why, then, let kibes ensue.

*Fal.* There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

*Pist.* Young ravens must have food.

*Fal.* Which of you know Ford of this town?

*Pist.* I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

*Fal.* My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

*Pist.* Two yards, and more.

*Fal.* No quips now, Pistol:—indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves,<sup>(11)</sup> she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's."

*Pist.* He hath studied her well, and translated her well,<sup>(12)</sup>—out of honesty into English.

*Nym.* The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

*Fal.* Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse—he hath a legion of angels.<sup>(13)</sup>

*Pist.* As many devils entertain; and, "To her, boy," say I.

*Nym.* The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

*Fal.* I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious œilliads; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

*Pist.* Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

*Nym.* I thank thee for that humour.

*Fal.* O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both,<sup>(14)</sup> and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.



*Pist.* Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,  
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

*Nym.* I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-  
letter: I will keep the haviour of reputation.

*Fal.* [*to Robin*] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;  
Sail like my pinnace to the golden shores.—<sup>(15)</sup> [*Exit Robin.*  
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;  
Trudge, plod away o' th' hoof;<sup>(16)</sup> seek shelter, pack!  
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,  
French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page. [*Exit.*

*Pist.* Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam  
hold,  
And high and low beguile the rich and poor:  
Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,  
Base Phrygian Turk!

*Nym.* I have operations in my head, which be humours of  
revenge.

*Pist.* Wilt thou revenge?

*Nym.* By welkin and her stars!<sup>(17)</sup>

*Pist.* With wit or steel?

*Nym.* With both the humours, I:  
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

*Pist.* And I to Ford shall eke unfold  
How Falstaff, varlet vile,  
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,  
And his soft couch defile.

*Nym.* My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page<sup>(18)</sup>  
to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for  
this revolt of mine<sup>(19)</sup> is dangerous: that is my true humour.

*Pist.* Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee;  
troop on. [*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE IV. *A room in DOCTOR CAIUS'S house.*

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY and SIMPLE.*

*Quick.* What, John Rugby!

*Enter RUGBY.*

I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my

master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, i' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

*Rug.* I'll go watch.

*Quick.* Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [*Exit Rugby.*] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass.—Peter Simple you say your name is?

*Sim.* Ay, for fault of a better.

*Quick.* And Master Slender's your master?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth.

*Quick.* Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

*Sim.* No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard,—a Cain-coloured beard.

*Quick.* A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

*Quick.* How say you?—O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

*Sim.* Yes, indeed, does he.

*Quick.* Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

*Re-enter RUGBY.*

*Rug.* Out, alas! here comes my master.

*Quick.* We shall all be shent. [*Exit Rugby.*]—Run in here, good young man; go into this closet:—he will not stay long. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*]—What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home. [*Sings.*

And down, down, adown-a, &c.

*Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.*

*Caius.* Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray

you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier vert*,<sup>(20)</sup>—a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you.—[*Aside*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

*Caius.* *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.*

*Quick.* Is it this, sir?

*Caius.* *Oui; mette le au mon pocket: dépêche, quickly.*—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

*Quick.* What, John Rugby! John!

*Re-enter RUGBY.*

*Rug.* Here, sir.

*Caius.* You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby.<sup>(21)</sup> Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

*Rug.* 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

*Caius.* By my trot, I tarry too long.—Od's me! *Qu'ai-j'oublié!* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for de varld I shall leave behind.

*Quick.* Ay me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad!

*Caius.* *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet? Villain! *larron!*<sup>(22)</sup> [*Pulling Simple out.*—Rugby, my rapier!

*Quick.* Good master, be content.

*Caius.* Verefore shall I be content-a?

*Quick.* The young man is an honest man.

*Caius.* Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

*Quick.* I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

*Caius.* Vell.

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth; to desire her to—

*Quick.* Peace, I pray you.

*Caius.* Peace-a your tongue.—Speak-a your tale.

*Sim.* To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

*Quick.* This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

*Caius.* Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper.—Tarry you a little-a while. [Writes.]

*Quick.* I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your<sup>(23)</sup> master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself,—

*Sim.* 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

*Quick.* Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear,—I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

*Caius.* You jack'nape,—give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [Exit Simple.]

*Quick.* Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

*Caius.* It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?<sup>(24)</sup>—by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

*Quick.* Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-ger!

*Caius.* Rugby, come to de court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door.—Follow my heels, Rugby. [Exeunt Caius and Rugby.]

*Quick.* You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

*Fent.* [within] Who's within there? ho!

*Quick.* Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

*Enter FENTON.*

*Fent.* How now, good woman ! how dost thou ?

*Quick.* The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

*Fent.* What news ? how does pretty Mistress Anne ?

*Quick.* In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle ; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way ; I praise heaven for it.

*Fent.* Shall I do any good, thinkest thou ? shall I not lose my suit ?

*Quick.* Troth, sir, all is in his hands above : but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye ?

*Fent.* Yes, marry, have I ; what of that ?

*Quick.* Well, thereby hangs a tale :—good faith, it is such another Nan ;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread :—we had an hour's talk of that wart :—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company !—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing : but for you—well, go to.

*Fent.* Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee ; let me have thy voice in my behalf : if thou see'st her before me, commend me.

*Quick.* Will I ? i' faith, that we will ; and I will tell<sup>(25)</sup> your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence ; and of other wooers.

*Fent.* Well, farewell ; I am in great haste now.

*Quick.* Farewell to your worship. [*Exit Fenton.*] Truly, an honest gentleman : but Anne loves him not ; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon't ! what have I forgot ?

[*Exit.*

---

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Before PAGE's house.*

*Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a letter.*

*Mrs. Page.* What, have I<sup>(26)</sup> scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them ? Let me see.

[*Reads.*

“Ask me no reason why I love you ; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor.<sup>(27)</sup> You are not young, no more am I ; go to, then, there’s sympathy : you are merry, so am I ; ha, ha ! then there’s more sympathy : you love sack, and so do I ; would you desire better sympathy ? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of a soldier<sup>(28)</sup> can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, —’tis not a soldier-like phrase ; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,  
By day or night,  
Or any kind of light,  
With all his might  
For thee to fight,

*John Falstaff.”*

What a Herod of Jewry is this !—O wicked, wicked world !—one that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant ! What unweighed behaviour<sup>(29)</sup> hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with the devil’s name—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me ? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company !—What should I say to him ?—I was then frugal of my mirth :—Heaven forgive me !—Why, I’ll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting-down of fat men.<sup>(30)</sup> How shall I be revenged on him ? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

*Enter MISTRESS FORD.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Mistress Page ! trust me, I was going to your house.

*Mrs. Page.* And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I’ll ne’er believe that ; I have to show to the contrary.

*Mrs. Page.* Faith, but you do, in my mind.

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, I do, then ; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel !

*Mrs. Page.* What’s the matter, woman ?

*Mrs. Ford.* O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour !

*Mrs. Page.* Hang the trifle, woman ! take the honour. What is it ?—dispense with trifles ;—what is it ?

*Mrs. Ford.* If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

*Mrs. Page.* What? thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

*Mrs. Ford.* We burn daylight:—here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised<sup>(81)</sup> women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep pace together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green sleeves*.<sup>(32)</sup> What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tunns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

*Mrs. Page.* Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure, more,—and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain<sup>(33)</sup> in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

*Mrs. Ford.* Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

*Mrs. Page.* So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint

him a meeting ; give him a show of comfort in his suit ; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter !<sup>(34)</sup> it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, look where he comes ;—and my good man too : he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause ; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

*Mrs. Ford.* You are the happier woman.

*Mrs. Page.* Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*]

*Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.*

*Ford.* Well, I hope it be not so.

*Pist.* Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs :  
Sir John affects thy wife.

*Ford.* Why, sir, my wife is not young.

*Pist.* He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,  
Both young and old, one with another, Ford ;  
He loves the gallimaufry : Ford, perpend.

*Ford.* Love my wife !

*Pist.* With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,  
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels :—  
O, odious is the name !

*Ford.* What name, sir ?

*Pist.* The horn, I say. Farewell.  
Take heed ; have open eye ; for thieves do foot by night :  
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—  
Away, Sir Corporal Nym !—

Believe it, Page ; he speaks sense.<sup>(35)</sup> [*Exit.*]

*Ford.* [*aside*] I will be patient ; I will find out this.

*Nym.* [*to Page*] And this is true ; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours : I should have borne the humoured letter to her ; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity.<sup>(36)</sup> He loves your wife ; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym ; I speak, and I avouch 'tis true : my name is Nym, and Fal-



staff loves your wife.—Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit.*]

*Page.* [*aside*] “The humour of it,” quoth ‘a!’<sup>(37)</sup> here’s a fellow frights humour out of his wits.<sup>(38)</sup>

*Ford.* [*aside*] I will seek out Falstaff.

*Page.* [*aside*] I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.<sup>(39)</sup>

*Ford.* [*aside*] If I do find it:—well.

*Page.* [*aside*] I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o’ the town commended him for a true man.

*Ford.* [*aside*] ’Twas a good sensible fellow:—well.

[*Mistress Page and Mistress Ford come forward.*]

*Page.* How now, Meg!

*Mrs. Page.* Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

*Ford.* I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

*Mrs. Ford.* Faith, thou hast some crotchet<sup>(40)</sup> in thy head now.—Will you go, Mistress Page?

*Mrs. Page.* Have with you.—You’ll come to dinner, George?—[*Aside to Mrs. Ford*] Look who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

*Mrs. Ford.* [*aside to Mrs. Page*] Trust me, I thought on her: she’ll fit it.

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

*Mrs. Page.* You are come to see my daughter Anne?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

*Mrs. Page.* Go in with us and see: we have<sup>(41)</sup> an hour’s talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Mistress Quickly.*]

*Page.* How now, Master Ford!

*Ford.* You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

*Page.* Yes: and you heard what the other told me?

*Ford.* Do you think there is truth in them?

*Page.* Hang ‘em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our

wives are a yoke of his discarded men ; very rogues, now they be out of service.

*Ford.* Were they his men ?

*Page.* Marry, were they.

*Ford.* I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter ?

*Page.* Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him ; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

*Ford.* I do not misdoubt my wife ; but I would be loth to turn them together. A man may be too confident : I would have nothing lie on my head : I cannot be thus satisfied.

*Page.* Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes : there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.

*Enter Host.*

How now, mine host !

*Host.* How now, bully-rook ! thou'rt a gentleman.—Cavalero-justice, I say !

*Enter SHALLOW.*

*Shal.* I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even and twenty, good Master Page ! Master Page, will you go with us ? we have sport in hand.

*Host.* Tell him, cavalero-justice ; tell him, bully-rook.

*Shal.* Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

*Ford.* Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

*Host.* What sayest thou, my bully-rook ? [*They go aside.*]

*Shal.* [*to Page*] Will you go with us to behold it ? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons ; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places ; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be. [*They go aside.*]

*Host.* Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier ?

*Ford.*<sup>(42)</sup> None, I protest : but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook ;<sup>(43)</sup> only for a jest.

*Host.* My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress;—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight.—Will you go, mynheers?<sup>(44)</sup>

*Shal.* Have with you, mine host.

*Page.* I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

*Shal.* Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.<sup>(45)</sup>

*Host.* Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

*Page.* Have with you.—I had rather hear them scold than see them fight.<sup>(46)</sup>

[*Exeunt Host, Shal., and Page.*]

*Ford.* Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty,<sup>(47)</sup> yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

[*Exit.*]

---

SCENE II. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.*

*Fal.* I will not lend thee a penny.

*Pist.* Why, then the world's mine oyster,  
Which I with sword will open.

*Fal.* Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

*Pist.* Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

*Fal.* Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkest thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me,

I am no gibbet for you :—go :—a short knife and a throng ; —to your manor of Pickt-hatch, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue !—you stand upon your honour !—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise : I, I, I myself<sup>(48)</sup> sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch ; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bull-baiting oaths,<sup>(49)</sup> under the shelter of your honour ! You will not do it, you !

*Pist.* I do relent :—what would thou more of man ?

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Rob.* Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

*Fal.* Let her approach.

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

*Quick.* Give your worship good morrow.

*Fal.* Good morrow, good wife.

*Quick.* Not so, an't please your worship.

*Fal.* Good maid, then.

*Quick.* I'll be sworn ;

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.<sup>(50)</sup>

*Fal.* I do believe the swearer. What with me ?

*Quick.* Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two ?

*Fal.* Two thousand, fair woman : and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

*Quick.* There is one Mistress Ford, sir :—I pray, come a little nearer this ways :—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius,—

*Fal.* Well, one Mistress Ford, you say,—<sup>(51)</sup>

*Quick.* Your worship says very true :—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

*Fal.* I warrant thee, nobody hears ;—mine own people, mine own people.

*Quick.* Are they so ? God bless them, and make them his servants !

*Fal.* Well, Mistress Ford ;—what of her ?

*Quick.* Why, sir, she's a good creature.—Lord, Lord !

your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!—

*Fal.* Mistress Ford;—come, Mistress Ford,—

*Quick.* Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly—all musk—and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and such wine<sup>(52)</sup> and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her:—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning;<sup>(53)</sup> but I defy all angels—in any such sort, as they say—but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

*Fal.* But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

*Quick.* Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;—Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him! he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven:—woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

*Quick.* Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you, too:—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other:—and she bade me tell your worship

that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

*Quick.* Blessing on your heart for't!

*Fal.* But, I pray thee, tell me this,—has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

*Quick.* That were a jest indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick indeed!—But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

*Fal.* Why, I will.

*Quick.* Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

*Fal.* Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin.*—This news distracts me!

*Pist.* This punk<sup>(54)</sup> is one of Cupid's carriers:—  
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;  
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit.*

*Fal.* Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

*Enter BARDOLPH, with a cup of sack.*

*Bard.* Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would

fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you ; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

*Fal.* Brook is his name ?

*Bard.* Ay, sir.

*Fal.* Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor.—Ah, ha ! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you ? go to ; *via !*

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.*

*Ford.* Bless you, sir !

*Fal.* And you, sir ! Would you speak with me ?

*Ford.* I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

*Fal.* You're welcome. What's your will ?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*]

*Ford.* Sir, I am a gentleman that hath spent much ; my name is Brook.

*Fal.* Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

*Ford.* Good Sir John, I sue for yours : not to charge you ; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are : the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion ; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

*Fal.* Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

*Ford.* Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me : if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half,<sup>(55)</sup> for easing me of the carriage.

*Fal.* Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

*Ford.* I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

*Fal.* Speak, good Master Brook : I shall be glad to be your servant.

*Ford.* Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you ;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection : but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own ; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

*Fal.* Very well, sir ; proceed.

*Ford.* There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

*Fal.* Well, sir.

*Ford.* I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her ; following her with a doting observance ; engrossed opportunities to meet her ; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her ; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given ; briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me ; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none ; unless experience be a jewel : that I have purchased at an infinite rate ; and that hath taught me to say this ;

Love like a shadow\* flies when substance love pursues ;  
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

*Fal.* Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands ?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Have you importuned her to such a purpose ?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Of what quality was your love, then ?

*Ford.* Like a fair house built on another man's ground ; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

*Fal.* To what purpose have you unfolded this to me ?

*Ford.* When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose : you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations,—

*Fal.* O, sir !

*Ford.* Believe it, for you know it.—There is money ;

\* *Love like a shadow, &c.*] A quotation probably.



spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

*Fal.* Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

*Ford.* O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul<sup>(66)</sup> dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

*Ford.* O good sir!

*Fal.* I say you shall.

*Ford.* Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

*Fal.* Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her—I may tell you—by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

*Ford.* I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

*Fal.* Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

*Ford.* I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

*Fal.* Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will

stare him out of his wits ; I will awe him with my cudgel,—it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night :—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style ; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold :—come to me soon at night. *[Exit.*

*Ford.* What a damned Epicurean rascal is this !—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says this is improvident jealousy ? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this ?—See the hell of having a false woman ! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at ; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him who does me this wrong. Terms ! names !—Amaimon sounds well ; Lucifer, well ; Barbason, well ; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends : but cuckold ! wittol - cuckold !<sup>(57)</sup> the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass : he will trust his wife ; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself : then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises ; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy !—Eleven o'clock the hour :—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it ; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie ! cuckold ! cuckold ! cuckold ! *[Exit.*

---

SCENE III. *A field near Windsor.*

*Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.*

*Caius.* Jack Rugby,—

*Rug.* Sir ?

*Caius.* Vat is de clock, Jack ?

*Rug.* 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

*Caius.* By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come ; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come : by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

*Rug.* He is wise, sir ; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

*Caius.* By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack ; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

*Rug.* Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

*Caius.* Villain,<sup>(68)</sup> take your rapier.

*Rug.* Forbear ; here's company.

*Enter* Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

*Host.* Bless thee, bully doctor !

*Shal.* Save you, Master Doctor Caius !

*Page.* Now, good master doctor !

*Slen.* Give you good morrow, sir.

*Caius.* Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for ?

*Host.* To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse ; to see thee here, to see thee there ; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montánt. Is. he dead, my Ethiopian ? is he dead, my Francisco ? ha, bully ! What says my Æsculapius ? my Galen ? my heart of elder ? ha ! is he dead, bully Stale ? is he dead ?

*Caius.* By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de varld ;<sup>(59)</sup> he is not show his face.

*Host.* Thou art a Castilian, King Urinal ! Hector of Greece, my boy !

*Caius.* I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

*Shal.* He is the wiser man, master doctor :<sup>(60)</sup> he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies ; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions.—Is it not true, Master Page ?

*Page.* Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

*Shal.* Bodikins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us ; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

*Page.* 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* It will be found so, Master Page.—Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

*Host.* Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Monsieur Mock-water.<sup>(61)</sup>

*Caius.* Mock-vater! vat is dat?

*Host.* Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

*Caius.* By gar, den, I have as mush mock-vater as de Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

*Host.* He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

*Caius.* Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

*Host.* That is, he will make thee amends.

*Caius.* By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

*Host.* And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

*Caius.* Me dank you for dat.<sup>(62)</sup>

*Host.* And, moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*]

*Page.* Sir Hugh is there, is he?

*Host.* He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

*Shal.* We will do it.

*Page, Shal., and Slen.* Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*]

*Caius.* By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

*Host.* Let him die: sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim?<sup>(63)</sup> said I well?

*Caius.* By gar, me dank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

*Host.* For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

*Host.* Let us wag, then.

*Caius.* Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt.

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *A field near Frogmore.*

*Enter* SIR HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

*Evans.* I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physie?

*Sim.* Marry, sir, the Pitty-ward,<sup>(64)</sup> the Park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

*Evans.* I most feheemently desire you you will also look that way.

*Sim.* I will, sir. [Retires.

*Evans.* Pless my soul, how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have goot opportunities for the ork:—Pless my soul!— [Sings.

To shallow rivers,\* to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals;  
There will we make our peds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies.  
To shallow—

\* *To shallow rivers, &c.*] From the song by Christopher Marlowe, entitled *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*: see Marlowe's *Works*, p. 381, ed. Dyce, 1858. Sir Hugh misquotes the lines, and mixes up with them a line from the old version of the 137th Psalm,

“*Whenas wee sate in Babylon,  
The rivers round about,*” &c.  
p. 93, ed. 1638.

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.— [Sings.

Melodious birds sing madrigals ;—  
Whenas I sat in Pabylon,—  
And a thousand vagram<sup>(65)</sup> posies.  
To shallow, &c.

*Sim.* [coming forward] Yonder he is, coming this way,  
Sir Hugh.

*Evans.* He's welcome.— [Sings.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

*Sim.* No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

*Evans.* Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms. [Reads in a book.

*Enter* PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

*Shal.* How now, master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

*Slen.* [aside] Ah, sweet Anne Page!

*Page.* Save you, good Sir Hugh!

*Evans.* Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

*Shal.* What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

*Page.* And youthful still, in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day?

*Evans.* There is reasons and causes for it.

*Page.* We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

*Evans.* Fery well: what is it?

*Page.* Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

*Shal.* I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

*Evans.* What is he?

*Page.* I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

*Evans.* Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

*Page.* Why?

*Evans.* He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

*Page.* I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

*Slen.* [*aside*] O sweet Anne Page!

*Shal.* It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder:—here comes Doctor Caius.

*Enter Host, CAIUS, and RUGBY.*

*Page.* Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

*Shal.* So do you, good master doctor.

*Host.* Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

*Caius.* I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

*Evans.* [*aside to Caius*] Pray you, use your patience: in goot time.

*Caius.* By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

*Evans.* [*aside to Caius*] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends.—[*Aloud*] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

*Caius.* *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine host de Jarteer,—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

*Evans.* As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

*Host.* Peace, I say, Gallia and Guallia,<sup>(66)</sup> French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!

*Caius.* Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

*Host.* Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall

I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.<sup>(67)</sup>—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn.—Follow me, lads<sup>(68)</sup> of peace; follow, follow, follow.

*Shal.* Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

*Slen.* [*aside*] O sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shal., Slen., Page, and Host.*]

*Caius.* Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

*Evans.* This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

*Caius.* By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

*Evans.* Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE II. *The street, in Windsor.*

*Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.*

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

*Rob.* I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

*Mrs. Page.* O, you are a flattering boy: now I see you'll be a courtier.

*Enter FORD.*

*Ford.* Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

*Ford.* Ay, and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company.<sup>(69)</sup> I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

*Mrs. Page.* Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

*Ford.* Where had you this pretty weathercock?



*Mrs. Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

*Rob.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Ford.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Mrs. Page.* He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home indeed?

*Ford.* Indeed she is.

*Mrs. Page.* By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*]

*Ford.* Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her:—a man may hear this shower sing in the wind:—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search where<sup>(70)</sup> I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go.

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.*

*Shal., Page, &c.* Well met, Master Ford.

*Ford.* Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all, go with me.

*Shal.* I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

*Slen.* And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

*Shal.* We have lingered about a match between Anne

Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

*Slen.* I hope I have your good will, father Page.

*Page.* You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

*Caius.* Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

*Host.* What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

*Page.* Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Pointz; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

*Ford.* I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, Master Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

*Shal.* Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's. *[Exeunt Shal. and Slen.]*

*Caius.* Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

*[Exit Rugby.]*

*Host.* Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. *[Exit.]*

*Ford.* *[aside]* I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance.—Will you go, gentles?

*All.* Have with you to see this monster. *[Exeunt.]*

---

SCENE III. *A room in FORD's house.*

*Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.*

*Mrs. Ford.* What, John! What, Robert!

*Mrs. Page.* Quickly, quickly:—is the buck-basket—

*Mrs. Ford.* I warrant.—What, Robin, I say!

*Enter Servants with a basket.*

*Mrs. Page.* Come, come, come.

*Mrs. Ford.* Here, set it down.

*Mrs. Page.* Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

*Mrs. Page.* You will do it?

*Mrs. Ford.* I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction.—Be gone, and come when you are called.

*[Exeunt Servants.]*

*Mrs. Page.* Here comes little Robin.

*Enter ROBIN.*

*Mrs. Ford.* How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

*Rob.* My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

*Mrs. Page.* You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

*Rob.* Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

*Mrs. Page.* Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

*Mrs. Ford.* Do so.—Go tell thy master I am alone.—Mistress Page, remember you your cue. *[Exit Robin.]*

*Mrs. Page.* I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

*[Exit.]*

*Mrs. Ford.* Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* "Have I caught my heavenly jewel?"<sup>(71)</sup> Why, now

let me die, for I have lived long enough ; this is the period of my ambition : O this blessed hour !

*Mrs. Ford.* O sweet Sir John !

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish,—I would thy husband were dead : I'll speak it before the best lord,—I would make thee my lady.

*Mrs. Ford.* I your lady, Sir John ! alas, I should be a pitiful lady !

*Fal.* Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond : thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

*Mrs. Ford.* A plain kerchief, Sir John : my brows become nothing else ; nor that well neither.

*Fal.* By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so :<sup>(72)</sup> thou wouldst make an absolute courtier ; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend.<sup>(73)</sup> Come, thou canst not hide it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

*Fal.* What made me love thee ? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisp-ing hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time ; I cannot : but I love thee ; none but thee ; and thou deservest it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

*Fal.* Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

*Mrs. Ford.* Well, heaven knows how I love you ; and you shall one day find it.

*Fal.* Keep in that mind ; I'll deserve it.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, I must tell you, so you do ; or else I could not be in that mind.

*Rob.* [*within*] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford ! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

*Fal.* She shall not see me : I will ensconce me behind the arras.

*Mrs. Ford.* Pray you, do so : she's a very tattling woman.  
*[Falstaff hides himself behind the arras.]*

*Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.*

What's the matter ? how now !

*Mrs. Page.* O Mistress Ford, what have you done ? You're shamed, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever !

*Mrs. Ford.* What's the matter, good Mistress Page ?

*Mrs. Page.* O well-a-day, Mistress Ford ! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion !

*Mrs. Ford.* What cause of suspicion ?

*Mrs. Page.* What cause of suspicion ! Out upon you ! how am I mistook in you !

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, alas, what's the matter ?

*Mrs. Page.* Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence : you are undone.

*Mrs. Ford.* 'Tis not so, I hope.

*Mrs. Page.* Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here ! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it ; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed ; call all your senses to you ; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

*Mrs. Ford.* What shall I do ?—There is a gentleman my dear friend ; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril : I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

*Mrs. Page.* For shame ! never stand “ you had rather ” and “ you had rather : ” your husband's here at hand ; bethink you of some conveyance : in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me !—Look, here is a basket : if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here ; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking : or,—it is whiting-time,—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

*Mrs. Ford.* He's too big to go in there. What shall I do ?

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't!—I'll in, I'll in:—follow your friend's counsel:—I'll in.

*Mrs. Page.* What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

*Fal.* I love thee, and none but thee;<sup>(74)</sup> help me away: let me creep in here. I'll never—

*[Goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.]*

*Mrs. Page.* Help to cover your master, boy.—Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight! *[Exit Robin.]*

*Mrs. Ford.* What, John! Robert! John!

*Re-enter Servants.*

Go take up these clothes here quickly:—where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble!—carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

*Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.*

*Ford.* Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! whither bear you this?

*Serv.* To the laundress, forsooth.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford.* Buck!—I would I could wash myself of the buck!—Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. *[Exeunt Servants with the basket.]*—Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox.—Let me stop this way first *[Locks the door]*.—So, now uncape.<sup>(75)</sup>

*Page.* Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

*Ford.* True, Master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. *[Exit.]*

*Evans.* This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

*Page.* Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.  
[*Exeunt Page, Caius, and Evans.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

*Mrs. Ford.* I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

*Mrs. Page.* What a taking was he in when your husband asked what was in the basket!<sup>(76)</sup>

*Mrs. Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

*Mrs. Ford.* I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

*Mrs. Page.* I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we send that foolish carrion<sup>(77)</sup> Mistress Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

*Mrs. Page.* We will do it: let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

*Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.*

*Ford.* I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

*Mrs. Page.* [*aside to Mrs. Ford*] Heard you that?

*Mrs. Ford.* [*aside to Mrs. Page*] Ay, ay, peace.—You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

*Ford.* Ay, I do so.

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

*Ford.* Amen!

*Mrs. Page.* You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

*Ford.* Ay, ay; I must bear it.

*Evans.* If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

*Caius.* By gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

*Page.* Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What

spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

*Ford.* 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

*Evans.* You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

*Caius.* By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

*Ford.* Well; — I promised you a dinner: — come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife; — come, Mistress Page.—I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

*Page.* Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

*Ford.* Any thing.

*Evans.* If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

*Caius.* If dere be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

*Ford.* Pray you, go, Master Page.

*Evans.* I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

*Caius.* Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

*Evans.* A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries!  
[*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE IV. *A room in PAGE's house.*

*Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.*

*Fent.* I see I cannot get thy father's love;  
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

*Anne.* Alas, how then?

*Fent.* Why, thou must be thyself.  
He doth object I am too great of birth;  
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,  
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:  
Besides, these other bars he lays before me,—  
My riots past, my wild societies;<sup>(78)</sup>



And tells me 'tis a thing impossible  
I should love thee but as a property.

*Anne.* May be he tells you true.

*Fent.* No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!

Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth  
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne* :  
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value  
Than stamps in gold or sums in seal'd bags ;  
And 'tis the very riches of thyself  
That now I aim at.

*Anne.* Gentle Master Fenton,  
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir :  
If opportunity and humblest suit  
Cannot attain it, why, then—Hark you hither.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

*Shal.* Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

*Slen.* I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: slid, 'tis but venturing.

*Shal.* Be not dismayed.

*Slen.* No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

*Quick.* Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

*Anne.* I come to him.—[*Aside*] This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults  
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

*Quick.* And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

*Shal.* She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

*Slen.* I had a father, Mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

*Shal.* Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

*Slen.* Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

*Shal.* He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

*Slen.* Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

*Shal.* He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

*Anne.* Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

*Shal.* Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort.—She calls you, coz : I'll leave you.

*Anne.* Now, Master Slender,—

*Slen.* Now, good Mistress Anne,—

*Anne.* What is your will?

*Slen.* My will ! od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed ! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven ; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

*Anne.* I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

*Slen.* Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle have made motions : if it be my luck, so ; if not, happy man be his dole ! They can tell you how things go better than I can : you may ask your father ; here he comes.

*Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.*

*Page.* Now, Master Slender :—love him, daughter Anne.—Why, how now ! what does Master Fenton here ? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house : I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

*Fent.* Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

*Mrs. Page.* Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

*Page.* She is no match for you.

*Fent.* Sir, will you hear me ?

*Page.*

No, good Master Fenton.—

Come, Master Shallow ; come, son Slender ; in.—

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

*[Excunt Page, Shal., and Slen.]*

*Quick.* Speak to Mistress Page.

*Fent.* Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners, I must advance the colours of my love, And not retire : let me have your good will.

*Anne.* Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

*Mrs. Page.* I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

*Quick.* That's my master, master doctor.

*Anne.* Alas, I had rather be set quick i' th' earth,  
And bowl'd to death with turnips!

*Mrs. Page.* Come, trouble not yourself. — Good Master  
Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected.

Till then farewell, sir: she must needs go in;

Her father will be angry.

*Fent.* Farewell, gentle mistress. — Farewell, Nan.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*]

*Quick.* This is my doing now: — “Nay,” said I, “will you cast away your child on a fool and a physician?<sup>(79)</sup> Look on Master Fenton:” — this is my doing.

*Fent.* I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night  
Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains.

*Quick.* Now heaven send thee good fortune! [*Exit Fenton.*] A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it! [*Exit.*]

---

SCENE V. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, I say, —

*Bard.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit Bard.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en

out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies,<sup>(80)</sup> fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

*Re-enter BARDOLPH with sack.*

*Bard.* Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

*Fal.* Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

*Bard.* Come in, woman!

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

*Quick.* By your leave; I cry you mercy:—give your worship good morrow.

*Fal.* Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle<sup>(81)</sup> of sack finely.

*Bard.* With eggs, sir?

*Fal.* Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.  
[*Exit Bardolph.*] How now!

*Quick.* Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

*Fal.* Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

*Quick.* Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

*Fal.* So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

*Quick.* Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

*Fal.* Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think

what a man is : let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

*Quick.* I will tell her.

*Fal.* Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou ?

*Quick.* Eight and nine, sir.

*Fal.* Well, be gone : I will not miss her.

*Quick.* Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*

*Fal.* I marvel I hear not of Master Brook ; he sent me word to stay within : I like his money well.—O, here he comes.

*Enter FORD disguised.*

*Ford.* Bless you, sir !

*Fal.* Now, Master Brook,—you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife ?

*Ford.* That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will not lie to you : I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

*Ford.* And how sped you, sir ?<sup>(82)</sup>

*Fal.* Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

*Ford.* How so, sir ? Did she change her determination ?

*Fal.* No, Master Brook ; but the peaking cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy ; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

*Ford.* What, while you were there ?

*Fal.* While I was there.

*Ford.* And did he search for you, and could not find you ?

*Fal.* You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page ; gives intelligence of Ford's approach ; and, by her invention and Ford's wife's direction,<sup>(83)</sup> they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

*Ford.* A buck-basket !

*Fal.* By the Lord, a buck-basket !—rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins ; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

*Ford.* And how long lay you there ?

*Fal.* Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: <sup>(84)</sup> I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with <sup>(85)</sup> a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that,—that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw;—it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

*Ford.* In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy <sup>(86)</sup> of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

*Ford.* 'Tis past eight already, sir.

*Fal.* Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit.]

*Ford.* Hum,—ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there's

a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make me<sup>(87)</sup> mad, let the proverb go with me,—I'll be horn-mad. [Exit.

---

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *The street.*

*Enter* MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

*Mrs. Page.* Is he at Master Ford's already, thinkest thou?

*Quick.* Sure he is by this, or will be presently: but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

*Mrs. Page.* I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes: 'tis a playing-day, I see.

*Enter* SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

*Evans.* No; Master Slender is let<sup>(88)</sup> the boys leave to play.

*Quick.* Blessing of his heart!

*Mrs. Page.* Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

*Evans.* Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

*Mrs. Page.* Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

*Evans.* William, how many numbers is in nouns?

*Will.* Two.

*Quick.* Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, Od's-nouns.

*Evans.* Peace your tattlings.—What is *fair*, William?

*Will.* *Pulcher*.

*Quick.* Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

*Evans.* You are a very simplicity oman: I pray you, peace.—What is *lapis*, William?

*Will.* A stone.

*Evans.* And what is a stone, William?

*Will.* A pebble.

*Evans.* No, it is *lapis*: I pray you, remember in your prain.

*Will.* *Lapis*.

*Evans.* That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

*Will.* Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.

*Evans.* *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*. Well, what is your accusative case?

*Will.* *Accusativo, hunc*.<sup>(89)</sup>

*Evans.* I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accusativo, hung, hang, hog*.

*Quick.* Hang-hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

*Evans.* Leave your prabbles, oman.—What is the focative case, William?

*Will.* *O*,—*vocativo, O*.

*Evans.* Remember, William; focative is *caret*.

*Quick.* And that's a good root.

*Evans.* Oman, forbear.

*Mrs. Page.* Peace!

*Evans.* What is your genitive case plural, William?

*Will.* Genitive case!

*Evans.* Ay.

*Will.* *Genitivo,—horum, harum, horum*.

*Quick.* Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

*Evans.* For shame, oman.

*Quick.* You do ill to teach the child such words:—he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call whorum:—fie upon you!



*Evans.* Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers and the genders?<sup>(90)</sup> Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

*Mrs. Page.* Prithee, hold thy peace.

*Evans.* Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

*Will.* Forsooth, I have forgot.

*Evans.* It is *qui*, *quæ*, *quod* : if you forgot your *quies*, your *quæ*s, and your *quods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

*Mrs. Page.* He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

*Evans.* He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

*Mrs. Page.* Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir Hugh.*]—Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE II. *A room in FORD's house.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS FORD.*

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

*Mrs. Ford.* He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

*Mrs. Page.* [*within*] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho!

*Mrs. Ford.* Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

*Enter MISTRESS PAGE.*

*Mrs. Page.* How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, none but mine own people.

*Mrs. Page.* Indeed!

*Mrs. Ford.* No, certainly.—[*Aside to her*] Speak louder.

*Mrs. Page.* Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why?

*Mrs. Page.* Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes<sup>(91)</sup> again : he so takes on yonder with my husband ; so rails against all married mankind ; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever ; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer out, peer out !" that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now : I am glad the fat knight is not here.

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, does he talk of him ?

*Mrs. Page.* Of none but him ; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket ; protests to my husband he is now here ; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion : but I am glad the knight is not here ; now he shall see his own foolery.

*Mrs. Ford.* How near is he, Mistress Page ?

*Mrs. Page.* Hard by ; at street end ; he will be here anon.

*Mrs. Ford.* I am undone !—the knight is here.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, then, you are utterly ashamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you !—Away with him, away with him ! better shame than murder.

*Mrs. Ford.* Which way should he go ? how should I bestow him ? Shall I put him into the basket again ?

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come ?

*Mrs. Page.* Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out ; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here ?

*Fal.* What shall I do ?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

*Mrs. Ford.* There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces.

*Mrs. Page.* Creep into the kiln-hole.<sup>(92)</sup>

*Fal.* Where is it ?

*Mrs. Ford.* He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note : there is no hiding you in the house.

*Fal.* I'll go out, then.

*Mrs. Page.*<sup>(93)</sup> If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

*Mrs. Ford.* How might we disguise him ?

*Mrs. Page.* Alas the day, I know not ! There is no woman's gown big enough for him ; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

*Fal.* Good hearts, devise something : any extremity rather than a mischief.

*Mrs. Ford.* My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

*Mrs. Page.* On my word, it will serve him ; she's as big as he is : and there's her thrummed hat, and her muffler too. —Run up, Sir John.

*Mrs. Ford.* Go, go, sweet Sir John : Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

*Mrs. Page.* Quick, quick ! we'll come dress you straight : put on the gown the while. *[Exit Falstaff.]*

*Mrs. Ford.* I would my husband would meet him in this shape : he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford ; he swears she's a witch ; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

*Mrs. Page.* Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards !

*Mrs. Ford.* But is my husband coming ?

*Mrs. Page.* Ay, in good sadness, is he ; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

*Mrs. Ford.* We'll try that ; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

*Mrs. Page.* Nay, but he'll be here presently : let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

*Mrs. Ford.* I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up ; I'll bring linen for him straight. *[Exit.]*

*Mrs. Page.* Hang him, dishonest varlet ! we cannot misuse him<sup>(94)</sup> enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too :

We do not act that often jest and laugh ;

'Tis old, but true,—Still swine eat all the draff. *[Exit.]*

*Re-enter MISTRESS FORD with two Servants.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch. [*Exit.*]

*First Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

*Sec. Serv.* Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

*First Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear<sup>(95)</sup> so much lead.

*Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.*

*Ford.* Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villains!<sup>(96)</sup>—Somebody call my wife.—Youth in a basket!<sup>(97)</sup>—O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,<sup>(98)</sup> a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed.—What, wife, I say! come, come forth!<sup>(99)</sup> behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

*Page.* Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

*Evans.* Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

*Shal.* Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

*Ford.* So say I too, sir.

*Re-enter MISTRESS FORD.*

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

*Ford.* Well said, brazen-face! hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah! [*Pulling the clothes out of the basket.*]

*Page.* This passes!

*Mrs. Ford.* Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

*Ford.* I shall find you anon.

*Evans.* 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

*Ford.* Empty the basket, I say!

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, man, why,—

*Ford.* Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may

not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable.—Pluck me out all the linen.

*Mrs. Ford.* If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

*Page.* Here's no man.

*Shal.* By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

*Evans.* Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

*Ford.* Well, he's not here I seek for.

*Page.* No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

*Ford.* Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman." Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

*Mrs. Ford.* What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

*Ford.* Old woman! what old woman's that?

*Mrs. Ford.* Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

*Ford.* A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure; and such daubery as this is beyond our element; we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, good, sweet husband,—Good gentlemen, let him not<sup>(100)</sup> strike the old woman.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, led by MISTRESS PAGE.*

*Mrs. Page.* Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

*Ford.* I'll prat her.—[Beating him] Out of my door, you witch, you hag,<sup>(101)</sup> you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [Exit Falstaff.]

*Mrs. Page.* Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, he will do it.—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

*Ford.* Hang her, witch!

*Evans.* By yea and no, I think the oman is a witch indeed : I like not when a oman has a great peard : I spy a great peard under her<sup>(102)</sup> muffler.

*Ford.* Will you follow, gentlemen ? I beseech you, follow ; see but the issue of my jealousy : if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

*Page.* Let's obey his humour a little further : come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt Ford, Page, Shal., Caius, and Evans.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, by the mass, that he did not ; he beat him most unpitifully methought.

*Mrs. Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar ; it hath done meritorious service.

*Mrs. Ford.* What think you ? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge ?

*Mrs. Page.* The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him : if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

*Mrs. Ford.* Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him ?

*Mrs. Page.* Yes, by all means ; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

*Mrs. Ford.* I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed : and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

*Mrs. Page.* Come, to the forge with it, then ; shape it : I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE III. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter Host and BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Sir, the Germans desire<sup>(103)</sup> to have three of your horses : the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

*Host.* What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

*Bard.* Ay, sir; I'll call them<sup>(104)</sup> to you.

*Host.* They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house<sup>(105)</sup> a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE IV. *A room in FORD's house.*

*Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and  
SIR HUGH EVANS.*

*Evans.* 'Tis one of the best discretions of a oman as ever I did look upon.

*Page.* And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

*Mrs. Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

*Ford.* Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt; I rather will suspect the sun with cold<sup>(106)</sup> Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand, In him that was of late an heretic, As firm as faith.

*Page.* 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more: Be not as éxtreme in submission As in offence.

But let our plot go forward: let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow, Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

*Ford.* There is no better way than that they spoke of.

*Page.* How! to send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.

*Evans.* You say he has been thrown in the rivers;<sup>(107)</sup> and has been grievously peaten, as an old oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

*Page.* So think I too.

*Mrs. Ford.* Devise but how you'll use him when he comes, And let us two devise to bring him thither.

*Mrs. Page.* There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,  
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,  
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,  
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd<sup>(108)</sup> horns;  
And there he blasts the trees,<sup>(109)</sup> and takes the cattle,  
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain  
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:  
You've heard of such a spirit; and well you know  
The superstitious idle-headed eld  
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,  
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

*Page.* Why, yet there want not many that do fear  
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:  
But what of this?

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our device;  
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,  
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.<sup>(110)</sup>

*Page.* Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come:  
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,  
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

*Mrs. Page.* That likewise have we thought upon, and thus.  
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,  
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress  
Like urchins, ouphs, and fairies, green and white,  
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,  
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,  
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,  
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once  
With some diffusèd song: upon their sight,  
We two in great amazedness will fly:  
Then let them all encircle him about,  
And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight;  
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,  
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread  
In shape profane.

*Mrs. Ford.*<sup>(111)</sup> And till he tell the truth,  
Let the supposèd fairies pinch him sound,<sup>(112)</sup>  
And burn him with their tapers.

*Mrs. Page.* The truth being known,  
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,



And mock him home to Windsor.

*Ford.*

The children must

Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

*Evans.* I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

*Ford.* That will be excellent. I'll go buy them visards.

*Mrs. Page.* My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies, Finely attirèd in a robe of white.

*Page.* That silk will I go buy:—[*aside*] and in that tire<sup>(113)</sup> Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away, And marry her at Eton.—Go send to Falstaff straight.

*Ford.* Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook: He'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he'll come.

*Mrs. Page.* Fear not you that. Go get us properties, And tricking for our fairies.

*Evans.* Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries. [*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*]

*Mrs. Page.* Go, Mistress Ford, Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*]

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,  
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.  
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;  
And he my husband best of all affects.  
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends  
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,  
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.*]

---

SCENE V. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter Host and SIMPLE.*

*Host.* What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

*Sim.* Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

*Host.* There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of

the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

*Sim.* There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

*Host.* Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

*Fal.* [*above*] How now, mine host!

*Host.* Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

*Sim.* Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

*Fal.* Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what would you with her?

*Sim.* My master, sir, Master Slender,<sup>(114)</sup> sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

*Fal.* I spake with the old woman about it.

*Sim.* And what says she, I pray, sir?

*Fal.* Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

*Sim.* I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

*Fal.* What are they? let us know.

*Host.* Ay, come; quick.

*Sim.* I may not conceal them, sir.

*Host.* Conceal them, or thou diest.<sup>(115)</sup>

*Sim.* Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

*Fal.* 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

*Sim.* What, sir?

*Fal.* To have her,—or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

*Sim.* May I be bold to say so, sir?

*Fal.* Ay, sir; like who more bold.<sup>(116)</sup>

*Sim.* I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit.

*Host.* Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

*Fal.* Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

*Enter* BARDOLPH.

*Bard.* Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!

*Host.* Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

*Bard.* Run away with by the cozeners:<sup>(117)</sup> for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

*Host.* They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

*Enter* SIR HUGH EVANS.

*Evans.* Where is mine host?

*Host.* What is the matter, sir?

*Evans.* Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [Exit.

*Enter* DOCTOR CAIUS.

*Caius.* Vere is mine host de Jarteer?

*Host.* Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

*Caius.* I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [Exit.

*Host.* Hue and cry, villain, go!—Assist me, knight.—I am undone!—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain!—I am undone!  
[Exeunt Host and Bard.

*Fal.* I would all the world might be cozened ; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me : I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.<sup>(118)</sup>

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

Now, whence come you ?

*Quick.* From the two parties, forsooth.

*Fal.* The devil take one party, and his dam the other ! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

*Quick.* And have not they suffered ? Yes, I warrant ; speciously one of them ; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

*Fal.* What tellest thou me of black and blue ? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow ; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford : but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

*Quick.* Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber : you shall hear how things go ; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together ! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

*Fal.* Come up into my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE VI. *Another room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter FENTON and Host.*

*Host.* Master Fenton, talk not to me ; my mind is heavy : I will give over all.

*Fent.* Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,  
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee  
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

*Host.* I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the  
least keep your counsel.

*Fent.* From time to time I have acquainted you  
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;  
Who mutually hath answer'd my affection,  
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,  
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her  
Of such contents as you will wonder at;  
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,  
That neither singly can be manifested  
Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff  
Hath a great share:<sup>(119)</sup> the image of the jest  
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host.  
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,  
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen;  
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise,  
While other jests are something rank on foot,  
Her father hath commanded her to slip  
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton  
Immediately to marry: she hath consented:  
Now, sir,  
Her mother, ever strong<sup>(120)</sup> against that match,  
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed  
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,  
While other sports are tasking of their minds,  
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,  
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot  
She seemingly obedient, likewise hath  
Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests:  
Her father means she shall be all in white;  
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time  
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,  
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,  
The better to denote<sup>(121)</sup> her to the doctor,—  
For they must all be mask'd and visarded,—  
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd,  
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;

And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,  
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,  
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

*Host.* Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

*Fent.* Both, my good host, to go along with me :  
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar  
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,  
And, in the lawful name of marrying,<sup>(122)</sup>  
To give our hearts united ceremony.

*Host.* Well, husband your device ; I'll to the vicar :  
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

*Fent.* So shall I evermore be bound to thee ;  
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

---

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *A room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS QUICKLY.*

*Fal.* Prithee, no more prattling ; go :—I'll hold. This is the third time ; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away.

*Quick.* I'll provide you a chain ; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

*Fal.* Away, I say ; time wears : hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*

*Enter FORD disguised.*

How now, Master Brook ! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

*Ford.* Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed ?

*Fal.* I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man : but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the

finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy:—I will tell you:—he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow:—strange things in hand, Master Brook:—follow. *[Exeunt.]*

---

SCENE II. *Windsor Park.*

*Enter* PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

*Page.* Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.<sup>a23</sup>

*Slen.* Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another: I come to her in white, and cry “mum;” she cries “budget;” and by that we know one another.

*Shal.* That's good too; but what needs either your “mum” or her “budget”? the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

*Page.* The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. *[Exeunt.]*

---

SCENE III. *A street leading to the Park.*

*Enter* MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and DOCTOR CAIUS.

*Mrs. Page.* Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

*Caius.* I know vat I have to do, Adieu.

*Mrs. Page.* Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Caius.*]—My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heartbreak.

*Mrs. Ford.* Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil Hugh?<sup>(124)</sup>

*Mrs. Page.* They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

*Mrs. Ford.* That cannot choose but amaze him.

*Mrs. Page.* If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

*Mrs. Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

*Mrs. Page.* Against such lewdsters and their lechery Those that betray them do no treachery.

*Mrs. Ford.* The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak!  
[*Exeunt.*]

---

#### SCENE IV. *Windsor Park.*

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS disguised as a Satyr, with ANNE PAGE and others as Fairies.*

*Evans.* Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you: come, come; trib, trib.  
[*Exeunt.*]

---

#### SCENE V. *Another part of the Park.*

*Enter FALSTAFF disguised as Herne, with a buck's head on.*

*Fal.* The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns:—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda:—O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault!—and then another fault in the semblance of



a fowl;—think on't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest.—Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?—Who comes here? my doe?

*Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

*Fal.* My doe with the black scut!—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green sleeves*,\* hail kissing-comfits, and snow eryngoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

*Mrs. Ford.* Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

*Fal.* Divide me like a bribed buck,<sup>(125)</sup> each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

*Mrs. Page.* Alas, what noise?

*Mrs. Ford.* Heaven forgive our sins!

*Fal.* What should this be?

*Mrs. Ford.* } Away, away! [*They run off.*

*Mrs. Page.* }

*Fal.* I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, as a Satyr; another person, as Hobgoblin; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her Brother and others, as Fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

*Anne.*<sup>(126)</sup> Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,  
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,  
You orphan heirs<sup>(127)</sup> of fixèd destiny,  
Attend your office and your quality.—  
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

*Hobgob.* Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.  
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:

\* See note p. 423.

Where fires thou find'st unrak'd and hearths unswept,<sup>(128)</sup>  
 There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry :  
 Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

*Fal.* They're fairies ; he that speaks to them shall die :  
 I'll wink and couch : no man their works must eye.

[*Lies down upon his face.*]

*Evans.* Where's Pead ?<sup>(129)</sup>—Go you, and where you find  
 a maid

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,  
 Rein up<sup>(130)</sup> the organs of her fantasy ;  
 Sleep she as sound as careless infancy :  
 But those as sleep and think not on their sins,  
 Pinse them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

*Anne.* About, about ;

Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out :  
 Strew good luck, ouphs, on every sacred room ;  
 That it may stand till the perpetual doom,  
 In seat as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,<sup>(131)</sup>  
 Worthy the owner, and the owner it.  
 The several chairs of order look you scour  
 With juice of balm and every precious flower :  
 Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,  
 With loyal blazon, evermore be blest !  
 And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,  
 Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring :  
 Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,  
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see ;  
 And *Honi soit qui mal y pense* write  
 In emerald tufts,<sup>(132)</sup> flowers purple, blue, and white ;  
 Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,  
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee :—  
 Fairies use flowers for their charactery.  
 Away ; disperse : but till 'tis one o'clock,  
 Our dance of custom round about the oak  
 Of Herne the hunter let us not forget.

*Evans.* Pray you, lock hand in hand ; yourselves in order  
 set ;

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,  
 To guide our measure round about the tree.—  
 But, stay ; I smell a man of middle-earth.

*Fal.* Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

*Hobgob.* Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

*Anne.* With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:  
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,  
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,  
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

*Hobgob.* A trial, come.

*Evans.* Come, will this wood take fire?  
[*They burn him with their tapers.*]

*Fal.* O, O, O!

*Anne.* Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!—  
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;  
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

*Song.*

Fie on sinful fantasy!  
Fie on lust and luxury!  
Lust is but a bloody fire,  
Kindled with unchaste desire,  
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,  
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.  
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;  
Pinch him for his villany;  
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,  
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

*During this song the Fairies pinch FALSTAFF. DOCTOR CAIUS comes one way, and steals away a Fairy in green; SLENDER another way, and takes off a Fairy in white; and FENTON comes, and steals away ANNE PAGE. A noise of hunting is heard within. The Fairies run away\*. FALSTAFF pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

*Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, and MISTRESS FORD.*

*They lay hold on FALSTAFF.*

*Page.* Nay, do not fly; I think we've watch'd you now:  
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

*Mrs. Page.* I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher.—  
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?—  
See you these, husband? do not these fair oaks<sup>(133)</sup>  
Become the forest better than the town?

*Ford.* Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook;<sup>(134)</sup> his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

*Mrs. Ford.* Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again; but I will always count you my deer.

*Fal.* I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

*Ford.* Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

*Fal.* And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

*Evans.* Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

*Ford.* Well said, fairy Hugh.

*Evans.* And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

*Ford.* I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

*Fal.* Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

*Evans.* Seese is not goot to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

*Fal.* "Seese" and "putter"! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

*Ford.* What, a hodge-pudding?<sup>(135)</sup> a bag of flax?

*Mrs. Page.* A puffed man?

*Page.* Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

*Ford.* And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

*Page.* And as poor as Job?

*Ford.* And as wicked as his wife?

*Evans.* And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

*Fal.* Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me:<sup>(136)</sup> use me as you will.

*Ford.* Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.\*

*Page.* Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

*Mrs. Page.* [*aside*] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

*Enter SLENDER.*

*Slen.* Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!

*Page.* Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?

*Slen.* Dispatched!—I'll make the best in Glostershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else!

*Page.* Of what, son?

*Slen.* I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swung him, or he should have swung me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

*Page.* Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

*Slen.* What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

\* Here Theobald inserted from the quartos 1602, 1619;

“*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband, let that go to make amends; Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

*Ford.* Well, here's my hand: all is forgiven at last.”

*Page.* Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

*Slender.* I went to her in white,<sup>(137)</sup> and cried "mum," and she cried "budget," as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

*Mrs. Page.* Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green;<sup>(138)</sup> and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

*Enter CAIUS.*

*Caius.* Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paysan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

*Mrs. Page.* Why, did you take her in green?<sup>(139)</sup>

*Caius.* Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor. *[Exit.*

*Ford.* This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

*Page.* My heart misgives me:—here comes Master Fenton.

*Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.*

How now, Master Fenton!

*Anne.* Pardon, good father!—good my mother, pardon!

*Page.* Now, mistress,—how chance you went not with Master Slender?

*Mrs. Page.* Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

*Fent.* You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in love.

The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,

Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.

Th' offence is holy that she hath committed;

And this deceit loses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or unduteous wile;<sup>(140)</sup>

Since therein she doth evitate and shun

A thousand irreligious cursèd hours,

Which forcèd marriage would have brought upon her.

*Ford.* Stand not amaz'd; here is no remedy:

In love the heavens themselves do guide the state;

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

*Fal.* I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

*Page.* Well, what remedy?—Fenton, heaven give thee joy!—

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

*Fal.* When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

*Mrs. Page.* Well, I will muse no further.—Master Fenton, Heaven give you many, many merry days!—  
Good husband, let us every one go home,  
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;  
Sir John and all.

*Ford.* Let it be so.—Sir John,  
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;  
For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt.*

---





P. 346. (1) "George Page,"

The folio has "Thomas Page." (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 346. (2) "Shal."

To this and to Shallow's next speech the folio prefixes "Slen." (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 348. (3) "goot worts."

I may just observe that here the folio has "good worts," though previously it has made Sir Hugh say "goot discretions" and "a goot motion," and presently after this makes him say "Ferry goo't." (The quartos 1602, 1619, have "good vrdes.")

P. 350. (4) "Michaelmas?"

Was altered to "Martlemas" by Theobald, who did not believe that Shakespeare intended Simple to blunder here.

P. 351. (5) "contempt:"

The folio has "content." (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 351. (6) "faul"

i. e. fault.—The folio has the spelling "fall" (and Dr. Ingleby, in his *Shakespeare Fabrications*, &c. p. 116, boldly asserts that formerly "the substantive 'fall' had the sense of *fault*").—(Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 353. (7) "seese"

Here the quartos 1602, 1619, and the folio, have "cheese:" but in act v. sc. 5, the folio makes Evans say "*Seese* is not good to giue putter," &c.

P. 353. (8) "Let me see thee froth and lime:"

"The folio reads—'and live.' This passage had passed through all the editions without suspicion of being corrupted; but the reading of the old quartos of 1602 and 1619, 'Let me see thee froth and lime,' I take to be the true one. The Host calls for an immediate specimen of Bardolph's abilities as a tapster; and *frothing* beer and *liming* sack were tricks practised in the time of Shakespeare. The first was done by putting soap into the bottom of the tankard when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing *lime* with the sack (i. e. sherry) to make it sparkle in the glass. *Froth* and *live* is sense, but a little forced [more than a little]; and to make it so we must suppose the Host could guess by his dexterity in frothing a pot to make it appear fuller

than it was, how he would afterwards succeed in the world. Falstaff himself complains of *limed sack*." STEEVENS.

P. 353. (9)

"*O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?*"

So the folio.—The quartos 1602, 1619, have "*O bace gongarian wight,*" &c.,—"which," says Steevens, "is a parody on a line taken from one of the old bombast plays, beginning,

"*O base Gongarian, wilt thou the distaff wield?*"

I had marked the passage down, but forgot to note the play."

P. 353. (10)

"*at a minim's rest.*"

The old eds. have "*at a minutes rest,*" which some editors have obstinately retained, though Langton had pointed out the right reading, and Sir J. Hawkins had cited from *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 4, "*rests me his minim's rest,*" &c., adding, "A minute contains sixty seconds, and is a long time for an action supposed to be instantaneous. Nym means to say, that the perfection of stealing is to do it in the shortest time possible."—From Malone's explanation of the old text, "The true method is, to steal just at the instant when watchfulness is off its guard, and *reposes but for a moment,*"—we learn that he considered *a minute* and *a moment* as synonymous!—It now appears that Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector had here anticipated Langton.

P. 354. (11)

"*she carves,*"

Here by "*carves*" we are to understand some particular form of action,—some sign of intelligence and favour. See *Glossary*.

P. 354. (12)

"*He hath studied her well, and translated her well,*"

The folio, by an evident misprint, has "*He hath studied her will; and translated her will.*"—The corresponding words in quartos 1602, 1619, are merely "*Hee hath studied her well.*" (In *King Lear* the folio has the misprint "*will*" twice,—in act i. sc. 1, "*since what I will intend,*" &c., and in act i. sc. 4, "*If but as will I other accents borrow,*" &c.)

P. 354. (13)

"*he hath a légion of angels.*"

The folio has "*he hath a legend of angels.*"—The quartos 1602, 1619, have "*She hath legians of angels.*"

P. 354. (14) "*she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both,*"

Misled by his Ms. Corrector, Mr. Collier now prints "*— all gold and beauty;*" though nothing can be plainer than that Falstaff is thinking, not of Mrs. Page's beauty, but of her power and readiness to supply him with money. (In act ii. sc. 2, Falstaff, speaking of Ford, says; "*Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they*

say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; *for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured.*") And where is the "tautology" which Mr. Collier discovers in "gold and bounty"? Surely Mrs. Page might have been "all gold," and yet entirely devoid of "bounty,"—"all gold" and *stinginess*. With the present passage compare

"as bountiful  
As mines of India."

*First Part of King Henry IV.* act iii. sc. 1.—

The folio has "*I will be Cheaters to them both.*"—The quartos 1602, 1619, have "and Ile be cheaters to them both."

P. 355. (15) "these letters . . . .  
. . . . . the golden shores.—"

So quartos 1602, 1619.—The folio has "*these golden shores,*"—"these" having been repeated by mistake from the preceding line.

P. 355. (16) "o' th' hoof;"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "ith' hoofe." (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 355. (17) "By welkin and her stars!"

The folio has "— her Star."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector rightly makes the word plural. (The quartos 1602, 1619, have "*By Welkin and her Fairies.*")

P. 355. (18) "— to Page.

Pist. *And I to Ford* . . . .

. . . . .

Nym. . . . *I will incense Page*"

So the text has been properly (compare act ii. sc. 1) corrected from quartos 1602, 1619.—Here the folio has "Ford" instead of "Page," and "Page" instead of "Ford."

P. 355. (19) "this revolt of mine"

So Pope; and though I am by no means certain that his reading is the true one, I adopt it, the rather because we find in our author's *King Henry V.* act ii. sc. 2,

"For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
Another fall of man."—

The folio has "*the revolt of mine;*" which is manifestly wrong, and cannot signify, what Mr. Collier and Mr. Grant White would have it mean—"my revolt."—Theobald printed "*the revolt of mien.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. iii. p. 13) proposes "*the revolt of mind,*"—which had occurred to Jackson.—The Cambridge Editors conjecture (not happily) "*the revolt of mine anger.*" (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 357. (20) "un boitier vert,"

The folio has "vnboyteene verd,"—misprinting here, as elsewhere, the French most ridiculously. (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 357. (21) "You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby."

Mr. Halliwell prints "—— and you are Jack Rogoby;" and observes, "I adopt the method of spelling, *Rogoby*, from another speech in the first quarto. The doctor seems to intend a pun on his name; otherwise the speech is almost unmeaning."—But "*Jack*" was a common term of contempt; and Caius uses it with a quibble.—I now find (1863) that Mr. Grant White reads here "*You are John Rugabie, and you are Jack Rogue-by*," and that everywhere else he makes the doctor call his servant "Rugabie."

P. 357. (22) "Villain ! larron !"

So the quarto 1630. (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)—The folio has "Villanie, La-roone."

P. 358. (23) "for your"

The folio has "yoe your."—Corrected in the second folio. (The corresponding words in quartos 1602, 1619, are "tell your Maister Ile doo what I can for him.")

P. 358. (24) "for dat . . . for myself?"

The folio has "ver dat . . . for my selfe?" (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.) Nothing can be more inconsistent than to print here (as some editors do) "vor dat . . . for myself."—The doctor has before (p. 357) said "for;" and whenever the word afterwards occurs in his speeches, one excepted, the folio has that spelling.

P. 359. (25) "Will I? i' faith, that we will; and I will tell"

Mr. Halliwell's (comparatively modern) Ms. of this play has "—— i' faith, that I will," &c.; which Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also substitute,—because the singular pronoun is twice used by Mrs. Quickly in the same breath. But the alteration, to say the least of it, is quite unnecessary: even now-a-days in colloquial language nothing is more common than "*that we will*" for "*that I will*." (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 359. (26) "I"

Was added in quarto 1630.

P. 360. (27) "though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor."

So Johnson and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "—— use Reason for his precisian, hee," &c.,—a reading on which Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 13) justly bestows a "Bah!" (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

## P. 360. (28) "the love of a soldier"

The folio omits "a." which was added in the third folio. (In this letter, as given in quartos 1602, 1619, we find "A souldier doth not vse many words," &c.)

## P. 360. (29) "What unweighed behaviour"

The folio has "*What an vnwaied Behaviour.*"—Corrected in the third folio.—Capell prints "*What one unweighed behaviour;*" which Mr. Grant White adopts, observing that "the expression '*picked out*' confirms this reading, in fact, requires it:"—but would Shakespeare have written "ONE behaviour"? (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

## P. 360. (30) "for the putting-down of fat men."

Here Theobald inserted the word "*fat*," because "Mrs. Ford says in the very ensuing [the present] scene, 'I shall think the worse of *fat* men, as long as I have an eye,' &c. And in the old quartos, Mrs. Page, so soon as [a little after] she has read the letter, says, 'Well, I shall trust *fat* men the worse, while I live, for his sake,' &c."

## P. 361. (31) "praised"

The folio has "praise." (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

## P. 361. (32) "keep pace . . . . Hundredth Psalm to the tune of Green sleeves."

"*Green Sleeves*, or *Which nobody can deny*, has been a favourite tune from the time of Elizabeth to the present day; and is still frequently to be heard in the streets of London to songs with the old burden, 'Which nobody can deny.' . . . The earliest mention of the ballad of *Green Sleeves* in the Registers of the Stationers' Company is in September 1580, when Richard Jones had licensed to him 'A new Northern Dittye of the *Lady Greene Sleeves*.' The date of the entry, however, is not always the date of the ballad; and this had evidently attained some popularity before that time, because on the same day Edward White had a license to print 'A ballad, being the *Ladie Greene Sleeves Answer* to Donkyn his frende.' . . . Within twelve days of the first entry of *Green Sleeves* it was converted to a pious use, and we have *Greene Sleeves* moralised to the Scripture, declaring 'the manifold benefites and blessings of God bestowed on sinful man.'" Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, &c. vol. i. pp. 227-8, sec. ed.,—where much more may be found concerning *Green Sleeves*.—The folio has "keep place . . . hundred Psalms." (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)—The misprint "place" for "*pace*" occurs also in *Troilus and Cressida*, act iii. sc. 3.

## P. 361. (33) "strain"

Is explained to mean here "turn, tendency," &c.—Pope substituted "stain;" and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—"The modern editors read '*stain*;' but, I think, unnecessarily. A similar expression occurs in *The Winter's Tale* :

‘ With what encounter so uncurrent I  
Have *strain’d*, t’ appear thus.’

And again, in *Timon*;

‘ a noble nature  
May catch a *wrench*.’”

STEEVENS.

Compare, in act iii. sc. 3 of the present play, “ I would all of the same *strain* were in the same distress.”

P. 362. (34) ‘ *O, that my husband saw this letter !*”

So the folio.—The quartos 1602, 1619, have “ O Lord if *my husband* should see *this Letter*.”—According to Mr. Staunton, the “ O, *that*” of the folio is equivalent to “ O, if *that*.”

P. 362. (35) “ *Away, Sir Corporal Nym !—  
Believe it, Page ; he speaks sense.*”

Johnson proposed to give the words “ *Believe it, Page ; he speaks sense*” to Nym ; and to Nym they are assigned by Mr. Collier’s Ms. Corrector,—wrongly beyond all doubt, as Steevens has shown in the following note. “ He [Doctor Johnson] seems not to have been aware of the manner in which the author meant this scene should be represented. Ford and Pistol, Page and Nym, enter in pairs, each pair in separate conversation ; and while Pistol is informing Ford of Falstaff’s design upon his wife, Nym is, during that time, talking *aside* to Page, and giving information of the like plot against *him*.—When Pistol has finished, he calls out to Nym to come *away* ; but seeing that he and Page are still in close debate, he goes off alone, first assuring Page, he may depend on the truth of Nym’s story : ‘ Believe it, Page,’ &c. Nym then proceeds to tell the remainder of his tale out aloud : ‘ And this is true,’ &c. A little further on in this scene, Ford says to Page, ‘ You heard what this knave (i. e. Pistol) *told me*,’ &c. Page replies, ‘ Yes : and you heard what the other (i. e. Nym) *told me*.’”—I may add (for, in spite of Steevens’s note, I have lately seen the alteration in question recommended by a periodical critic) that the reading of the folio is most fully confirmed by quartos 1602, 1619 ;

“ Page, believe him what he ses. Away sir Corporall Nym.

[*Exit Pistol.*”

P. 362. (36) “ *my necessity.*”

“ ‘ Any necessity,’ I imagine.” Walker’s *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 255.

P. 363. (37) “ *and there’s the humour of it. Adieu.* [Exit.  
Page. [*aside*] ‘ *The humour of it,*’ quoth ‘ a !’”

The folio, by mistake, omits “ *and there’s the humour of it,*”—which words are found in quartos 1602, 1619, and which the next speech proves to be absolutely necessary.

P. 363. (38) “ *here’s a fellow frights humour out of his wits.*”

So quartos 1602, 1619.—The folio has “ —— *frights English out of his wits,*”

—a reading “from which,” according to Mr. Collier, “there is no pretence to vary.” Surely, the “pretence” is—Nym’s having used his favourite word “*humour*” so often in the preceding speech.

P. 363. (39) “*a drawling, affecting rogue.*”

The folio has “*a drawling-affecting rogue* ;” which Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier retain,—Mr. Collier not hesitating to say that it means “a rogue who affects drawling.”—The fact is, that the folio abounds in passages where the hyphen, as here, is introduced with odd impropriety : afterwards, in the present play, it has “*Looke where my ranting-Host of the Garter comes*” (p. 364) ; “*your Cat-a-Mountaine-looks*” (p. 366) ; “*shee’s a good-creature*” (ibid.) ; “*this old fat-fellow*” (p. 401), &c.—For other instances of words wrongly hyphenated in the folio, see note on “*thin bestained cloak*” in *King John*, act iv. sc. 3. (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 363. (40) “*crotchet*”

The folio has “*crochets*.” (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 245).

P. 363. (41) “*we have*”

“Surely, ‘*we would have*,’” says Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 14) ; and Mr. Swynfen Jervis (unacquainted with Walker’s conjecture) proposes to me “*We’d have.*”

P. 364. (42) “*Ford.*”

So quartos 1602, 1619, in the corresponding speech ; and so quarto 1630.—The folio has “*Shal.*”

P. 364. (43) “*Brook* ;”

“Thus both the old quartos ; and thus most certainly the poet wrote. We need no better evidence than the pun that Falstaff anon makes on the name, when Brook sends him some burnt sack, ‘*Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o’erflow such liquor*’ [p. 369]. The players, in their edition, altered the name to *Broom* [*Broome*].” THEOBALD (who forgets to mention that Pope was the first who restored the name “*Brook*” from the quartos).

P. 365. (44) “*Will you go, mynheers ?*”

The folio has “*will you goe An-heires ?*” (Mr. Knight is mistaken when he states that “the parallel passage in quartos 1602, 1619, is, ‘*Here, boys, shall we wag ?*’”)—Theobald conjectured “*Will you go on here ?*” (which Mr. Collier’s Ms. Corrector also substitutes) and “*Will you go, mynheers ?*”—That the latter conjecture restores the true reading (“*An-heires*” being a misprint for “*Min-heires*”) is determined by a passage in act ii. sc. 3, of Fletcher’s *Beggars’ Bush*, as exhibited in the folio of 1647, p. 80,

“Nay, Sir, *mine heire* Van-dunck  
Is a true Statesman.”

(In my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 22, where I first adduced this passage of Fletcher, I erroneously attributed Theobald's emendation to *Hanmer*.)

P. 365. (45) “*I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.*”

Here Mr. Collier, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, at the suggestion of the late Mr. W. W. Williams, prints “—— your *four tall fellows*,” observing that “Shallow would hardly have addressed the words ‘*you four tall fellows*’ to Ford, Page, and the Host, not merely because they were only three, but on account of the import of them.” But is not Mr. Collier mistaken in supposing that Shallow, according to the old reading, calls *his companions* “*tall fellows*”? Is not “*you*,” as we often find it elsewhere, used here *redundantly*? And do not the very words of quartos 1602, 1619, which Mr. Collier cites to support the alteration, evince its impropriety? “*I would a made you foure tall Fencers Scipped like Rattes.*”

P. 365. (46) “*I had rather hear them scold than see them fight.*”

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (whom both Mr. Singer and Mr. Grant White have followed here).—The folio omits “*see them.*”—Hanmer printed “*I had rather have them scold than fight.*” (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 365. (47) “*and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty,*”

For “*frailty*” Theobald substituted “*fealty*,” and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads “*fidelity*.”—Capell, in his strange phraseology, thus defends the old reading; “An ironical or sarcastical tone is required for *frailty*; and, with that tone on it, it appears a much fitter word for the mouth of one who thought the sex was made up of it, than the labour'd word of some amenders [*‘fealty’*]:—*frailty* and *standing firmly* are opposed to each other,” &c. *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iii. p. 84. To the same effect, but in happier language, Steevens writes; “The *jealous Ford* is the speaker, and all *chastity* in women appears to him as *frailty*,” &c. I may add that Mr. Staunton, after having adopted Theobald's “*fealty*,” remarks, in the Addenda and Corrigenda to his *Shakespeare*, “An antithesis was possibly intended between *firmly* and *frailty*. The meaning being, ‘Who thinks himself so secure on what is a most brittle foundation.’”

P. 366. (48) “*I, I, I myself*”

Mr. Grant White prints “*I, ay, I myself*,” to avoid “the tame trebling of the pronoun.”

P. 366. (49) “*your bull-baiting oaths,*”

So Hanmer.—The folio has “*your bold-beating-oathes.*” (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 14) says, “Note Hanmer's certain conjecture, *bull-baiting*. See Dyce's ‘Remarks,’ p. 14. The confusion



of the two epithets arose from the broad pronunciation of *ea*."—Formerly "*bull-baiting*" was often spelt "*bolle-baiting*:" see, for instance, Malone's *Inquiry*, &c. p. 84.

P. 366. (50) "Quick. *I'll be sworn;*

*As my mother was, the first hour I was born.*"

So arranged in the folio; nor can we doubt that a rhyme was intended here. Perhaps Mrs. Quickly is quoting some song or ballad.

P. 366. (51) "Well, one Mistress Ford, you say,—"

So Douce.—The folio has "*Well, on; Mistressse Ford, you say:*" but (though in the much shorter dialogue between Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly in quartos 1602, 1619, we find "*Say on, I prethy,*" and "*Goe on*") compare the preceding speech.

P. 367. (52) "and such wine"

The folio has "*and in such wine,*"—the "*in*" having been repeated by mistake. (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 367. (53) "*I had myself twenty angels given me this morning;*"

Is altered by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "*— given me of a morning,*" &c.; and Mr. Collier remarks, "It seems *improbable* that Mrs. Quickly should have had 'twenty angels' given to her '*this morning*' by a person who wished to be in the good graces of Mrs. Ford,"—not perceiving that the whole speech is a tissue of fictions,—that Mrs. Quickly's invention wanders from the past to the present,—and that if she had been here speaking of the past, she could not have failed to say "*I have had myself,*" &c. (Mr. Collier now thinks less highly of this correction: see the second edition of his *Shakespeare*.)

P. 368. (54) "punk"

"Dr. Farmer observes, that [here] the word *punk* has been unnecessarily altered to *pink* [a vessel of the small craft, with a narrow stern]. In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, Justice Overdo says of the pig-woman, 'She hath been before me, *punk*, *pinnacle*, and bawd, any time these two-and-twenty years' [Jonson's *Works*, by Gifford, vol. iv. p. 408,—where see note]." STEEVENS. "As we know no other derivation of *punk*, perhaps it is merely a corruption of *pink*," says Nares (*Gloss*, in "*Pink*") :—at least the former word seems to have been sometimes used (metaphorically) in the sense of the latter.

P. 369. (55) "take all, or half,"

Mr. Staunton silently prints (with Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector) "*take half or all.*"

P. 371. (56) "soul"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*suit.*"

P. 372. (57) "cuckold! wittol-cuckold!"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 14) would point "cuckold! wittol! cuckold!"

P. 373. (58) "Villain,"

The folio has "Villanie." (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.) See note 22.

P. 373. (59) "varld;,"

Here the folio has "world," though before, p. 357, it has "varld." (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 373. (60) "master doctor:,"

On these words, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, Mr. Collier has the following note. "In the folio, 1623, 'master doctor' is only *M. Doctor*, and it became *Mr. Doctor* in the folio, 1664. *M.* and *Mas.* were often of old printed for 'master,' and we wonder that a man of the Rev. Mr. Dyce's learning and experience should, in his edition of Marlowe's Works, ii. p. 64, have fancied that 'Mas. doctor Lopus' meant the exclamation of *Mass!* and was not a mere title: it ought to run 'Master Doctor Lopus was never such a doctor.' The asseveration derived from the Roman Catholic Mass was generally objected to, and excluded by the Master of the Revels in the time of Marlowe and Shakespeare. The practice, however, was by no means uniform."

Here Mr. Collier, while taxing me with error, *blunders most egregiously indeed!* The passage of *Faustus*, which occurs in a speech of the Horse-courser, is;

"Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian, quoth a? *mass*, Doctor Lopus was never such a doctor: has given me a purgation, has purged me of forty dollars," &c.;

and if Mr. Collier had done more than dip into the play in order to light on something with which he might find fault, he would have read, a page and a half earlier, in a speech of the same personage;

"I have been all this day seeking one Master Fustian: *mass*, see where he is!—God save you, Master Doctor!"

which sufficiently proves that in the first of these speeches I rightly printed "*mass*."

But how came Mr. Collier so boldly to affirm that the old quarto (of which no copy is known to exist except that in the Bodleian Library) has "Mas. Doctor Lopus," giving "Mas." as the abbreviation of "Master"? There the two passages above quoted stand *literatim* thus,—"*mass*" and "*master*" being clearly distinguished by the spelling;

"Alas, alas, Doctor Fustian quoth a, *mas* Doctor Lopus was neuer such a Doctor, has giuen me a purgation," &c.

"I haue beene al this day seeking one *maister* Fustian: *masse* see where he is, God saue you, *maister* doctor."

P. 374. (61) "A word, Monsieur Mock-water."

So quartos 1602, 1619.—The folio, by a manifest omission, has "a Moun-

*seur Mocke-water.*"—(Instead of "*Mock-water*," Farmer would read "*Muck-water*.")

P. 374. (62) " *Me dank you for dat.*"

Here the folio has "*Me tanck you for dat*;" but, presently after, it makes Caius say "*mee dancke you*," &c. (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 374. (63) " *Cried I aim ?*"

The quartos 1602, 1619, have "*cried game*;" the folio has "*Cride-game*,"—faulty perhaps only in a single letter, *y* instead of *I* (or instead of *y*, for the original Ms. may have had "*cried y ame*"). So afterwards in this play, p. 379, "and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall *cry aim*;" and in *King John*, act ii, sc. 1,

"It ill beseems this presence to *cry aim*  
To these ill-tunèd repetitions;"—

"*cry aim*" being an expression of frequent occurrence in the writings of our author's contemporaries. (In the present passage, "*Cried I aim !*" was first proposed by Douce, *Illustr. of Shakespeare*, i. 71,—of which I was not aware when, in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 15, I brought it forward as my own emendation).—1863. Mr. Collier, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, does not scruple to adopt here the reading of his Ms. Corrector, "*curds and cream*"!

P. 375. (64) " *the Pitty-ward,*"

So the folio ("*the pittie-ward*"); which has been altered to "*the Pitty-wary*," "*the city-ward*," "*the Petty-ward*," "*the pit-way*," and "*the pit-ward*." (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 376. (65) " *vagram*"

May have been intended to indicate the increasing perturbation of Sir Hugh: but perhaps both here and just above he ought to say "*vragrant*" or "*va-grant*."

P. 377. (66) " *Gallia and Guallia,*"

The quartos 1602, 1619, have "*gawle and gawlia*;" the folio has "*Gallia and Gaule*."

P. 378. (67) " *and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial ; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial ; so.*"

This is the reading of quartos 1602, 1619.—The passage in the folio stands mutilated thus ; "*and the No-verbes. Giue me thy hand (Celestial) so.*"

P. 378. (68) " *lads*"

So quartos 1602, 1619.—The folio has "*Lad*."

P. 378. (69) "for want of company."

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "for want of your company."

P. 379. (70) "where"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "there."

P. 381. (71) "'Have I caught my heavenly jewel?'"

So quartos 1602, 1619.—The folio has "*Haue I caught thee, my heavenly Jewell?*"—"thee" having most probably been foisted into the text by some transcriber, if not by the players, from ignorance that Falstaff is here quoting the first line of the Second Song in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*,

"*Have I caught my heavenly jewel,  
Teaching sleep most fair to be?*" &c.

P. 382. (72) "*By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so:*"

So quartos 1602, 1619.—The folio reads more briefly "*Thou art a tyrant to say so,*"—the words "*By the Lord*" having undoubtedly been omitted in consequence of the statute, and "tyrant" being a poor and not very intelligible substitution for "traitor" (i. e. *traitor* to thy own merit).

P. 382. (73)

"*I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend.*"

Mr. Collier (note *ad l.*) may be right in understanding "*being*" after "*Nature:*" and it would seem that Shakespeare wrote "*If Fortune thy foe were not,*"—instead of the more natural collocation, "*If Fortune were not thy foe,*"—that the words "*Fortune thy foe*" might answer to the commencement of the well-known ballad, "*Fortune, my foe.*"

P. 384. (74) "*and none but thee;*"

Not in the folio.—"These words [*and none but thee*], which are characteristic, and spoken to Mrs. Page aside, deserve to be restored from the old quarto. He had used the same words before to Mrs. Ford." MALONE.—Without these words, I think the text reads rather bald; nor is it improbable that they were accidentally omitted in the folio, the eye of the transcriber or compositor having glanced from the first to the second "*thee.*" (For instances of accidental omissions in the folio, see notes 37, 61, 67, 110, 119.)

P. 384. (75) "*uncape.*"

Hanmer substituted "uncouple."

P. 385. (76)

"*What a taking was he in when your husband asked what was in the basket!*" So the folio, except that it has "—— asked who was in the basket."—Here the quartos 1602, 1619, have no corresponding speech of Mrs. Page: but they make Mrs. Ford say, "I wonder what he thought when my husband bad

them set downe the basket.”—“We should read—‘*what* was in the basket!’ for though in fact Ford has asked no such question, he could never suspect there was either *man* or *woman* in it. The propriety of this emendation is manifest from a subsequent passage, where Falstaff tells Master Brook—‘the jealous knave asked them once or twice *what* they had in their basket’.” RITSON.—Mr. Halliwell, attempting to reconcile the reading of the folio in this passage with what precedes, makes Ford exclaim on his entrance, “*How now! who goes here? whither bear you this?*”—an insertion from quartos 1602, 1619, which have “*How now who goes heare? whither goes this? whither goes it? set it downe.*”—Malone is probably right in attributing all this inconsistency to Shakespeare's having neglected to revise fully the text of the enlarged play.

P. 385. (77) “*that foolish carrion*”

The folio has “*that foolishion Carion.*”—Corrected in the second folio. (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 386. (78) “*societies;*”

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 248) suspects (unnecessarily, I think) that this is an error for “*society.*”

P. 389. (79) “*a fool and a physician?*”

“I should read [as Hanmer did] ‘a fool or a physician,’ meaning Slender and Caius.” JOHNSON. “Dame Quickly may allude to the proverb, ‘a man of *forty* is either a *fool* or a *physician* ;’ but she asserts her master to be both.” FARMER. The passage is thus glossed by Malone; “You two are going to throw away your daughter on a fool and a physician; you, sir, on the former, and you, madam, on the latter.”

P. 390. (80) “*a bitch's blind puppies,*”

The old eds. have “*a blinde bitches Puppies;*” which Mr. Halliwell retaining, observes that “all kinds of inversion were common in writers of the Shakesperian period.” Here, at least, I cannot think that the “inversion” was our author's: and it was the more likely to be accidental in the case of two words beginning with the same letter.—Mr. Collier, who also retains the original reading, lays stress on its being found in “every old copy;” as if the old copies did not sometimes agree in the very grossest errors. E. g. “every old copy” of *The Tempest* (that is, the first, the second, the third, and the fourth folio) in Prospero's direction to Ariel about hanging up the apparel, act iv. sc. 1, has the ridiculous transposition,

“*Come, hang on them this line.*”

Mr. Collier further remarks that “Falstaff is not in a state of mind to study *extreme accuracy in his phraseology* :” but if Shakespeare meant to indicate Falstaff's perturbation by making him transpose these words, the audience must have possessed superhuman sagacity “to catch the joke.” (In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iv. sc. 2, p. 311 of this volume, Launce speaks

of his dog as "one that I saved from drowning, when *three or four of his blind brothers and sisters* went to it.") The late Mr. W. W. Williams (*The Parthenon* for Sept. 27, 1862, p. 695) conjectures "*a blind batch of puppies.*"

P. 390. (81) "pottle"

Mr. Grant White alters this word to "posset."

P. 391. (82) "And how sped you, sir?"

So quartos 1602, 1619.—The folio omits "how."

P. 391. (83) "Ford's wife's direction,"

The old eds. have "*Fords wiues distraction.*"—Hanmer substituted "*direction*" for "*distraction*;" of which Mason was not aware when he remarked, "As it does not appear that Falstaff's being conveyed into the buck-basket was owing to the supposed *distraction* of Mistress Ford, I have no doubt that we should read '—— and Ford's wife's *direction*;' which was the fact." In act iv. sc. 2, Mrs. Ford says, "I'll first *direct* my men what they shall do with the basket."

P. 392. (84) "*who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket:*"

See note 76.—Steevens's remark, that "Falstaff, in the present instance, may purposely exaggerate his alarms, that he may thereby enhance his merit with Ford, at whose purse his designs are ultimately levelled,"—is nothing less than foolish.

P. 392. (85) "with"

"*With* was sometimes used for *of*. So, a little after, 'I sooner will suspect the sun *with* cold.'" STEEVENS.

P. 392. (86) "embassy"

Here the folio has "*ambassie*;" to which spelling ("ambassy") Mr. Halliwell adheres, with a remark that it is "the old form of the word in ed. 1623." But if we turn to act i. sc. 1 of *King John* in ed. 1623, we find

"Silence (good mother) heare the *Embassie*."

The farthest limit of my *Embassie*,

And once dispatch'd him in an *Embassie*," &c.

(Here the quartos 1602, 1619, have "appointment.")

P. 393. (87) "me"

The folio has "one."—The necessary correction was first made in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 16. (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 393. (88) "let"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "get."

P. 394. (89) "*Accusativo, hunc.*"

The folio has "—— hinc;" and, in the next speech, "*Hing, hang, hog.*" but I agree with Mr. Halliwell in thinking that no such blundering was intended here. (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 395. (90) "*and the gendens?*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*of the gendens.*" (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 396. (91) "*his old lynes*"

The folio has "*his olde lines.*"—(The quartos 1602, 1619, in the corresponding passage have "*his old vaine.*")

P. 396. (92) "*Creep into the kiln-hole.*"

In the folio, these words, which obviously belong to Mrs. Page, are made a portion of the preceding speech. (Here the quartos 1602, 1619, do not assist us.)

P. 397. (93) "Mrs. Page."

The folio has "*Mist. Ford.*"—(The corresponding speech in quartos 1602, 1619, is, "*Mi. Pa.* Then your vndone, your but a dead man.")

P. 397. (94) "*him*"

Was added in the second folio. (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 398. (95) "*I had as lief bear*"

The folio has "*I had lief as beare.*"—Corrected in the second folio. (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 398. (96)

"*Set down the basket, villains! . . . O you panderly rascals!*"

The folio has "*Set downe the basket villaine . . . Oh you Panderly Rascals.*"  
—The quartos 1602, 1619, have

*"Set downe the basket you slaue,  
You panderly rogue set it downe."*

Surely, it is plain that the "villaine" of the folio is a mistake for "*villaines.*"

P. 398. (97) "*Youth in a basket!*"

Malone printed "*You, youth in a basket, come out here!*" from the quartos 1602, 1619; but those words of the quartos correspond to the subsequent "*Come forth, sirrah*" of the folio.—Mr. Halliwell observes that "*Youth in*

a basket' appears to have been a sort of proverbial phrase. It is given as the title of some lines in *A Swarm of Sectaries and Schismatiques*, &c. 1641 [by Taylor the water-poet]."

P. 398. (98) "a ging,"

The folio has "a gin."—Corrected in the second folio. (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 398. (99) "come, come forth!"

"Is addressed to the 'youth in a basket,' and not to Mrs. Ford," says Mr. Knight,—and I once thought he might be right, on account of the "*Come forth, sirrah*," a little further on. But I now believe that Ford is here addressing his wife.

P. 399. (100) "not"

Was added in quarto 1630.

P. 399. (101) "you witch, you hag,"

Here the folio has "*you Witch, you Ragge*," though in the preceding speech of Ford it has "*you Witch, you Hagge*."—Corrected in quarto 1630.—(Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 400. (102) "her"

So the quartos 1602, 1619.—The folio has "his." (I notice this, because one editor calls "*her*" a modern alteration.)

P. 400. (103) "the Germans desire"

The folio has "*the Germane desires*." (Here, in quartos 1602, 1619, they are spoken of as "three gentlemen.")

P. 401. (104) "them"

The folio has "him."—"Corrected," says Malone, "in the third folio:" but "*them*" is found in quartos 1602, 1619.

P. 401. (105) "house"

So quartos 1602, 1619.—The folio has "houses."

P. 401. (106) "cold"

The folio has "gold." (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)—See note 85.

P. 401. (107) "You say he has been thrown in the rivers;"

On the Ms. Corrector's alteration, "*You see, he has been thrown*," &c., Mr. Collier remarks, "*The fact is, that the other persons engaged in the scene had said nothing of the kind*," &c. But it is evident from what precedes, that the two ladies have just been telling their husbands and Sir Hugh how they had served Falstaff.



P. 402. (108) "ragg'd"

Capell reads "jagg'd."

P. 402. (109) "trees,"

So Hanmer, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "tree,"—which the context evinces to be wrong. (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 402. (110) "*Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.*"

Here something is evidently omitted in the folio; and to supply, to a certain degree, that omission, the present line is borrowed from the corresponding scene of quartos 1602, 1619.

P. 402. (111) "Mrs. Ford."

The folio has "*Ford.*" (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 402. (112) "*pinch him sound,*"

"i. e. *soundly*. The adjective used as an adverb. The modern editors read 'pinch him round'." STEEVENS.

P. 403. (113) "*Finely attir'd in a robe of white.*"

Page. *That silk will I go buy*:—[aside] *and in that tire*"

The folio has "—— *and in that time.*"—I adopt Theobald's correction.—Mr. Grant White prints "—— *and in that trim.*" (Here quartos 1602, 1619, are very different, both in the distribution of the speeches and in the speeches themselves.)

P. 404. (114) "*My master, sir, Master Slender,*"

The folio has "*My master (Sir) my master Slender.*" (The quartos 1602, 1619, have "*Marry sir my maister Slender.*")

P. 404. (115) "Sim. *I may not conceal them, sir.*"

Host. *Conceal them, or thou diest.*"

In the folio the first of these speeches is wrongly assigned to "Fal."—The facetious Host amuses himself with Simple's blunder in saying "*conceal*" instead of "*reveal.*" (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 405. (116) "*Ay, sir; like who more bold.*"

i. e. *Ay, sir; like the boldest.*—So the folio (and with distinct punctuation,—"I *Sir: like,*" &c.).—(The quartos 1602, 1619, have, by a mistake, "*I tike, who more bolde;*" and Farmer having suggested that the author wrote "*Ay, sir Tike, who more bold?*"—that extraordinary reading has been usually adopted.—Mr. Collier has devised a still more extraordinary one, "*Ay, sir, tike, who more bold?*" which he thus explains, "Falstaff calls Simple, 'sir,' and then corrects himself, in order to give him a derogatory appellation").—1863. I now find that in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* Mr. Collier retains here the old reading, and with the following note; "This passage has

caused some speculation, and Mr. Singer makes Falstaff confer a knighthood upon Simple, 'Ay, *sir Tike*, who more bold?'—as if Mr. Singer were the only editor who had adopted Farmer's conjecture, and as if Mr. Collier himself had not formerly reduced the passage to utter nonsense!

P. 405. (117) "Run away with by the cozeners:"

The "by" is the addition of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Mr. Halliwell defends the old reading by comparing it with "I am *appointed him* to murder you," in *The Winter's Tale*, act i. sc. 2; which he explains to mean "I am *appointed by him* to murder you,"—the words really meaning "I am appointed the person who is to murder you."

P. 406. (118) "*but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.*"

"The words '*to say my prayers*' were restored from the early quarto by Mr. Pope. They were probably omitted in the folio on account of the stat. 3 Jac. 1. ch. 21." MALONE.

P. 407. (119) "both;—wherein *fat Falstaff*  
*Hath a great share:*"

The folio has

"both: *fat Falstaffe*  
*Hath a great Scene.*"

The quartos 1602, 1619, have, in the corresponding passage,

"*Wherein fat Falstaffe had a mightie scare,*"—

"scare" (which became "scene" in the folio) being evidently a mistake for "*share.*"—The editor of the second folio, to assist the metre, printed "*both: fat Sir John Falstaffe.*" Walker, instead of "*wherein,*" reads "*therein*" (*Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. iii. p. 14).

P. 407. (120) "*Her mother, ever strong*"

The folio has "—— *euen strong,*"—a decided misprint; which, however, Steevens tries to defend: "'*even strong,*'" he says, "is '*as strong, with a similar degree of strength*'"! (Compare quartos 1602, 1619, "Now her mother still against that match.")

P. 407. (121) "*denote*"

The folio has "*denote.*" (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 408. (122) "*marrying,*"

"'Marriage,' I suspect." Walker's *Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. iii. p. 15.

P. 409. (123) "*daughter.*"

This word, which had been accidentally omitted in the first folio, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

## P. 410. (124) "the Welsh devil Hugh?"

So Capell.—The folio has "*the Welch-devill Herne?*"—Theobald (and Thirlby) substituted "*the Welch devil, Evans;*" and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector. (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

## P. 411. (125). "a bribed buck,"

Was altered by Theobald to "*a bribe-buck*" (i. e. a *buck* sent as a *bribe*, or distributed as *bribes*); and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 67) approves of that reading.—Capell, who retains "*a brib'd-buck,*" explains it (in his *Glossary*) "*a beg'd buck, i. e. beg'd by the keepers: from the French word—briber, to beg.*"—Again, "*bribed*" has been understood here in the sense of *stolen*: on which meaning of the word see Tyrwhitt's *Gloss. to Chaucer*, sub *Briben*, where he cites, from *Rot. Parl.* 22 Edw. IV. n. 30, a mention of persons who "*have stolen and bribed signetts [young swans];*" Way's *Prompt. Parv.* p. 50; and a long note in my ed. of Skelton's *Works*, ii. 256.—According to Mr. Singer, "*a bribed buck*" is a buck cut up to be given away in portions (from the old French, *bribes*).

## P. 411. (126) "Anne."

The folio throughout this scene prefixes "*Qui.*" and "*Qu.*" to the speeches of the Fairy Queen: but, though in the quartos 1602, 1619, that part is assigned to Mrs. Quickly (the same actor having performed both Mrs. Quickly and the Fairy Queen), there can be no doubt that in the enlarged play (however the prefixes "*Qui.*" and "*Qu.*" crept in) it is represented by Anne Page;

"To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,  
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen," &c. p. 407.

"Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies?" p. 410.

In the quartos 1602, 1619, the stage-direction for the entrance of the fairies is marked thus, "*Enter sir Hugh like a Satyre, and boyes drest like Fayries, mistresse Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries: they sing a song about him, and afterward speake.*"—The folio has merely "*Enter Fairies.*"—That Mrs. Quickly was not intended by the poet to appear among the fairies in the amended play, is, I think, quite certain. (Mr. Collier, after stating that the Ms. Corrector has restored the part of the Fairy Queen to Anne Page, remarks; "It does not, indeed, appear that Mrs. Quickly took any part at all in the scene, although she most likely in some way lent her assistance, in order that she might be on the stage at the conclusion of the performance." But *all the dramatis personæ* are not brought together at the close of the play; for instance, neither Shallow nor the Host of the Garter are then on the stage; and why should Mrs. Quickly be present?)—The folio in this scene prefixes "*Pist.*" to the speeches of Hobgoblin (or Puck): but we cannot for a moment suppose that Shakespeare meant *Pistol* to figure here. "It is highly probable (as a modern editor [Capell] has observed), that the performer who had represented Pistol, was afterwards, from necessity, employed among the fairies; and that his name thus crept into the copies." MALONE.

1863. I now subjoin what is said about the appearance of Mrs. Quickly and Pistol in this scene by Capell (who reasons better than he writes); "But how . . . if the person who bears her [Mrs. Quickly's] name in the masque,

bears it wrongfully; being only the actor who had presented her, brought on in a second part, when his first was over, through his stage's penuriousness? yet this is the editor's opinion; who cannot persuade himself—that a part, the bare repeating of which could with no propriety have been put into such a mouth, was intended for it by Shakespeare: and what he says of her he says also of Pistol, whose name occurs likewise: And to this argument from impropriety (incapacity, indeed), which seems strong enough of itself, may be added,—that there is no mention of their concern in the masque where its actors are spoke of by Mrs. Ford at p. 410; that their characters break out no where, as does Sir Hugh's; nor are they speakers, as he is, after the eclarcissement; all things to be expected, had they been upon the scene," &c. *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iii. p. 95.

P. 411. (127)

"*You orphan heirs*"

Warburton's conjecture, "*You ouphen heirs*," has been adopted by several editors.

P. 412. (128) "*Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:*

*Where fires thou find'st unrak'd and hearths unswept,*"

So the folio; and the quartos 1602, 1619, though very different from the folio throughout this scene, have, in a speech assigned to Sir Hugh,

"And when you finde a slut that lies a sleepe,

And all her dishes foule, and roome vnswept," &c.—

Walker reads "*unswept*," which he considers as an old form of "*unswept*;" see his *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 15.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters the first line, violently and awkwardly, to "*Cricket, to Windsor chimneys when thou'st leapt*;" and Mr. Singer, still more violently and awkwardly, to "*Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou, having leapt*."

P. 412. (129)

"*Pead?*"

So quartos 1602, 1619.—The folio has "*Bede*." ("*Bead* is the word meant, a most proper name for a being of this size." Capell's *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iii. p. 96.)—"It is remarkable that, throughout this metrical business, Sir Hugh appears to drop his Welsh pronunciation, though he resumes it as soon as he speaks in his own character. As Falstaff, however, supposes him to be a Welsh fairy, his peculiarity of utterance must have been preserved on the stage, though it be not distinguished in the printed copies." STEEVENS.—In the last line of the present speech the folio has "*Pinch them*," &c.: but afterwards (p. 414) it makes Sir Hugh say, "*fairies will not pinse you*."

P. 412. (130)

"*Rein up*"

So Warburton,—a conjecture called "*highly plausible*" by Steevens, and adopted by Hanmer, Capell, and Mr. Grant White.—The folio has "*Raise vp*;" which Malone very weakly defends. ("*Raine*" was easily corrupted into "*Raise*.")—(Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 412. (131) "*In seat as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,*"

The folio has "*In state as wholesome,*" &c. "We ought probably to read '*In seat as wholesome,*' referring to the healthy situation of the castle." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 284,—where the Editor observes in a note, "Hanmer, with his usual acuteness, saw this, and in consequence read *site*, which is an Elizabethan, though not, I think, a Shakespearian word."—Capell, defending the old reading, says; "'*State*' in this [first] member, and '*state*' in the next, have different senses; in the first, 'tis—condition, in the other—magnificence," &c. *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iii. p. 97.—(Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 412. (132) "*emerald tufts,*"

The folio has "*Emrold-tuffes*;" and here Mr. Halliwell retains "*tuffs*" as being "the old and authentic form." But the folio has in *The Winter's Tale*, act ii. sc. 1, "*the tuft of Pines*," and in *As you like it*, act iii. sc. 5, "*the tuft of Oliues*." And see the various spelling of the word in the quotations given by Dr. Richardson in his *Dict.* sub "*Tuft*." (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 413. (133) "*these fair oaks*"

So the editor of the second folio.—The first folio has "*these faire yoakes*;" which Theobald and several much more recent editors prefer; and out of which Jackson has made "*these fairy jokes*," Mr. Grant White "*these fairy oaks*."—The allusion, of course, is to Falstaff's horns; and Mason observes that "the horns of a deer are called in French *les bois*." (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 414. (134) "*which must be paid to Master Brook;*"

"We ought rather to read with the old quarto, '*which must be paid to master Ford*;' for as Ford, to mortify Falstaff, addresses him throughout his speech by the name of *Brook*, the describing himself by the same name creates a confusion. A modern editor [Capell] plausibly enough reads—'*which must be paid too, Master Brook*;' but the first sketch shows that *to* is right; for the sentence, as it stands in the quarto, will not admit *too*." MALONE.—What can Malone mean by stating that here "*Ford addresses Falstaff* by the name of *Brook*"?

P. 414. (135) "*a hodge-pudding*;"

Altered by Pope to "*a hog's-pudding*," and by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "*a hog-pudding*."

P. 415. (136) "*ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me :*"

Farmer conjectured "—— *a planet o'er me*."

P. 416. (137) "*white,*"

The folio has "*greene*." (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 416. (138) "green;"

The folio has "white." (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 416. (139) "green?"

The folio has "white?" (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

P. 416. (140) "wile;"

The folio has "tittle."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "guile." (Not in quartos 1602, 1619.)

---

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623.—Malone, following Tyrwhitt, observes, “from two passages in this play, which seem intended as a courtly apology for the stately and ungracious demeanour of King James I. on his entry into England, it appears probable that it was written not long after his accession to the throne [in 1603];

“I’ll privily away. I love the people,  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes,’ &c. Act i. sc. 1.

‘and even so  
The general, subject to a well-wish’d king,  
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness  
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love  
Must needs appear offence.’ Act ii. sc. 4.”

*Life of Shakespeare*, p. 383. With respect to a later passage, in act ii. sc. 4,—

“As these black masks  
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder  
Than beauty could, display’d,”—

it most certainly does not, as Tyrwhitt once thought, “afford ground for supposing that the play was written to be acted at court;” a notion which that acute critic afterwards repudiated, acknowledging that he had mistaken the meaning of “THESE black masks.” (See note *ad l.*) According to Mr. Collier, this play “was written either at the close of 1603, or in the beginning of 1604,” *Introd. to Measure for Measure*.—Shakespeare derived the plot from a drama in Two Parts, *The right excellent and famous Historye of Promos and Cassandra*, &c., 1578, by George Whetstone, who has prefixed to it the following “Argument:” “In the cyttie of Julio (sometimes vnder the dominion of Coruinus Kinge of Hungarie and Boemia) there was a law, that what man so euer committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should weare some disguised apparel during her life, to make her infamouslye noted. This seuere lawe, by the fauour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarded vntill the time of Lord Promos auctority; who, conuicting a yong gentleman named Andrugio of incontinency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very vertuous and beawtiful gentlewoman to his sister, named Cassandra: Cassandra, to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos: Promos regarding her good behauiours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke; and, doying good that euill might come thereof, for a time he repyry’d her brother; but, wicked man, tounring his liking vnto vnlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour raunsome for her brothers life. Chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his sute, by no perswasion would yeald



to this raunsome: but in fine, wonne with the importunitye of hir brother (pleading for life), vpon these conditions she agreeede to Promos; first that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos, as feareles in promisse as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe sygned her conditions: but worse then any infydel, his will satisfied, he performed neither the one nor the other; for, to keepe his auctoritye vnspotted with fauour, and to preuent Cassandraes clamors, he commaunded the gayler secretly to present Cassandra with her brothers head. The gayler, with the outcryes of Andrugio [*sic*], abhorryng Promos lewdenes, by the prouidence of God prouided thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a felons head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brothers, by the gayler who was set at libértie) was so agreeued at this trecherye, that, at the pointe to kyl her selfe, she spared that stroke to be auenged of Promos: and deuising a way, she concluded to make her fortunes knowne vnto the kinge. She (executing this resolution) was so highly fauoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos: whose judgement was, to marrye Cassandra to repaire her crased honour; which donne, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This maryage solempnised, Cassandra, tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the common weale before her special ease, although he fauoured her much) would not graunt her sute. Andrugio (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the grieffe of his sister, bewrayde his safetie, and craued pardon. The kinge, to renowne the vertues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos. The circumstances of this rare historye in action lyuelye foloweth." In the same author's *Heptameron of Civil Discourses*, 1582, is also a prose narrative called "*The rare historie of Promos and Cassandra.*"—Whetstone borrowed his materials, both for the play and for the prose tale, from the *Hecatommithi* of Cinthio,—*Parte Seconda, Deca viii., Novella 5*; "*Juriste è mandato da Massimiano Imperadore in Ispruchi, ove fà prendere un giovane violatore di una vergine, e condannalo a morte: la sorella cerca di liberarlo: Juriste da speranza alla donna di pigliarla per moglie, e di darle libero il fratello: ella con lui si giace, e la notte istessa Juriste fà tagliar al giovane la testa, e la manda alla sorella. Ella ne fà querela all' Imperadore, il quale fà sposare ad Juriste la donna; poscia lo fà dare ad essere ucciso: la donna lo libera, e con lui si vive amorevolissimamente.*" (Whetstone's drama is reprinted by Steevens among *Six Old Plays on which Shakespeare founded, &c.*, 1779; and his prose tale by Mr. Collier in *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

---

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



VINCENTIO, duke of Vienna.  
ANGELO, the deputy in the Duke's absence.  
ESCALUS, joined with Angelo in the government.  
CLAUDIO.  
LUCIO.  
Two other Gentlemen.  
Provost.  
THOMAS, } friars.  
PETER, }  
A Justice.  
VARRIUS.  
ELBOW, a constable.  
FROTH.  
POMPEY, servant to Mistress Overdone.  
ABHORSON, an executioner.  
BARNARDINE, a prisoner.  
  
ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.  
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.  
JULIET, beloved of Claudio.  
FRANCISCA, a nun.  
MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Vienna.*

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

---

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *An apartment in the Duke's palace.*

*Enter Duke, ESCALUS, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Escalus,—

*Escal.* My lord?

*Duke.* Of government the properties t' unfold,  
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse;  
Since I am put to know that your own science  
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice  
My strength can give you: then no more remains  
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,  
And let them work.<sup>(1)</sup> The nature of our people,  
Our city's institutions, and the terms  
For common justice, you're as pregnant in  
As art and practice hath enrichèd any  
That we remember. There is our commission, [*Giving it.*  
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,  
I say, bid come before us Angelo. [*Exit an Attendant.*  
What figure of us think you he will bear?  
For you must know, we have with special soul  
Elected him our absence to supply;  
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,  
And given his deputation all the organs  
Of our own power: what think you of it?<sup>(2)</sup>

*Escal.* If any in Vienna be of worth  
To undergo such ample grace and honour,  
It is Lord Angelo.

*Duke.* Look where hé comes.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Always obedient to your grace's will,  
I come to know your pleasure.

*Duke.*

*Angelo,*

There is a kind of character in thy life,  
That to th' observer doth thy history  
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings  
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste  
Thyself upon thy virtues, they<sup>(3)</sup> on thee.  
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,  
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd  
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,  
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech  
To one that can my part in him advértise;  
Hold, therefore, Angelo:— [*Tendering his commission.*<sup>(4)</sup>  
In our remove be thou at full ourself;  
Mortality and mercy in Vienna  
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,  
Though first in question, is thy secondary:—  
Take thy commission. [*Giving it.*

*Ang.*

Now, good my lord,

Let there be some more test made of my metal,  
Before so noble and so great a figure  
Be stamp'd upon 't.

*Duke.*

No more evasion: we

Have with a leaven'd and preparèd choice  
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.  
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,  
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd  
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,  
As time and our concernings shall impórtune,  
How it goes with us; and do look to know  
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:  
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you

Of your commissions.<sup>(5)</sup>

*Ang.* Yet, give leave, my lord,  
That we may bring you something on the way.

*Duke.* My haste may not admit it ;  
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do  
With any scruple : your scope is as mine own,  
So to enforce or qualify the laws  
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand :  
I'll privily away. I love the people,  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes :  
Though it do well, I do not relish well  
Their loud applause and aves vehement ;  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion  
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

*Ang.* The heavens give safety to your purposes !—

*Escal.* Lead forth and bring you back in happiness !

*Duke.* I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit.

*Escal.* I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave  
To have free speech with you ; and it concerns me  
To look into the bottom of my place :  
A power I have, but of what strength and nature  
I am not yet instructed.

*Ang.* 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,  
And we may soon our satisfaction have  
Touching that point.

*Escal.* I'll wait upon your honour. [Exeunt.

---

SCENE II. *A street.*

*Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.*

*Lucio.* If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why, then, all the dukes fall upon the king.

*First Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's !

*Sec. Gent.* Amen.

*Lucio.* Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

*Sec. Gent.* "Thou shalt not steal"?

*Lucio.* Ay, that he razed.

*First Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before<sup>(6)</sup> meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

*Sec. Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

*Lucio.* I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

*Sec. Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

*First Gent.* What, in metre?

*Lucio.* In any proportion or in any language.

*First Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

*Lucio.* Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example,—thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

*First Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

*Lucio.* I grant; as there may between the list<sup>(7)</sup> and the velvet. Thou art the list.

*First Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

*Lucio.* I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech, I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

*First Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

*Sec. Gent.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

*Lucio.* Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes!

*First Gent.* I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—<sup>(8)</sup>

*Sec. Gent.* To what, I pray?

*First Gent.*<sup>(9)</sup> Judge.

*Sec. Gent.* To three thousand dolours a year.

*First Gent.* Ay, and more.

*Lucio.* A French crown more.

*First Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me ; but thou art full of error,—I am sound.

*Lucio.* Nay, not as one would say, healthy ; but so sound as things that are hollow : thy bones are hollow ; impiety has made a feast of thee.

*Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE.*

*First Gent.* How now ! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica ?

*Mrs. Ov.* Well, well ; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

*Sec. Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee ?

*Mrs. Ov.* Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

*First Gent.* Claudio to prison ! 'tis not so.

*Mrs. Ov.* Nay, but I know 'tis so : I saw him arrested ; saw him carried away ; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.<sup>(10)</sup>

*Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this ?

*Mrs. Ov.* I am too sure of it : and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

*Lucio.* Believe me, this may be : he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

*Sec. Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

*First Gent.* But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

*Lucio.* Away ! let's go learn the truth of it.

*[Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.]*

*Mrs. Ov.* Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

*Enter POMPEY.*

How now ! what's the news with you ?

*Pom.* Yonder man is carried to prison.

*Mrs. Ov.* Well ; what has he done ?

*Pom.* A woman.

*Mrs. Ov.* But what's his offence ?

*Pom.* Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

*Mrs. Ov.* What, is there a maid with child by him ?

*Pom.* No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

*Mrs. Ov.* What proclamation, man?

*Pom.* All houses<sup>(11)</sup> in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

*Mrs. Ov.* And what shall become of those in the city?

*Pom.* They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

*Mrs. Ov.* But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

*Pom.* To the ground, mistress.

*Mrs. Ov.* Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

*Pom.* Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

*Mrs. Ov.* What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? let's withdraw.

*Pom.* Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET,<sup>(12)</sup> and Officers.

*Claud.* Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world? Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

*Prov.* I do it not in evil disposition,  
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

*Claud.* Thus can the demigod Authority  
Make us pay down for our offence<sup>(13)</sup> by weight.—  
The sword of heaven,<sup>(14)</sup>—on whom it will, it will;  
On whom it will not, so; yet 'tis just still.<sup>(15)</sup>

*Re-enter* LUCIO and two Gentlemen.<sup>(16)</sup>

*Lucio.* Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

*Claud.* From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:  
As surfeit is the father of much fast,  
So every scope by the immoderate use  
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,



Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,  
A thirsty evil ; and when we drink we die.

*Lucio.* If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors : and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality<sup>(17)</sup> of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio ?

*Claud.* What but to speak of would offend again.

*Lucio.* What, is't murder ?

*Claud.* No.

*Lucio.* Lechery ?

*Claud.* Call it so.

*Prov.* Away, sir ! you must go.

*Claud.* One word, good friend.—*Lucio, a word with you.*  
[*Takes him aside.*

*Lucio.* A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—  
Is lechery so look'd after ?

*Claud.* Thus stands it with me :—upon a true contráct  
I got possession of Julietta's bed :  
You know the lady ; she is fast my wife,  
Save that we do the denunciation lack  
Of outward order : this we came not to,  
Only for propagation of a dower<sup>(18)</sup>  
Remaining in the coffer of her friends ;  
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love  
Till time had made them for us. But it chances  
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment  
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

*Lucio.* With child, perhaps ?

*Claud.* Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—  
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,  
Or whether that the body public be  
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,  
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know  
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur ;  
Whether the tyranny be in his place,  
Or in his eminence that fills it up,  
I stagger in :—but this new governor  
Awakes me all th' enrollèd penalties  
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,  
And none of them been worn ; and, for a name,  
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act  
Freshly on me :—'tis surely for a name.

*Lucio.* I warrant it is : and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

*Claud.* I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service :—

This day my sister should the cloister enter,

And there receive her approbation :

Acquaint her with the danger of my state ;

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him :

I have great hope in that ; for in her youth<sup>(19)</sup>

There is a prone and speechless dialect,

Such as moves men ; beside, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse,

And well she can persuade.

*Lucio.* I pray she may ; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who<sup>(20)</sup> I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

*Claud.* I thank you, good friend Lucio.

*Lucio.* Within two hours—

*Claud.* Come, officer, away ! [*Exeunt.* . . .]

---

### SCENE III. *A monastery.*

*Enter Duke and FRIAR THOMAS.*

*Duke.* No, holy father ; throw away that thought ;  
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love  
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee  
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose  
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends  
Of burning youth.

*Fri. T.* May your grace speak of it ?

*Duke.* My holy sir, none better knows than you

How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd ;  
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,  
Where youth, and cost, and<sup>(21)</sup> witless bravery keep.  
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo—

A man of stricture and firm abstinence—  
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,  
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland ;  
For so I've strew'd it in the common ear,  
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,  
You will demand of me why I do this ?

*Fri. T.* Gladly, my lord.

*Duke.* We have strict statutes and most biting laws,—  
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,—  
Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep ;<sup>(22)</sup>  
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,  
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,  
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,  
Only to stick it in their children's sight  
For terror, not to use, in time the rod  
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd ;<sup>(23)</sup> so our decrees,  
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;  
And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;  
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart  
Goes all decorum.

*Fri. T.* It rested in your grace .  
T' unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd :  
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd  
Than in Lord Angelo.

*Duke.* I do fear, too dreadful :  
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,  
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them  
For what I bid them do : for we bid this be done,<sup>(24)</sup>  
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,  
And not their punishment.<sup>(25)</sup> Therefore, indeed, my father,  
I have on Angelo impos'd the office ;  
Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,  
And yet my nature never in the sight,  
To do it slander.<sup>(26)</sup> And to behold his sway,  
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,  
Visit both prince and people : therefore, I prithee,

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me  
How I may formally in person bear me<sup>(27)</sup>  
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action  
At our more leisure shall I render you ;  
Only, this one :—Lord Angelo is precise ;  
Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses  
That his blood flows, or that his appetite  
Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we see,  
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [Exeunt.

---

SCENE IV. *A nunnery.*

*Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.*

*Isab.* And have you nuns no further privileges ?

*Fran.* Are not these large enough ?

*Isab.* Yes, truly : I speak not as desiring more ;  
But rather wishing a more strict restraint  
Upon the sisterhood, votarists<sup>(28)</sup> of Saint Clare.

*Lucio.* [*within*] Ho ! Peace be in this place !

*Isab.* Who's that which calls ?

*Fran.* It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,  
Turn you the key, and know his business of him ;  
You may, I may not ; you are yet unsworn.  
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men  
But in the presence of the prioress :  
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face ;  
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.  
He calls again ; I pray you, answer him. [Exit.

*Isab.* Peace and prosperity ! Who is't that calls ?

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* Hail, virgin, if you be,—as those cheek-roses  
Proclaim you are no less ! Can you so stead me  
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,  
A novice of this place, and the fair sister  
To her unhappy brother Claudio ?

*Isab.* Why “ her unhappy brother ” ? let me ask ;  
The rather, for I now must make you know

I am that Isabella and his sister.

*Lucio.* Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you :  
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

*Isab.* Woe me ! for what ?

*Lucio.* For that which, if myself might be his judge,  
He should receive his punishment in thanks :  
He hath got his friend with child.

*Isab.* Sir, make me not your scorn.<sup>(29)</sup>

*Lucio.* 'Tis true.

I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin  
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,  
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so :  
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted ;  
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit ;  
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,  
As with a saint.

*Isab.* You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

*Lucio.* Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus :—  
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd :  
As those that feed grow full ; as blossoming-time,  
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings<sup>(30)</sup>  
To teeming foison ; even so her plenteous womb  
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

*Isab.* Some one with child by him ?—My cousin Juliet ?

*Lucio.* Is she your cousin ?

*Isab.* Adoptedly ; as school-maids change their names  
By vain, though apt, affection.

*Lucio.* She it is.

*Isab.* O, let him marry her.

*Lucio.* This is the point.

The duke is<sup>(31)</sup> very strangely gone from hence ;  
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,  
In hand, and hope of action : but we do learn  
By those that know the very nerves of state,  
His givings-out<sup>(32)</sup> were of an infinite distance  
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,  
And with full line of his authority,  
Governs Lord Angelo ; a man whose blood  
Is very snow-broth ; one who never feels  
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,

But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge  
With profits of the mind, study and fast.  
He—to give fear to use and liberty,  
Which have for long run by the hideous law,  
As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,  
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life  
Falls into forfeit : he arrests him on it ;  
And follows close the rigour of the statute,  
To make him an example. All hope's gone,  
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer  
To soften Angelo : and that's my pith  
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

*Isab.* Doth he so seek his life ?

*Lucio.* 'Has censur'd him

Already ; and, as I hear, the provost hath  
A warrant for his execution.

*Isab.* Alas, what poor ability's in me  
To do him good !

*Lucio.* Assay the power you have.

*Isab.* My power ! Alas, I doubt,—

*Lucio.* Our doubts are traitors,

And make us lose the good we oft might win  
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,  
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,  
Men give like gods ; but when they weep and kneel,  
All their petitions are as freely theirs  
As they themselves would owe them.

*Isab.* I'll see what I can do.

*Lucio.* But speedily.

*Isab.* I will about it straight ;  
No longer staying but to give the mother  
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you :  
Commend me to my brother : soon at night  
I'll send him certain word of my success.

*Lucio.* I take my leave of you.

*Isab.* Good sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A hall in ANGELO's house.*

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, and a Justice; Provost, Officers, and others attending.*

*Ang.* We must not make a scarecrow of the law,  
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,  
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
Their perch, and not their terror.

*Escal.* Ay, but yet  
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,  
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,  
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!  
Let but your honour know,—  
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,—  
That, in the working of your own affections,  
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,  
Or that the resolute acting of your<sup>(33)</sup> blood  
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose,  
Whether you had not sometime in your life  
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,<sup>(34)</sup>  
And pull'd the law upon you.

*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
Another thing to fall. I not deny,  
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,  
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two  
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made  
To justice, that justice seizes: what knows the law<sup>(35)</sup>  
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,  
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,  
Because we see't; but what we do not see  
We tread upon, and never think of it.  
You may not so extenuate his offence  
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,  
When I, that censure him, do so offend,  
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,  
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

*Escal.* Be't as your wisdom will.

*Ang.* Where is the provost?

*Prov.* [*coming from behind*] Here, if it like your honour.

*Ang.* See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning :

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd ;

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Provost.*]

*Escal.* [*aside*] Well, heaven forgive him ! and forgive us all !

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall ;

Some run from brakes of vice,<sup>(36)</sup> and answer none ;

And some condemnèd for a fault alone.

*Enter ELBOW, and Officers with FROTH and POMPEY.*

*Elb.* Come, bring them away : if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law : bring them away.

*Ang.* How now, sir ! What's your name ? and what's the matter ?

*Elb.* If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow : I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

*Ang.* Benefactors ! Well ; what benefactors are they ? are they not malefactors ?

*Elb.* If it please your honour, I know not well what they are : but precise villains they are, that I am sure of ; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

*Escal.* This comes off well ; here's a wise officer.

*Ang.* Go to :—what quality are they of ? Elbow is your name ? why dost thou not speak, Elbow ?

*Pom.* He cannot, sir ; he's out at elbow.

*Ang.* What are you, sir ?

*Elb.* He, sir ! a tapster, sir ; parcel-bawd ; one that serves a bad woman ; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs ; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

*Escal.* How know you that ?

*Elb.* My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—



*Escal.* How! thy wife!

*Elb.* Ay, sir;—whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

*Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore?

*Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

*Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

*Escal.* By the woman's means?

*Elb.* Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

*Pom.* Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

*Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

*Escal.* [to *Angelo*] Do you hear how he misplaces?

*Pom.* Sir, she came in great with child; and longing—saving your honour's reverence—for stewed prunes, sir;—we had but two in the house, which at that very distant<sup>(37)</sup> time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence;—your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

*Escal.* Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

*Pom.* No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right:—but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again,—

*Froth.* No, indeed.

*Pom.* Very well;—you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

*Froth.* Ay, so I did indeed.

*Pom.* Why, very well;—I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of

the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

*Froth.* All this is true.

*Pom.* Why, very well, then,—

*Escal.* Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.<sup>(38)</sup>

*Pom.* Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

*Escal.* No, sir, nor I mean it not.

*Pom.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?—

*Froth.* All-hallownd eve.

*Pom.* Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?—

*Froth.* I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.<sup>(39)</sup>

*Pom.* Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

*Ang.* This will last out a night in Russia,  
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,  
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;  
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

*Escal.* I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.

[*Exit Angelo.*]

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

*Pom.* Once, sir! there was nothing done to her once.

*Elb.* I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

*Pom.* I beseech your honour, ask me.

*Escal.* Well, sir; what did this gentleman do to her?

*Pom.* I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.—Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose.—Doth your honour mark his face?

*Escal.* Ay, sir, very well.

*Pom.* Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

*Escal.* Well, I do so.

*Pom.* Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

*Escal.* Why, no.

*Pom.* I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

*Escal.* He's in the right.—Constable, what say you to it?

*Elb.* First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

*Pom.* By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

*Elb.* Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

*Pom.* Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

*Escal.* Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity?—Is this true?

*Elb.* O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her!—If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer.—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

*Escal.* If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

*Escal.* Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

*Escal.* [to Froth] Where were you born, friend?

*Froth.* Here in Vienna, sir.

*Escal.* Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

*Froth.* Yes, an't please you, sir.

*Escal.* So.—[*To Pompey*] What trade are you of, sir?

*Pom.* A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

*Escal.* Your mistress' name?

*Pom.* Mistress Overdone.

*Escal.* Hath she had any more than one husband?

*Pom.* Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

*Escal.* Nine!—Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

*Froth.* I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

*Escal.* Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth.*] Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster?

*Pom.* Pompey.

*Escal.* What else?

*Pom.* Bum, sir.

*Escal.* Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

*Pom.* Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

*Escal.* How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

*Pom.* If the law would allow it, sir.

*Escal.* But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

*Pom.* Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

*Escal.* No, Pompey.

*Pom.* Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't, then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

*Escal.* There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

*Pom.* If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent

the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay:<sup>(40)</sup> if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

*Escal.* Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you:—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

*Pom.* I thank your worship for your good counsel.—  
[*Aside*] But I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me! No, no; let carman whip his jade:

The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

*Escal.* Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

*Elb.* Seven year and a half, sir.

*Escal.* I thought, by your readiness<sup>(41)</sup> in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

*Elb.* And a half, sir.

*Escal.* Alas, it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

*Elb.* Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

*Escal.* Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your worship's house, sir?

*Escal.* To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit Elbow.*]  
What's o'clock, think you?

*Just.* Eleven, sir.

*Escal.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Just.* I humbly thank you.

*Escal.* It grieves me for the death of Claudio;  
But there's no remedy.

*Just.* Lord Angelo is severe.

*Escal.* It is but needful:  
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe :  
But yet,—poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.—  
Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another room in the same.*

*Enter Provost and a Servant.*

*Serv.* He's hearing of a cause ; he will come straight :  
I'll tell him of you.

*Prov.* Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know  
His pleasure ; may be he'll relent. Alas,  
He hath but as offended in a dream !<sup>(42)</sup>  
All sects,<sup>(43)</sup> all ages smack of this vice ; and he  
To die for it !

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Now, what's the matter, provost ?

*Prov.* Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow ?

*Ang.* Did not I tell thee yea ? hadst thou not order ?  
Why dost thou ask again ?

*Prov.* Lest I might be too rash :  
Under your good correction, I have seen,  
When, after execution, judgment hath  
Repented o'er his doom.

*Ang.* Go to ; let that be mine :  
Do you your office, or give up your place,  
And you shall well be spar'd.

*Prov.* I crave your honour's pardon.—  
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet ?  
She's very near her hour.

*Ang.* Dispose of her  
To some more fitter place ; and that with speed.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here is the sister of the man condemn'd  
Desires access to you.

*Ang.* Hath he a sister ?

*Prov.* Ay, my good lord ; a very virtuous maid,  
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,  
If not already.

*Ang.* Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*  
See you the fornicatress be remov'd :  
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means ;  
There shall be order for it.

*Enter ISABELLA and LUCIO.*

*Prov.* Save your honour ! [*Offering to retire.*

*Ang.* Stay a little while.—[*To Isab.*] You're welcome :  
what's your will ?

*Isab.* I am a woeful suitor to your honour,  
Please but your honour hear me.

*Ang.* Well ; what's your suit ?

*Isab.* There is a vice that most I do abhor,  
And most desire should meet the blow of justice ;  
For which I would not plead, but that I must ;  
For which I must not plead, but that I am  
At war 'twixt will and will not.

*Ang.* Well ; the matter ?

*Isab.* I have a brother is condemn'd to die :  
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,  
And not my brother.

*Prov.* [*aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces !<sup>(44)</sup>

*Ang.* Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it ?  
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done :  
Mine were the very cipher of a function,  
To fine the fault,<sup>(45)</sup> whose fine stands in record,  
And let go by the actor.

*Isab.* O just but severe law !  
I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your honour !

[*Retiring.*

*Lucio.* [*aside to Isab.*] Give't not o'er so : to him again,  
entreat him ;  
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown :  
You are too cold ; if you should need a pin,  
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it :  
To him, I say.

*Isab.* Must he needs die ?

*Ang.* Maiden, no remedy.

*Isab.* Yes ; I do think that you might pardon him,  
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

*Ang.* I will not do't.

*Isab.* But can you, if you would?

*Ang.* Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

*Isab.* But you might do't,<sup>(46)</sup> and do the world no wrong,  
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse  
As mine is to him.

*Ang.* He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

*Lucio.* [*aside to Isab.*] You are too cold.

*Isab.* Too late! why, no; I, that do speak a word,  
May call it back<sup>(47)</sup> again. Well, believe this,  
No ceremony that to great ones longs,  
Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword,  
The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace  
As mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he,  
You would have slipp'd like him; but he, like you,  
Would not have been so stern.

*Ang.* Pray you, be gone.

*Isab.* I would to heaven I had your potency,  
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?  
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,  
And what a prisoner.

*Lucio.* [*aside to Isab.*] Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

*Ang.* Your brother is a forfeit of the law,  
And you but waste your words.

*Isab.* Alas, alas!

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;  
And He that might the vantage best have took  
Found out the remedy. How would you be,  
If He, which is the top of judgment,<sup>(48)</sup> should  
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
Like man new-made.

*Ang.* Be you content, fair maid;  
It is the law, not I, condemns<sup>(49)</sup> your brother:  
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,  
It should be thus with him:—he must die to-morrow.

*Isab.* To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare  
him!—



He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens  
We kill the fowl of season : shall we serve heaven  
With less respect than we do minister  
To our gross selves ? Good, good my lord, bethink you ;  
Who is it that hath died for this offence ?  
There's many have committed it.

*Lucio.* [*aside to Isab.*] Ay, well said.

*Ang.* The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept :  
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,  
If that the first that did th' edict infringe<sup>(50)</sup>  
Had answer'd for his deed : now 'tis awake,  
Takes note of what is done ; and, like a prophet,  
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,—  
Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,  
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,—  
Are now to have no successive degrees,  
But, ere they live, to end.<sup>(51)</sup>

*Isab.* Yet show some pity.

*Ang.* I show it most of all when I show justice ;  
For then I pity those I do not know,  
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall ;  
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,  
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied ;  
Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content.

*Isab.* So you must be the first that gives this sentence,  
And he that suffers. O, it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous<sup>(52)</sup>  
To use it like a giant.

*Lucio.* [*aside to Isab.*] That's well said.

*Isab.* Could great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,  
For every pelting, petty officer  
Would use his heaven for thunder ; nothing but thunder.—  
Merciful Heaven !  
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt  
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak  
Than the soft myrtle : but man,<sup>(53)</sup> proud man,  
Drest in a little brief authority,—  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,

Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
As make the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,  
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

*Lucio.* [*aside to Isab.*] O, to him, to him, wench ! he will  
relent ;

He's coming ; I perceive't.

*Prov.* [*aside*] Pray heaven she win him !

*Isab.* We cannot weigh our brother with ourself :<sup>(54)</sup>  
Great men may jest with saints ; 'tis wit in them,  
But in the less foul profanation.

*Lucio.* [*aside to Isab.*] Thou'rt i' the right, girl ; more o'  
that.

*Isab.* That in the captain's but a choleric word,  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

*Lucio.* [*aside to Isab.*] Art avis'd o' that ? more on't.

*Ang.* Why do you put these sayings upon me ?

*Isab.* Because authority, though it err like others,  
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom ;  
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know  
That's like my brother's fault : if it confess  
A natural guiltiness such as is his,  
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue  
Against my brother's life.

*Ang.* [*aside*] She speaks, and 'tis  
Such sense, that my sense breeds with't.—Fare you well.

*Isab.* Gentle my lord, turn back.

*Ang.* I will bethink me : come again to-morrow.

*Isab.* Hark how I'll bribe you : good my lord, turn back.

*Ang.* How ! bribe me !

*Isab.* Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

*Lucio.* [*aside to Isab.*] You had marr'd all else.

*Isab.* Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,  
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor  
As fancy values them ; but with true prayers,  
That shall be up at heaven and enter there  
Ere sun-rise,—prayers from preservèd souls,  
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate  
To nothing temporal.

*Ang.* Well ; come to me to-morrow.

*Lucio.* [*aside to Isab.*] Go to; 'tis well; away!

*Isab.* Heaven keep your honour safe!

*Ang.* [*aside*] Amen; for I

Am that way going to temptation,  
Where prayers cross.

*Isab.* At what hour to-morrow  
Shall I attend your lordship?

*Ang.* At any time 'fore noon.

*Isab.* Save your honour!<sup>(55)</sup>

[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*]

*Ang.* From thee,—even from thy virtue!—  
What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?  
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most, ha?  
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I  
That, lying by the violet in the sun,  
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,  
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be  
That modesty may more betray our sense  
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,  
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,  
And pitch our evils<sup>(56)</sup> there? O, fie, fie, fie!  
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?  
Dost thou desire her foully for those things  
That make her good? O, let her brother live:  
Thieves for their robbery have authority  
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,  
That I desire to hear her speak again,  
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?  
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,  
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous  
Is that temptation that doth goad us on  
To sin in loving virtue: ne'er could the strumpet,  
With all her double vigour, art and nature,  
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid  
Subdues me quite:—ever till now,  
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.<sup>(57)</sup> [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in a prison.*

*Enter, severally, Duke disguised as a friar, and Provost.*

*Duke.* Hail to you, provost!—so I think you are.

*Prov.* I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?

*Duke.* Bound by my charity and my bless'd order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits

Here in the prison. Do me the common right

To let me see them, and to make me know

The nature of their crimes, that I may minister

To them accordingly.

*Prov.* I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Look, here comes one,—a gentlewoman of mine,

Who, falling in the flames<sup>(58)</sup> of her own youth,

Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;

And he that got it, sentenc'd,—a young man

More fit to do another such offence

Than die for this.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Duke.* When must he die?

*Prov.* As I do think, to-morrow.—

I have provided for you: stay awhile, [To Juliet.

And you shall be conducted.

*Duke.* Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

*Jul.* I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

*Duke.* I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,

Or hollowly put on.

*Jul.* I'll gladly learn.

*Duke.* Love you the man that wrong'd you?

*Jul.* Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

*Duke.* So, then, it seems your most offenceful act  
Was mutually committed?

*Jul.* Mutually.

*Duke.* Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

*Jul.* I do confess it, and repent it, father.

*Duke.* 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—  
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,  
• Showing we would not spare heaven<sup>(59)</sup> as we love it,  
But as we stand in fear,—

*Jul.* I do repent me, as it is an evil,  
And take the shame with joy.

*Duke.* There rest.  
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,  
And I am going with instruction to him.

*Jul.* Grace go with you!

*Duke.* Benedicite!<sup>(60)</sup> [Exit.

*Jul.* Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,<sup>(61)</sup>  
That respites me a life, whose very comfort  
Is still a dying horror!

*Prov.* 'Tis pity of him. [Excunt.

---

SCENE IV. *A room in ANGELO's house.*

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* When I would pray and think, I think and pray  
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;  
Whilst my intention,<sup>(62)</sup> hearing not my tongue,  
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,<sup>(63)</sup>  
As if I did but only chew his name;  
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil  
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,  
Is like a good thing, being often read,  
Grown sear'd<sup>(64)</sup> and tedious; yea, my gravity,  
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,  
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,  
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form  
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,  
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls  
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou still art blood:<sup>(65)</sup>  
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,  
'Tis not the devil's crest.

*Enter* Servant.

How now! who's there!

*Serv.* One Isabel, a sister,

Desires access to you.

*Ang.* Teach her the way. [*Exit Serv.*]

O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,

Making both it unable for itself,

And dispossessing all my other parts

Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;<sup>(66)</sup>

Come all to help him, and so stop the air

By which he should revive: and even so

The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,

Quit their own part,<sup>(67)</sup> and in obsequious fondness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love

Must needs appear offence.

*Enter* ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid!

*Isab.* I'm come to know your pleasure.

*Ang.* That you might know it, would much better please me  
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

*Isab.* Even so.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*]

*Ang.* Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,  
As long as you or I: yet he must die.

*Isab.* Under your sentence?

*Ang.* Yea.

*Isab.* When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,  
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted  
That his soul sicken not.

*Ang.* Ha! fie, these filthy vices! 'Twere as good  
To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n  
A man already made, as to remit  
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image  
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy  
Falsely to take away a life true made,  
As to put mettle in restrainèd means  
To make a false one.

*Isab.* 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

*Ang.* Say you so ?<sup>(68)</sup> then I shall pose you quickly.  
Which had you rather,—that the most just law  
Now took your brother's life ; or,<sup>(69)</sup> to redeem him,  
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness  
As she that he hath stain'd ?

*Isab.* Sir, believe this,  
I had rather give my body than my soul.

*Ang.* I talk not of your soul : our cōmpell'd sins  
Stand more for number than accompt.<sup>(70)</sup>

*Isab.* How say you ?

*Ang.* Nay, I'll not warrant that ; for I can speak  
Against the thing I say. Answer to this :—  
I, now the voice of the recorded law,  
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life :  
Might there not be a charity in sin  
To save this brother's life ?

*Isab.* Please you to do't,  
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,  
It is no sin at all, but charity.

*Ang.* Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,  
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

*Isab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,  
Heaven let me bear it ! you granting of my suit,  
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer  
To have it added to the faults of mine,  
And nothing of your answer.

*Ang.* Nay, but hear me.  
Your sense pursues not mine : either you're ignorant,  
Or seem so, craftily ; and that's not good.<sup>(71)</sup>

*Isab.* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,  
But graciously to know I am no better.

*Ang.* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright  
When it doth tax itself ; as these black masks  
Proclaim an enshield beauty<sup>(72)</sup> ten times louder  
Than beauty could, display'd.—But mark me ;<sup>(73)</sup>  
To be receivèd plain, I'll speak more gross :  
Your brother is to die.

*Isab.* So.

*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appears,

Accountant to the law upon that pain.

*Isab.* True.

*Ang.* Admit no other way to save his life,—  
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,  
But in the loss of question,<sup>(74)</sup>—that you, his sister,  
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,  
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,  
Could fetch your brother from the manacles  
Of the all-binding law;<sup>(75)</sup> and that there were  
No earthly mean to save him, but that either  
You must lay down the treasures of your body  
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;<sup>(76)</sup>  
What would you do?

*Isab.* As much for my poor brother as myself:  
That is, were I under the terms of death,  
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,  
And strip myself to death, as to a bed  
That longing I've been sick for,<sup>(77)</sup> ere I'd yield  
My body up to shame.

*Ang.* Then must  
Your brother die.

*Isab.* And 'twere the cheaper way:  
Better it were a brother died at once,  
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,  
Should die for ever.

*Ang.* Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence  
That you have slander'd so?

*Isab.* Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,  
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is  
Nothing akin to foul redemption.<sup>(78)</sup>

*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;  
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother  
A merriment than a vice.

*Isab.* O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,  
T' have what we'd have, we speak not what we mean:  
I something do excuse the thing I hate,  
For his advantage that I dearly love.

*Ang.* We are all frail.

*Isab.* Else let my brother die,  
If not a fedary, but only he,



Owe and succeed this weakness.<sup>(79)</sup>

*Ang.*

Nay, women are frail too.

*Isab.* Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves ;  
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.  
Women !—Help heaven ! men their creation mar  
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail ;  
For we are soft as our complexions are,  
And credulous to false prints.

*Ang.*

I think it well :

And from this testimony of your own sex,—  
Since, I suppose, we're made to be no stronger  
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold ;—  
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,  
That is, a woman ; if you be more, you're none ;  
If you be one,—as you are well express'd  
By all external warrants,—show it now,  
By putting on the destin'd livery.

*Isab.* I have no tongue but one : gentle my lord,  
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

*Ang.* Plainly conceive, I love you.

*Isab.* My brother did love Juliet ; and you tell me  
That he shall die for't.

*Ang.* He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

*Isab.* I know your virtue hath a license in't,  
Which seems a little fouler than it is,  
To pluck on others.

*Ang.*

Believe me, on mine honour,  
My words express my purpose.

*Isab.* Ha ! little honour to be much believ'd,  
And most pernicious purpose !—Seeming, seeming !—  
I will proclaim thee, Angelo ; look for't :  
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world  
Aloud<sup>(80)</sup> what man thou art.

*Ang.*

Who will believe thee, Isabel ?  
My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,  
Will so your accusation overweigh,  
That you shall stifle in your own report,  
And smell of calumny. I have begun ;

And now I give my sensual race the rein :  
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite ;  
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,  
That banish what they sue for ; redeem thy brother  
By yielding up thy body to my will ;  
Or else he must not only die the death,  
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,  
Or, by th' affection that now guides me most,  
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,  
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [Exit.

*Isab.* To whom should I complain ? Did I tell this,  
Who would believe me ? O perilous mouths, <sup>(81)</sup>  
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,  
Either of condemnation or approval ;  
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will ;  
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,  
To follow as it draws ! I'll to my brother :  
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,  
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,  
That, had he twenty heads to tender down  
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,  
Before his sister should her body stoop  
To such abhorr'd pollution.  
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die :  
More than our brother is our chastity.  
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,  
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Exit.

---

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. *A room in the prison.*

*Enter Duke disguised as before, CLAUDIO, and Provost.*

*Duke.* So, then, you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo ?  
*Claud.* The miserable have no other medicine

But only hope :

I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death ; either death or life  
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life :—  
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
That none but fools would keep : a breath thou art,  
Servile to all the skyey influences  
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,  
Hourly afflict :<sup>(82)</sup> merely, thou art death's fool ;  
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble ;  
For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st  
Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant ;  
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,  
And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly fear'st  
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyself ;  
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains  
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not ;  
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,  
And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain ;  
For thy complexion shifts to strange affects,<sup>(83)</sup>  
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor ;  
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads<sup>(84)</sup> thee. Friend hast thou none ;  
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,<sup>(85)</sup>  
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,  
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,  
For ending thee no sooner. Thou'st nor youth nor age,  
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessed youth  
Becomes as agèd,<sup>(86)</sup> and doth beg the alms  
Of palsied eld ; and when thou'rt old and rich,  
Thou'st neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,  
To make thy riches pleasant. What's in this  
That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life  
Lie hid more thousand deaths : yet death we fear,<sup>(87)</sup>  
That makes these odds all even.

*Claud.*

I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die ;  
And, seeking death, find life : let it come on.

*Isab.* [*within*] What, ho ! Peace here ; grace and good company !

*Prov.* Who's there ? come in : the wish deserves a welcome.

*Duke.* Dear son, ere long I'll visit you again.

*Claud.* Most holy sir,<sup>(88)</sup> I thank you.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* My business is a word or two with Claudio.

*Prov.* And very welcome.—Look, signior, here's your sister.

*Duke.* Provost, a word with you.

*Prov.* As many as you please.

*Duke.* Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be  
Conceal'd.<sup>(89)</sup> [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

*Claud.* Now, sister, what's the comfort ?

*Isab.* Why,  
As all comforts are ; most good, most good indeed.  
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,  
Intends you for his swift ambassador,  
Where you shall be an everlasting lieger :  
Therefore your best appointment make with speed ;  
To-morrow you set on.

*Claud.* Is there no remedy ?

*Isab.* None, but such remedy as, to save a head,  
To cleave a heart in twain.

*Claud.* But is there any ?

*Isab.* Yes, brother, you may live :  
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,  
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,  
But fetter you till death.

*Claud.* Perpetual durance ?

*Isab.* Ay, just ; perpetual durance,—a restraint,  
Though<sup>(90)</sup> all the world's vastidity you had,  
To a determin'd scope.

*Claud.* But in what nature ?

*Isab.* In such a one as, you consenting to't,  
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,  
And leave you naked.

*Claud.* Let me know the point.

*Isab.* O, I do fear thee, Claudio ; and I quake,  
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,  
And six or seven winters more respect  
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die ?  
The sense of death is most in apprehension ;  
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.

*Claud.* Why give you me this shame ?  
Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From flowery tenderness ?<sup>(91)</sup> If I must die,  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
And hug it in mine arms.

*Isab.* There spake my brother ; there my father's grave  
Did utter forth a voice ! Yes, thou must die :  
Thou art too noble to conserve a life  
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy—  
Whose settled visage and deliberate word  
Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth emmew  
As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil ;  
His filth within being cast, he would appear  
A pond as deep as hell.

*Claud.* The priestly Angelo ?

*Isab.* O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,  
The damned'st body to invest and cover  
In priestly guards !<sup>(92)</sup> Dost thou think, Claudio,—  
If I would yield him my virginity,  
Thou mightst be freed ?

*Claud.* O heavens ! it cannot be.

*Isab.* Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,  
So to offend him still.<sup>(93)</sup> This night's the time  
That I should do what I abhor to name,  
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

*Claud.* Thou shalt not do't.

*Isab.* O, were it but my life,  
I'd throw it down for your deliverance  
As frankly as a pin.

*Claud.* Thanks, dear Isabel.

*Isab.* Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

*Claud.* Yes.—Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,  
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;  
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

*Isab.* Which is the least?

*Claud.* If it were damnable, he being so wise,  
Why would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably fin'd?—O Isabel!

*Isab.* What says my brother?

*Claud.* Death's a fearful thing.

*Isab.* And shamèd life a hateful.

*Claud.* Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions<sup>(94)</sup> of thick-ribbèd ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts<sup>(95)</sup>  
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!  
The weariest and most loathèd worldly life  
That age, ache, penury,<sup>(96)</sup> and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

*Isab.* Alas, alas!

*Claud.* Sweet sister, let me live:  
What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far  
That it becomes a virtue.

*Isab.* O you beast!  
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!  
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?  
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life  
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?  
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!  
For such a warpèd slip of wilderness  
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance;  
Die, perish! might but my bending down<sup>(97)</sup>

Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed :  
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,—  
No word to save thee.

*Claud.* Nay, hear me, Isabel.

*Isab.* O, fie, fie, fie !

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd :

'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*

*Claud.* O, hear me, Isabella !

*Re-enter Duke.*

*Duke.* Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

*Isab.* What is your will ?

*Duke.* Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you : the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

*Isab.* I have no superfluous leisure ; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs ; but I will attend you awhile.

*Duke.* Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures : she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true ; therefore prepare yourself to death : do not satisfy<sup>(98)</sup> your resolution with hopes that are fallible : to-morrow you must die ; go to your knees, and make ready.

*Claud.* Let me ask my sister pardon.<sup>(99)</sup> I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

*Duke.* Hold you there : farewell. [*Exit Claudio.*] Provost, a word with you !

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* What's your will, father ?

*Duke.* That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid : my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

*Prov.* In good time. [*Exit.*

*Duke.* The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good : the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty

brief in goodness ; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding ; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother ?

*Isab.* I am now going to resolve him, I had<sup>(100)</sup> rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But O how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo ! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

*Duke.* That shall not be much amiss : yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation,—he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings : to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit ; redeem your brother from the angry law ; do no stain to your own gracious person ; and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

*Isab.* Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

*Duke.* Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea ?

*Isab.* I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

*Duke.* She should this Angelo have married ; was affianced to her by oath,<sup>(101)</sup> and the nuptial appointed : between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman : there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural ; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry ; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

*Isab.* Can this be so ? did Angelo so leave her ?

*Duke.* Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort ; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in



her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

*Isab.* What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

*Duke.* It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

*Isab.* Show me how, good father.

*Duke.* This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, now follows all:<sup>(102)</sup>—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled.<sup>(103)</sup> The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt.<sup>(104)</sup> If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

*Isab.* The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

*Duke.* It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

*Isab.* I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.<sup>(105)</sup> *The street before the prison.*

*Enter, on one side, Duke disguised as before ; on the other, ELBOW, and Officers with POMPEY.*

*Elb.* Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

*Duke.* O heavens ! what stuff is here ?

*Pom.* 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm ; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

*Elb.* Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good father friar.

*Duke.* And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir ?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, he hath offended the law : and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir ; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

*Duke.* Fie, sirrah ! a bawd,<sup>(106)</sup> a wicked bawd !  
The evil that thou causest to be done,  
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think  
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back  
From such a filthy vice : say to thyself,—  
From their abominable and beastly touches  
I drink, I eat, array<sup>(107)</sup> myself, and live.  
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,  
So stinkingly depending ? Go mend, go mend.

*Pom.* Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir ; but yet, sir, I would prove—

*Duke.* Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin, Thou wilt prove his.—Take him to prison, officer :  
Correction and instruction must both work  
Ere this rude beast will profit.

*Elb.* He must before the deputy, sir ; he has given him warning : the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster : if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

*Duke.* That we were all, as some would seem to be,

Free from our faults, as from faults seeming free!<sup>(108)</sup>

*Elb.* His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

*Pom.* I spy comfort; I cry, bail! Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar! art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly-made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it<sup>(109)</sup> clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou to't?<sup>(110)</sup> Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

*Duke.* Still thus, and thus; still worse!

*Lucio.* How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

*Pom.* Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

*Lucio.* Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

*Pom.* Yes, faith, sir.

*Lucio.* Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

*Elb.* For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

*Lucio.* Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born.—Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

*Pom.* I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

*Lucio.* No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

*Duke.* And you.

*Lucio.* Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

*Pom.* You will not bail me, then, sir?

*Lucio.* Then, Pompey, nor now.<sup>(111)</sup>—What news abroad, friar? what news?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

*Lucio.* Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go. [*Exeunt Elbow, and Officers with Pompey.*] What news, friar, of the duke?

*Duke.* I know none. Can you tell me of any?

*Lucio.* Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

*Duke.* I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

*Lucio.* It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from his<sup>(112)</sup> state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

*Duke.* He does well in't.

*Lucio.* A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

*Duke.* It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

*Lucio.* Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation:<sup>(113)</sup> is it true, think you?

*Duke.* How should he be made, then?

*Lucio.* Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative;<sup>(114)</sup> that's infallible.

*Duke.* You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

*Lucio.* Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

*Duke.* I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

*Lucio.* O, sir, you are deceived.

*Duke.* 'Tis not possible.

*Lucio.* Who, not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

*Duke.* You do him wrong, surely.

*Lucio.* Sir, I was an inward of his. A sly fellow<sup>(115)</sup> was the duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

*Duke.* What, I prithee, might be the cause?

*Lucio.* No,—pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

*Duke.* Wise! why, no question but he was.

*Lucio.* A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

*Duke.* Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

*Lucio.* Sir, I know him, and I love him.

*Duke.* Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer<sup>(116)</sup> love.

*Lucio.* Come, sir, I know what I know.

*Duke.* I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return,—as our prayers are he may,—let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

*Lucio.* Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

*Duke.* He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

*Lucio.* I fear you not.

*Duke.* O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

*Lucio.* I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

*Duke.* Why should he die, sir?

*Lucio.* Why, for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet; and I say to thee,<sup>(17)</sup> he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

*Duke.* No might nor greatness in mortality  
Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny  
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong  
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?—  
But who comes here?

*Enter ESCALUS, Provost, and Officers with MISTRESS OVERDONE.*

*Escal.* Go; away with her to prison!

*Mrs. Ov.* Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

*Escal.* Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

*Prov.* A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

*Mrs. Ov.* My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

*Escal.* That fellow is a fellow of much license:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison!—Go to; no more words. [Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

*Prov.* So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

*Escal.* Good even, good father.

*Duke.* Bliss and goodness on you !

*Escal.* Of whence are you ?

*Duke.* Not of this country, though my chance is now  
To use it for my time : I am a brother  
Of gracious order, late come from the See  
In special business from his holiness.

*Escal.* What news abroad i' the world ?

*Duke.* None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it : novelty is only in request ; and it is as dangerous<sup>(118)</sup> to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant<sup>(119)</sup> in any undertaking : there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure ; but security enough to make fellowships accursed :—much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke ?

*Escal.* One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

*Duke.* What pleasure was he given to ?

*Escal.* Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice : a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous ; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

*Duke.* He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice : yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life ; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

*Escal.* You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty : but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

*Duke.* If his own life answer the straitness of his proceed-

ing, it shall become him well ; wherein if he chance to fail,  
he hath sentenced himself.

*Escal.* I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

*Duke.* Peace be with you ! [*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*  
He who the sword of heaven will bear  
Should be as holy as severe ;  
Pattern in himself to know,  
Grace to stand, and virtue go ;<sup>(120)</sup>  
More nor less to others paying  
Than by self-offences weighing.  
Shame to him whose cruel striking  
Kills for faults of his own liking !  
Twice treble shame on Angelo,  
To weed my vice, and let his grow !  
O, what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side !  
How may likeness wade in crimes,  
Making practice on the times,  
To draw with idle spiders' strings  
Most ponderous and substantial things !<sup>(121)</sup>  
Craft against vice I must apply :  
With Angelo to-night shall lie  
His old betrothèd but despis'd ;  
So disguise shall, by th' disguis'd,  
Pay with falsehood false exacting,  
And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before MARIANA's house.*

MARIANA *discovered sitting ; a Boy singing.*

*Song.*

Take, O, take those lips away,\*  
That so sweetly were forsworn ;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn :

\* *Take, O, take those lips away, &c.*] This song occurs in act v. sc. 2 of



But my kisses bring again,  
Bring again ;  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,  
Seal'd in vain.

*Mari.* Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away :  
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice  
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. [Exit Boy.

*Enter Duke disguised as before.*

I cry you mercy, sir ; and well could wish  
You had not found me here so musical :  
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—  
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

*Duke.* 'Tis good ; though music oft hath such a charm  
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.—  
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-  
day ? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.<sup>(122)</sup>

*Mari.* You have not been inquired after : I have sat here  
all day.

*Duke.* I do constantly believe you.—The time is come  
even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little : may be I  
will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

*Mari.* I am always bound to you. [Exit.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Duke.* Very well met, and welcome.  
What is the news from this good deputy ?

*Isab.* He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,

---

Fletcher and . . . [?]'s *Bloody Brother*, with the following additional stanza ;

“ Hide, O, hide those hills of snow,  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are of those that April wears !  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.”

Both stanzas are found in the spurious edition of Shakespeare's *Poems*, 1640.  
—Did Shakespeare write both stanzas ? did he write only the first stanza,  
while Fletcher wrote the second ? or did some unknown poet write the whole ?  
—are questions which must ever remain matter of dispute.

Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd ;  
 And to that vineyard is a planchèd gate,  
 That makes his opening with this bigger key :  
 This other doth command a little door  
 Which from the vineyard to the garden leads ;  
 There have I made my promise  
 Upon the heavy middle of the night  
 To call upon him.<sup>(123)</sup>

*Duke.* But shall you on your knowledge find this way ?

*Isab.* I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't :  
 With whispering and most guilty diligence,  
 In action all of precept, he did show me  
 The way twice o'er.

*Duke.* Are there no other tokens  
 Between you greed concerning her observance ?

*Isab.* No, none, but only a repair i' the dark ;  
 And that I have possess'd him my most stay  
 Can be but brief ; for I have made him know  
 I have a servant comes with me along,  
 That stays upon me ; whose persuasion is  
 I come about my brother.

*Duke.* 'Tis well borne up.  
 I have not yet made known to Mariana  
 A word of this.—What, ho ! within ! come forth !

*Re-enter MARIANA.*

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid ;  
 She comes to do you good.

*Isab.* I do desire the like.

*Duke.* Do you persuade yourself that I respect you ?

*Mari.* Good friar, I know you do, and oft<sup>(124)</sup> have found  
 it.

*Duke.* Take, then, this your companion by the hand,  
 Who hath a story ready for your ear.  
 I shall attend your leisure : but make haste ;  
 The vaporous night approaches.

*Mari.* Will't please you walk aside ?  
*[Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.]*

*Duke.* O place and greatness, millions of false eyes  
 Are stuck upon thee ! volumes of report

Run with these false and most contrarious quests<sup>(125)</sup>  
Upon thy doings ! thousand scapes of wit  
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,<sup>(126)</sup>  
And rack thee in their fancies !

*Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.*

Welcome ! How greed ?<sup>(127)</sup>

*Isab.* She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,  
If you advise it.

*Duke.* 'Tis not my consent,  
But my entreaty too.

*Isab.* Little have you to say  
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,  
“ Remember now my brother.”

*Mari.* Fear me not.

*Duke.* Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.  
He is your husband on a pre-contract :  
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,  
Sith that the justice of your title to him  
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go :  
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to sow.<sup>(128)</sup> [*Exeunt.*

---

SCENE II. *A room in the prison.*

*Enter Provost and POMPEY.*

*Prov.* Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head ?

*Pom.* If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can ; but if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

*Prov.* Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper : if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves ; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

*Pom.* Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind ; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

*Prov.* What, ho, Abhorson ! Where's Abhorson, there ?

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhor.* Do you call, sir ?

*Prov.* Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you ; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you ; he hath been a bawd.

*Abhor.* A bawd, sir ! fie upon him ! he will discredit our mystery.

*Prov.* Go to, sir ; you weigh equally ; a feather will turn the scale. *[Exit.*

*Pom.* Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery ?

*Abhor.* Ay, sir ; a mystery.

*Pom.* Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery ; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery : but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

*Abhor.* Sir, it is a mystery.

*Pom.* Proof ?

*Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits your thief : if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough ; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough : so every true man's apparel fits your thief. <sup>(129)</sup>

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Are you agreed ?

*Pom.* Sir, I will serve him ; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd,—he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

*Prov.* You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

*Abhor.* Come on, bawd ; I will instruct thee in my trade ; follow.

*Pom.* I do desire to learn, sir : and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare ; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

*Prov.* Call hither Barnardine and Claudio :

[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.*]

Th' one has my pity ; not a jot the other,  
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

*Enter CLAUDIO.*

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death :  
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow  
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine ?

*Claud.* As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour  
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones ;  
He will not wake.

*Prov.* Who can do good on him ?

Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*] But, hark,  
what noise ?—

Heaven give your spirits<sup>(130)</sup> comfort ! [*Exit Claudio.*] By  
and by !—

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve  
For the most gentle Claudio.

*Enter Duke disguised as before.*

Welcome, father.

*Duke.* The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night  
Envelop you, good provost ! Who call'd here of late ?

*Prov.* None, since the curfew rung.

*Duke.* Not Isabel ?

*Prov.* No.

*Duke.* They will, then, ere't be long.

*Prov.* What comfort is for Claudio ?

*Duke.* There's some in hope.

*Prov.* It is a bitter deputy.

*Duke.* Not so, not so ; his life is parallel'd  
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice :  
He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
That in himself which he spurs on his power

To qualify in others : were he meal'd with that  
 Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous ;  
 But this being so, he's just. *[Knocking within.*  
 Now are they come.

*[Exit Provost.*

This is a gentle provost : seldom-when  
 The steelèd gaoler is the friend of men. *[Knocking within.*  
 How now ! what noise ? That spirit's possess'd with haste  
 That wounds th' unsisting<sup>(181)</sup> postern with these strokes.

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov. [speaking to one at the door]* There he must stay  
 until the officer  
 Arise to let him in : he is call'd up.

*Duke.* Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,  
 But he must die to-morrow ?

*Prov.* None, sir, none.

*Duke.* As near the dawning, provost, as it is,  
 You shall hear more ere morning.

*Prov.* Happily

You something know ; yet I believe there comes  
 No countermand ; no such example have we :  
 Besides, upon the very siege of justice  
 Lord Angelo hath to the public ear  
 Profess'd the contrary.

*Enter a Messenger.*

This is his lordship's man.<sup>(132)</sup>

*Duke.* And here comes Claudio's pardon.

*Mes. [giving a paper]* My lord hath sent you this note ;  
 and by me this further charge,—that you swerve not from the  
 smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other cir-  
 cumstance. Good morrow ; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

*Prov.* I shall obey him. *[Exit Messenger.*

*Duke. [aside]* This is his pardon, purchas'd by such sin  
 For which the pardoner himself is in.  
 Hence hath offence his quick celerity,  
 When it is borne in high authority :  
 When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,  
 That for the fault's love is th' offender friended.—

Now, sir, what news?

*Prov.* I told you : Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on ; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

*Duke.* Pray you, let's hear.

*Prov.* [*reads*]

"Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock ; and in the afternoon Barnardine : for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed ; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."

What say you to this, sir?

*Duke.* What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon ?

*Prov.* A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred ; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

*Duke.* How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him ? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

*Prov.* His friends still wrought reprieves for him : and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

*Duke.* It is now apparent ?

*Prov.* Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

*Duke.* Hath he borne himself penitently in prison ? how seems he to be touched ?

*Prov.* A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep ; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come ; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

*Duke.* He wants advice.

*Prov.* He will hear none : he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison ; give him leave to escape hence, he would not : drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it : it hath not moved him at all.

*Duke.* More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy : if I read it not truly, my an-

cient skill beguiles me ; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo, who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite ; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

*Prov.* Pray, sir, in what ?

*Duke.* In the delaying death.

*Prov.* Alack, how may I do it,—having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo ? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

*Duke.* By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

*Prov.* Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

*Duke.* O, death's a great disguiser ; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and trim the beard ; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death :<sup>(123)</sup> you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

*Prov.* Pardon me, good father ; it is against my oath.

*Duke.* Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy ?

*Prov.* To him, and to his substitutes.

*Duke.* You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing ?

*Prov.* But what likelihood is in that ?

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke : you know the character, I doubt not ; and the signet is not strange to you.

*Prov.* I know them both.

*Duke.* The contents of this is the return of the duke ; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure ; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing



that Angelo knows not ; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour ; perchance of the duke's death, perchance entering into some monastery,<sup>(134)</sup> but by chance nothing of what is writ.—Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be : all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head : I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed ; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away ; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE III. *Another room in the same.*

*Enter POMPEY.*

*Pom.* I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession : one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash ; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds ; of which he made five marks, ready money : marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy,<sup>(135)</sup> and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier-and-dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthright<sup>(136)</sup> the tilter, and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more ; all great doers in our trade, and are now "for the Lord's sake."<sup>(137)</sup>

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhor.* Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

*Pom.* Master Barnardine ! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine !

*Abhor.* What, ho, Barnardine !

*Bar.* [*within*] A pox o' your throats ! Who makes that noise there ? What are you ?

*Pom.* Your friend,<sup>(188)</sup> sir ; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

*Bar.* [*within*] Away, you rogue, away ! I am sleepy.

*Abhor.* Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

*Pom.* Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

*Abhor.* Go in to him, and fetch him out.

*Pom.* He is coming, sir, he is coming ; I hear his straw rustle.

*Abhor.* Is the axe upon the block, sirrah ?

*Pom.* Very ready, sir.

*Enter BARNARDINE.*

*Bar.* How now, Abhorson ! what's the news with you ?

*Abhor.* Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers ; for, look you, the warrant's come.

*Bar.* You rogue, I have been drinking all night ; I am not fitted for't.

*Pom.* O, the better, sir ; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

*Abhor.* Look you, sir ; here comes your ghostly father : do we jest now, think you ?

*Enter Duke disguised as before.*

*Duke.* Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

*Bar.* Friar, not I : I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets : I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

*Duke.* O, sir, you must : and therefore I beseech you Look forward on the journey you shall go.

*Bar.* I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

*Duke.* But hear you,—

*Bar.* Not a word : if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward ; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

*Duke.* Unfit to live or die : O gravel heart !—<sup>(189)</sup>

After him, fellows ; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.*]

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner ?

*Duke.* A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death ;  
And to transport him in the mind he is  
Were damnable.

*Prov.* Here in the prison, father,  
There died this morning of a cruel fever  
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,  
A man of Claudio's years ; his beard and head  
Just of his colour. What if we do<sup>(140)</sup> omit  
This reprobate till he were well inclin'd ;  
And satisfy the deputy with the visage  
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio ?

*Duke.* O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides !  
Dispatch it presently ; the hour draws on  
Prefix'd by Angelo : see this be done,  
And sent according to command ; whiles I  
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

*Prov.* This shall be done, good father, presently.  
But Barnardine must die this afternoon :  
And how shall we continue Claudio,  
To save me from the danger that might come  
If he were known alive ?

*Duke.* Let this be done,—put them in secret holds,  
Both Barnardine and Claudio :<sup>(141)</sup>  
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting  
To th' under generation,<sup>(142)</sup> you shall find  
Your safety manifested.

*Prov.* I am your free dependant.

*Duke.* Quick, dispatch,  
And send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*]  
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—  
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents  
Shall witness to him I am near at home,  
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound  
To enter publicly : him I'll desire  
To meet me at the consecrated fount,

A league below the city ; and from thence,  
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd<sup>(143)</sup> form,  
We shall proceed with Angelo.

*Re-enter Provost with Ragozine's head.*

*Prov.* Here is the head ; I'll carry it myself.

*Duke.* Convenient is it. Make a swift return ;  
For I would commune with you of such things  
That want no ear but yours.

*Prov.* I'll make all speed. [Exit.]

*Isab.* [within] Peace, ho, be here !

*Duke.* The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know  
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither :  
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,  
To make her heavenly comfort<sup>(144)</sup> of despair,  
When it is least expected.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* Ho, by your leave !

*Duke.* Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

*Isab.* The better, given me by so holy a man.  
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon ?

*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world :  
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

*Isab.* Nay, but it is not so.

*Duke.* It is no other : show your wisdom, daughter,  
In your close patience.

*Isab.* O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes !

*Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight.

*Isab.* Unhappy Claudio ! wretched Isabel !  
Injurious world ! most damnèd Angelo !

*Duke.* This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot ;  
Forbear it therefore ; give your cause to heaven.  
Mark what I say to you, which you shall find<sup>(145)</sup>  
By every syllable a faithful verity :  
The duke comes home to-morrow ;—nay, dry your eyes ;  
One of our covent,<sup>(146)</sup> and his confessor,  
Gives me this instance : already he hath carried  
Notice to Escalus and Angelo ;  
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom  
In that good path that I would wish it go;<sup>(147)</sup>  
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,  
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,  
And general honour.

*Isab.* I'm directed by you.

*Duke.* This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;  
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:  
Say, by this token, I desire his company  
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours  
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you  
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo  
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,  
I am combinèd by a sacred vow,  
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:  
Command these fretting waters from your eyes  
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,  
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* Good even, friar: where's the provost?

*Duke.* Not within, sir.

*Lucio.* O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see  
thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine  
and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my  
belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they say the  
duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved  
thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had  
been at home, he had lived. [*Exit Isabella.*]

*Duke.* Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your  
reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

*Lucio.* Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do:  
he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

*Duke.* Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

*Lucio.* Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee  
pretty tales of the duke.

*Duke.* You have told me too many of him already, sir, if  
they be true; if not true, none were enough.

*Lucio.* I was once before him for getting a wench with  
child.

*Duke.* Did you such a thing ?

*Lucio.* Yes, marry, did I : but I was fain to forswear it ; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

*Duke.* Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

*Lucio.* By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end : if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr ; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in ANGELO's house.*

*Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.*

*Escal.* Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

*Ang.* In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness : pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted ! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver<sup>(148)</sup> our authorities there ?

*Escal.* I guess not.

*Ang.* And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street ?

*Escal.* He shows his reason for that ;—to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

*Ang.* Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd : Betimes i' the morn I'll call you at your house : Give notice to such men of sort and suit As are to meet him.

*Escal.* I shall, sir. Fare you well.

*Ang.* Good night. [*Exit Escalus.*

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid !

And by an eminent body that enforc'd

• The law against it ! But that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,

How might she tongue me ! Yet reason dares her no ;<sup>(149)</sup>

For my authority bears so credent bulk,<sup>(150)</sup>

That no particular scandal once can touch

But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,  
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,  
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,  
By so receiving a dishonour'd life  
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd !  
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,  
Nothing goes right,—we would, and we would not ! [Exit.

---

SCENE V. *Fields without the town.*

*Enter Duke in his own habit, and FRIAR PETER.*

*Duke.* These letters at fit time deliver me : [Giving letters.  
The provost knows our purpose and our plot.  
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,  
And hold you ever to our special drift ;<sup>(151)</sup>  
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,  
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,  
And tell him where I stay : give the like notice  
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,<sup>(152)</sup>  
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate ;  
But send me Flavius first.

*Fri. P.* It shall be speeded well. [Exit.

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Duke.* I thank thee, Varrius ; thou hast made good haste :  
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends  
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [Exeunt.

---

SCENE VI. *Street near the city-gate.*

*Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.*

*Isab.* To speak so indirectly I am loth :  
I'd say the truth ; but to accuse him so,  
That is your part : yet I'm advis'd to do it ;  
He says, to 'vailful purpose.<sup>(153)</sup>

*Mari.* Be rul'd by him.

*Isab.* Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure  
He speak against me on the adverse side,  
I should not think it strange ; for 'tis a physic  
That's bitter to sweet end.

*Mari.* I would Friar Peter—

*Isab.* O, peace ! the friar is come.

*Enter* FRIAR PETER.

*Fri. P.* Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,  
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,  
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded ;  
The generous and gravest citizens  
Have hent the gates, and very near upon  
The duke is entering : therefore, hence, away ! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *A public place near the city-gate.*

MARIANA veiled, ISABELLA, and FRIAR PETER, behind. *Enter, from one side, Duke in his own habit, VARRIUS, Lords ; from the other, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, and Citizens.*

*Duke.* My very worthy cousin, fairly met :—  
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to see you.

*Ang.* } Happy return be to your royal grace !  
*Escal.* }

*Duke.* Many and hearty thankings to you both.  
We've made inquiry of you ; and we hear  
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul  
Cannot but yield you forth to<sup>(154)</sup> public thanks,  
Forerunning more requital.

*Ang.* You make my bonds still greater.

*Duke.* O, your desert speaks loud ; and I should wrong it,  
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,  
When it deserves, with characters of brass,



A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time  
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,  
And let the subject see, to make them know  
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim  
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus ;  
You must walk by us on our other hand :—  
And good supporters are you.

FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

*Fri. P.* Now is your time : speak loud, and kneel before him.

*Isab.* Justice, O royal duke ! Vail your regard  
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid !  
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye  
By throwing it on any other object  
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,  
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice !

*Duke.* Relate your wrongs ; in what ? by whom ? be brief.  
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice :  
Reveal yourself to him.

*Isab.* O worthy duke,  
You bid me seek redemption of the devil :  
Hear me yourself ; for that which I must speak  
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,  
Or wring redress from you : hear me, O, hear me, here !<sup>(155)</sup>

*Ang.* My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm :  
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother  
Cut off by course of justice,—

*Isab.* By course of justice !

*Ang.* And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

*Isab.* Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak :  
That Angelo's forsworn ; is it not strange ?  
That Angelo's a murderer ; is't not strange ?  
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,  
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator ;  
Is it not strange and strange ?

*Duke.* Nay, it is<sup>(156)</sup> ten times strange.

*Isab.* It is not truer he is Angelo  
Than this is all as true as it is strange :  
Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth

To th' end of reckoning.

*Duke.* Away with her!—poor soul,  
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

*Isab.* O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st  
There is another comfort than this world,  
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion  
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible  
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible  
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,  
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute  
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,  
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,  
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince:  
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,  
Had I more name for badness.

*Duke.* By mine honesty,  
If she be mad,—as I believe no other,—  
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
As ne'er<sup>(157)</sup> I heard in madness.

*Isab.* O gracious duke,  
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason  
For inequality; but let your reason serve  
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,  
And hide the false seems true.<sup>(158)</sup>

*Duke.* Many that are not mad  
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

*Isab.* I am the sister of one Claudio,  
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication  
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:  
I, in probation of a sisterhood,  
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio  
As then the messenger,—

*Lucio.* That's I, an't like your grace:  
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her  
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo  
For her poor brother's pardon.

*Isab.* That's he indeed.

*Duke.* You were not bid to speak.

*Lucio.* No, my good lord;

Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

*Duke.* I wish you now, then;  
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have  
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then  
Be perfect.

*Lucio.* I warrant your honour.

*Duke.* The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

*Isab.* This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—

*Lucio.* Right.

*Duke.* It may be right; but you are i' the wrong  
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

*Isab.* I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—

*Duke.* That's somewhat madly spoken.

*Isab.* Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter.

*Duke.* Mended again. The matter;—proceed.<sup>(159)</sup>

*Isab.* In brief,—to set the needless process by,  
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,  
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—  
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion  
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:  
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body  
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,  
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,  
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,  
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,  
His purpose surfeiting,<sup>(160)</sup> he sends a warrant  
For my poor brother's head.

*Duke.* This is most likely!<sup>(161)</sup>

*Isab.* O, that it were as like as it is true!

*Duke.* By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what  
thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour  
In hateful practice. First, his integrity  
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason  
That with such vehemency he should pursue  
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,  
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,  
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice  
Thou cam'st here to complain.

*Isab.*

And is this all ?

Then, O you blessèd ministers above,  
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time  
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up  
In countenance !—Heaven shield your grace from woe,  
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelievèd go !

*Duke.* I know you'd fain be gone.—An officer !

To prison with her !—Shall we thus permit  
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall  
On him so near us ? This needs must be practice.—<sup>(162)</sup>  
Who knew of your intent and coming hither ?

*Isab.* One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

*Duke.* A ghostly father, belike.—Who knows that Lodo-  
wick ?

*Lucio.* My lord, I know him ; 'tis a meddling friar ;  
I do not like the man ; had he been lay, my lord,  
For certain words he spake against your grace  
In your retirement, I had swinge'd him soundly.

*Duke.* Words against me ! this<sup>(163)</sup> a good friar, belike !  
And to set on this wretched woman here  
Against our substitute !—Let this friar be found.

*Lucio.* But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,  
I saw them at the prison : a saucy friar,  
A very scurvy fellow.

*Fri. P.* Bless'd be your royal grace !

I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard  
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman  
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,  
Who is as free from touch or soil with her  
As she from one ungot.

*Duke.* We did believe no less.

Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of ?

*Fri. P.* I know him for a man divine and holy ;  
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,  
As he's reported by this gentleman ;  
And, on my trust,<sup>(164)</sup> a man that never yet  
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

*Lucio.* My lord, most villanously ; believe it.

*Fri. P.* Well, he in time may come to clear himself ;  
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,  
Of a strange fever.<sup>(165)</sup> Upon his mere request,—  
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint  
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo,—came I hither,  
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know  
Is true and false ; and what he, with his oath  
And all probation, will make up full clear,  
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman,—  
To justify this worthy nobleman,  
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,—  
Her shall you hear disprovèd to her eyes,  
Till she herself confess it.

*Duke.* Good friar, let's hear it.

*[Isabella is carried off guarded ; and Mariana comes forward.]*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo ?—  
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools !—  
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo ;  
In this I'll be impartial ; be you judge  
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar ?  
First, let her show her face,<sup>(166)</sup> and after speak.

*Mari.* Pardon, my lord ; I will not show my face  
Until my husband bid me.

*Duke.* What, are you married ?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* Are you a maid ?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* A widow, then ?

*Mari.* Neither, my lord.

*Duke.* Why, you

Are nothing, then :—neither maid, widow, nor wife ?

*Lucio.* My lord, she may be a punk ; for many of them  
are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

*Duke.* Silence that fellow : I would he had some cause  
To prattle for himself.

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Mari.* My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married ;  
And I confess, besides, I am no maid :  
I've known my husband ; yet my husband knows not

That ever he knew me.

*Lucio.* He was drunk, then, my lord : it can be no better.

*Duke.* For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too !

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Duke.* This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

*Mari.* Now I come to't, my lord :

She that accuses him of fornication,

In self-same manner doth accuse my husband ;

And charges him, my lord, with such a time

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms

With all th' effect of love.

*Ang.* Charges she more than me ?

*Mari.* Not that I know.

*Duke.* No ? you say your husband.

*Mari.* Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,  
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,  
But knows he thinks that he knew<sup>(167)</sup> Isabel's.

*Ang.* This is a strange abuse.—Let's see thy face.

*Mari.* My husband bids me ; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,

Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on ;

This is the hand which, with a vow'd contráct,

Was fast belock'd in thine ; this is the body

That took away the match from Isabel,

And did supply thee at thy garden-house

In her imagin'd person.

*Duke.* Know you this woman ?

*Lucio.* Carnally, she says.

*Duke.* Sirrah, no more !

*Lucio.* Enough, my lord.

*Ang.* My lord, I must confess I know this woman :  
And five years since there was some speech of marriage  
Betwixt myself and her ; which was broke off,  
Partly for that her promised proportions  
Came short of composition ; but in chief  
For that her reputation was disvalu'd  
In levity : since which time of five years  
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,  
Upon my faith and honour.

*Mari.* Noble prince,  
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,  
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,  
I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly  
As words could make up vows : and, my good lord,  
But Tuesday night last gone in's garden-house  
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,  
Let me in safety raise me from my knees ;  
Or else for ever be confixèd here,  
A marble monument !

*Ang.* I did but smile till now :  
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice ;  
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive  
These poor informal women are no more  
But instruments of some more mightier member  
That sets them on : let me have way, my lord,  
To find this practice out.

*Duke.* Ay, with my heart ;  
And punish them unto<sup>(168)</sup> your height of pleasure.—  
Thou foolish friar ; and thou pernicious woman,  
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,  
Though they would swear down each particular saint,  
Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,  
That's seal'd in approbation ?—You, Lord Escalus,  
Sit with my cousin ; lend him your kind pains  
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—  
There is another friar that set them on ;  
Let him be sent for.

*Fri. P.* Would he were here, my lord ! for he, indeed,  
Hath set the women on to this complaint :  
Your provost knows the place where he abides,  
And he may fetch him.

*Duke.* Go do it instantly. [*Exit Provost.*]  
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,  
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,  
Do with your injuries as seems you best,  
In any chastisement : I for a while will leave you ;  
But stir not you till you have well determin'd  
Upon these slanderers.

*Escal.* My lord, we'll do it thoroughly. [*Exit Duke.*]

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

*Lucio.* *Cucullus non facit monachum*: honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the duke.

*Escal.* We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

*Lucio.* As any in Vienna, on my word.

*Escal.* Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*—Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

*Lucio.* Not better than he, by her own report.

*Escal.* Say you?

*Lucio.* Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

*Escal.* I will go darkly to work with her.

*Lucio.* That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

*Re-enter Officers with ISABELLA.*

*Escal.* [*to Isab.*] Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

*Lucio.* My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

*Escal.* In very good time:—speak not you to him till we call upon you.

*Lucio.* Mum.

*Re-enter Duke disguised as a friar, and Provost.*

*Escal.* Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

*Duke.* 'Tis false.

*Escal.* How! know you where you are?

*Duke.* Respect to your great place! and let the devil Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!—Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

*Escal.* The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak: Look you speak justly.

*Duke.* Boldly, at least.—But, O, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?



Good night to your redress ! Is the duke gone ?  
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,  
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,  
And put your trial in the villain's mouth  
Which here you come to accuse.

*Lucio.* This is the rascal ; this is he I spoke of.

*Escal.* Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar,  
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women  
T' accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,  
And in the witness of his proper ear,  
To call him villain ? and then to glance from him  
To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice ?—  
Take him hence ; to the rack with him !—We'll touse you  
Joint by joint, but we will know your purpose.—<sup>(169)</sup>  
What, unjust ?

*Duke.* Be not so hot ; the duke  
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he  
Dare rack his own : his subject am I not,  
Nor here provincial. My business in this state  
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,  
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble  
Till it o'er-run the stew ; laws for all faults,  
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes  
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,  
As much in mock as mark.

*Escal.* Slander to the state !—Away with him to prison !

*Ang.* What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio ?  
Is this the man that you did tell us of ?

*Lucio.* 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman bald-  
pate : do you know me ?

*Duke.* I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice :  
I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

*Lucio.* O, did you so ? And do you remember what you  
said of the duke ?

*Duke.* Most notably, sir.

*Lucio.* Do you so, sir ? And was the duke a fleshmonger,  
a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be ?

*Duke.* You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you  
make that my report : you, indeed, spoke so of him ; and  
much more, much worse.

*Lucio.* O thou damnable fellow ! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches ?

*Duke.* I protest I love the duke as I love myself.

*Ang.* Hark, how the villain would gloze now, after his treasonable abuses !<sup>(170)</sup>

*Escal.* Such a fellow is not to be talked withal.—Away with him to prison !—Where is the provost ?—Away with him to prison ! lay bolts enough upon him : let him speak no more.—Away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion ! [*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

*Duke.* Stay, sir ; stay awhile.

*Ang.* What, resists he ?—Help him, Lucio.

*Lucio.* Come, sir ; come, sir ; come, sir ; foh, sir ! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you ? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you ! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour ! Will't not off ?

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

*Duke.* Thou art the first knave that e'er made<sup>(171)</sup> a duke.—First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.—  
[*To Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir ; for the friar and you must have a word anon.—Lay hold on him.

*Lucio.* This may prove worse than hanging.

*Duke.* [*to Escalus*] What you have spoke I pardon : sit you down :

We'll borrow place of him.—[*To Angelo*] Sir, by your leave. Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office ? If thou hast, Rely upon it till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* O my dread lord,  
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,  
To think I can be undiscernible,  
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,  
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,  
No longer session hold upon my shame,  
But let my trial be mine own confession :  
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,  
Is all the grace I beg.

*Duke.* Come hither, Mariana.—  
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman ?

*Ang.* I was, my lord.

*Duke.* Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—  
Do you the office, friar ; which consummate,  
Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.*]

*Escal.* My lord, I'm more amaz'd at his dishonour  
Than at the strangeness of it.

*Duke.* Come hither, Isabel.  
Your friar is now your prince : as I was then  
Advertising and holy to your business,  
Not changing heart with habit, I am still  
Attorney'd at your service:

*Isab.* O, give me pardon,  
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd  
Your unknown sovereignty !

*Duke.* You are pardon'd, Isabel :  
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.  
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart ;  
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,  
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather  
Make rash remonstrance<sup>(172)</sup> of my hidden power  
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,  
It was the swift celerity of his death,  
Which I did think with slower foot came on,  
That brain'd my purpose :—but now peace be with him !<sup>(173)</sup>  
That life is better life, past fearing death,  
Than that which lives to fear : make it your comfort,  
So happy is your brother.

*Isab.* I do, my lord.

*Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, and Provost.*

*Duke.* For this new-married man, approaching here,  
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd  
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon  
For Mariana's sake : but as he adjudg'd your brother,—  
Being criminal, in double violation  
Of sacred chastity, and of<sup>(174)</sup> promise-breach  
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—  
The very mercy of the law cries out  
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,

“An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!”  
 Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;  
 Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure.  
 Then, Angelo, thy fault<sup>(175)</sup> thus manifested,—  
 Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage,—  
 We do condemn thee to the very block  
 Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.—  
 Away with him!

*Mari.* O my most gracious lord,  
 I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

*Duke.* It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.  
 Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,  
 I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,  
 For that he knew you, might reproach your life,  
 And choke your good to come: for his possessions,  
 Although by confiscation<sup>(176)</sup> they are ours,  
 We do instate and widow you withal,  
 To buy you a better husband.

*Mari.* O my dear lord,  
 I crave no other, nor no better man.

*Duke.* Never crave him; we are definitive.

*Mari.* Gentle my liege,— [Kneeling.]

*Duke.* You do but lose your labour.—  
 Away with him to death!—[To Lucio] Now, sir, to you.

*Mari.* O my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;  
 Lend me your knees, and all my life to come  
 I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

*Duke.* Against all sense you do impórtune her:  
 Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,  
 Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,  
 And take her hence in horror.

*Mari.* Isabel,  
 Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;  
 Hold up your hands, say nothing,—I'll speak all.  
 They say, best men are moulded out of faults;  
 And, for the most, become much more the better  
 For being a little bad: so may my husband.  
 O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

*Duke.* He dies for Claudio's death.

*Isab.* Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling.]

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,  
As if my brother liv'd : I partly think  
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,  
Till he did look on me : since it is so,  
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,  
In that he did the thing for which he died :  
For Angelo,  
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ;  
And must be buried but as an intent  
That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no subjects,  
Intentions but merely thoughts.

*Mari.* Merely, my lord.

*Duke.* Your suit's unprofitable ; stand up, I say.—  
I have bethought me of another fault.—  
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded  
At an unusual hour ?

*Prov.* It was commanded so.

*Duke.* Had you a special warrant for the deed ?

*Prov.* No, my good lord ; it was by private message.

*Duke.* For which I do discharge you of your office :  
Give up your keys.

*Prov.* Pardon me, noble lord :  
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not ;  
Yet did repent me, after more advice :  
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,  
That should by private order else have died,  
I have reserv'd alive.

*Duke.* What's he ?

*Prov.* His name is Barnardine.

*Duke.* I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.—  
Go fetch him hither ; let me look upon him. [*Exit Provost.*]

*Escal.* I'm sorry, one so learn'd and so wise  
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,  
Should slip so grossly, both in th' heat of blood,  
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

*Ang.* I'm sorry that such sorrow I procure :  
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,  
That I crave death more willingly than mercy ;  
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Re-enter Provost, with BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO muffled, and JULIET.*

*Duke.* Which is that Barnardine?

*Prov.* This, my lord.

*Duke.* There was a friar told me of this man.—

Sirrah, thou'rt said to have a stubborn soul,  
That apprehends no further than this world,  
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd :  
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all ;  
And pray thee take this mercy to provide  
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him ;  
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that ?

*Prov.* This is another prisoner that I sav'd,  
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head ;  
As like almost to Claudio as himself. [*Unmuffles Claudio.*]<sup>(177)</sup>

*Duke.* [*to Isabella*] If he be like your brother, for his sake  
Then is he pardon'd ;<sup>(178)</sup> and, for your lovely sake,  
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,  
He is my brother too : but fitter time for that.  
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe ;  
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.—  
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well :  
Look that you love your wife ; her worth worth yours.—<sup>(179)</sup>  
I find an apt remission in myself ;  
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.—  
[*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,  
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman ;  
Wherein have I deservèd so of you,  
That you extol me thus ?<sup>(180)</sup>

*Lucio.* Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick.  
If you will hang me for it, you may ; but I had rather it would  
please you I might be whipped.

*Duke.* Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—  
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,  
Is any woman<sup>(181)</sup> wrong'd by this lewd fellow,—  
As I have heard him swear himself there's one  
Whom he begot with child,—let her appear,  
And he shall marry her : the nuptial finish'd,  
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

*Lucio.* I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a  
whore ! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke :

good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.  
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal  
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison;  
And see our pleasure herein executed.

*Lucio.* Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,  
whipping, and hanging.

*Duke.* Slandering a prince deserves it.—

[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*]

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—  
Joy to you, Mariana!—Love her, Angelo:  
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—  
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:  
There's more behind that is more gratefully.—  
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:  
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—  
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home  
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:  
Th' offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,  
I have a motion much imports your good;  
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,  
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—  
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show  
What's yet behind, that's<sup>(182)</sup> meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*]

---





- P. 445. (1) "then no more remains  
*But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,  
 And let them work."*

Here Malone says (what Theobald had said long before him), "I have not the smallest doubt that the compositor's eye glanced from the middle of the second of these lines to that under it in the Ms., and that by this means two half lines have been omitted:"—which is more than doubtful.

- P. 445. (2) "Of our own power: what think you of it?"

By *humouring* this line (that is, by making "power" a dissyllable, and laying an emphasis on "you"), the reader may perhaps persuade himself that Pope's emendation was not required to render it metrical,—

"Of our own power: say what think you of it?"

- P. 446. (3) "they"

Usually altered (with Hanmer) to "them."

- P. 446. (4) "Hold, therefore, Angelo:— [Tendering his commission.]

To my great surprise, Mr. Grant White prints

"Hold, therefore, Angelo, [our place and power:]"

and, in his note on the passage, treats as ludicrous the idea of "the Duke extending a roll of parchment to Angelo, crying 'Hold!'"—But let us hear Gifford, who, on the words "*Hold thee, drunkard,*" in Jonson's *Catiline*, remarks; "i. e. take the letter. There is no expression in the English language more common than this, which is to be found in almost every page of our old writers; yet the commentators on Shakespeare, with the exception of Steevens, who speaks doubtfully on the subject, misunderstand it altogether. In *Measure for Measure*, the Duke, on producing Angelo's commission, says, '*Hold, therefore, Angelo,*'" &c. Jonson's *Works*, vol. iv. p. 347.

- P. 447. (5) "commissions."

Is this right (the Duke addressing both Angelo and Escalus)? or ought we to read, with the second folio, "commission"?

- P. 448. (6) "before"

Hanmer substituted "after."

- P. 448. (7) "list"

The folio has "lists."

P. 448. (8)

"I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—"

This forms part of the preceding speech in the folio.

P. 448. (9) "First Gent."

The folio has "*Luc*."

P. 449. (10) "his head's to be chopped off."

The folio has "*his head to be*," &c.

P. 450. (11) "All houses"

Tyrwhitt would read "*All bawdy-houses*" (and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector), or (as presently after) "*All houses of resort*,"

P. 450. (12) "JULIET,"

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector strikes out "JULIET;" and Mr. Halliwell changes it to "Gaoler;" but, whatever the seeming impropriety of her being on the stage during this scene, are not Pompey's words, "*there's Madam Juliet*," decisive that the author intended her to appear?—Ritson would send Juliet off with the Provost's Officers, when Claudio stops to speak to Lucio.

P. 450. (13) "offence"

"Perhaps plural, *offence*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 249.

P. 450. (14) "The sword of heaven,"

The folio has "*The words of heauen*."—Corrected by Roberts, Provost of Eton, and author of *Judah Restored*.—This correction is approved of by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 249), and adopted by Mr. Staunton.

P. 450. (15) "yet 'tis just still."

The folio has "*yet still 'tis iust*."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 249) saw that "a rhyme is required here."

P. 450. (16) "Re-enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen."

The folio makes Lucio and the two Gentlemen enter along with the Provost, Claudio, &c.,—having in that place "*Scena Tertia*," and marking there (as it sometimes does elsewhere at the commencement of a scene) the *entrance of all the persons who are successively to take part in the scene*.—The common acting-copies of *Measure for Measure* properly make Lucio and his friends re-enter here.

P. 451. (17) "the morality"

The folio has "*the mortality*."—Corrected by Davenant in his *Law against Lovers* (a drama formed out of *Méasure for Measure* and *Much Ado about Nothing*).

- P. 451. (18) "Save that we do the denunciation lack  
Of outward order: this we came not to,  
Only for propagation of a dower"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*denunciation*" to "*pronunciation*," most unnecessarily, as (to say nothing of the line in *King John*, act iii. sc. 1,

"I will *denounce* a curse upon his head")

Mr. Collier might have learned, if he had turned to Todd's *Johnson's Dict.*, where under "*Denunciation*" the following passage is quoted from Hall's *Cases of Conscience*; "This publick and reiterated *denunciation* of banns before matrimony," &c.—For the very doubtful reading "*propagation*" (which has been forcedly explained as equivalent to *payment*; also supposed to refer to the increase of money by interest) Malone proposed "*prorogation*;" Jackson and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitute "*procuration*;" Mr. Staunton conjectures "*propugnation*;" and Mr. Grant White prints "*preservation*."—1863. Mr. Collier now allows that "*denunciation*" is right,

- P. 452. (19) "for in her youth"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 76) suspects that, after these words, a line, to the following effect, has dropt out,—

"Her beauty, and her maiden modesty."

- P. 452. (20) "who"

Was frequently used as equivalent to "which:" but here Hammer and Mr. Grant White print "*which*"—the latter observing that "Shakespeare would not write 'the like *which*' and 'thy life *who*' in the same sentence."

- P. 453. (21) "and"

Was added in the second folio.

- P. 453. (22) "headstrong steeds,—

*Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep;"*

The folio has

"headstrong weedes,

*Which for this foureteene yeares, we haue let slip."*

Here "*steeds*" is Theobald's correction; and "*sleep*" he found in Davenant's refiction of the passage in his *Law against Lovers* (see note 17).—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 16) would read "*headstrong wills*."—Theobald also substituted "*nineteen*" for "*fourteen*" on account of the "*nineteen zodiacs*" mentioned by Claudio in the preceding scene.

- P. 453. (23) "Becomes more mock'd than fear'd;"

The word "*Becomes*" was added by Pope (who in all probability was acquainted with the passage of Davenant just mentioned, which has

"Till it in time *become* more," &c.);

and his emendation has stood so long in the text, that an editor would hardly feel justified in displacing it even for a better one.

P. 453. (24)

“*be done,*”

Omitted by Pope.

P. 453. (25) “*When evil deeds have their permissive pass,  
And not their punishment.*”

The folio has “*And not the punishment.*”

P. 453. (26) “*Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,  
And yet my nature never in the sight,  
To do it slander.*”

The folio has

“*—— never in the fight  
To do in slander.*”

which is manifestly corrupt. Malone, indeed, remarks that “*fight* seems to be countenanced by the words *ambush* and *strike* :” but, strictly speaking, no *fight* is in question; Angelo was to strike with the sword of justice, which none would presume to resist.—I give the passage as amended partly by Pope, partly by Hanmer; the former altered “*fight*” to “*sight*,” the latter “*in*” to “*it*.”

P. 454. (27)

“*me*”

Added by Capell.

P. 454. (28)

“*votarists*”The folio has “*the votarists*,”—“*the*” having been repeated by mistake.

P. 455. (29)

“*Sir, make me not your scorn.*”

The folio has “*Sir, make me not your storie.*”—Davenant (see note 17) and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector are, I have no doubt, quite right in considering “*storie*” as a misprint for “*scorne*.”

P. 455. (30) “*That from the seedness the bare fallow brings*”

Was altered by Hanmer to “*Doth from the seedness the bare fallow bring;*” and the passage is certainly very suspicious, though Mason thinks that it “requires no amendment.”—For “*seedness*” Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes “*seeding*.”

P. 455. (31)

“*is*”Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes “*who's*.”

P. 455. (32)

“*givings-out*”The folio has “*giuing-out*.”

P. 457. (33)

“*your*”The folio has “*our*.”

P. 457. (34) "*Err'd in this point which now you censure him,*"

The ellipsis in this line (see note 11 on *The Tempest*, p. 238) not being understood, Hammer prints "*—— point you censure now in him;*" Capell, "*— point which now you censure him for;*" and Mr. Grant White, "*— point where now you censure him.*"

P. 457. (35) "*the law*"

The folio has "*the Lawes.*"

P. 458. (36) "*Some run from brakes of vice,*"

The folio has "*—— from brakes of Ice.*"—See note 37 on *The Comedy of Errors*, act ii. sc. 2.

P. 459. (37) "*distant*"

Seems to have been intended for one of Pompey's blunders.—Altered in the second folio to "*instant.*"

P. 460. (38) "*Come me to what was done to her.*"

Here Pope omitted "*me;*" which Mr. Grant White changes to "*we.*"

P. 460. (39)

"*Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.*"

The Ms. Corrector reads "*—— good for windows;*" by which, Mr. Collier says, "the matter is set right, and an error removed." I can only suppose that both the Ms. Corrector and his editor must have overlooked the description given of the speaker in the *Dram. Pers.* of the old ed., "*FROTH, a foolish gentleman.*"—1863. Mr. Collier, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, retains "*winter.*"

P. 463. (40) "*after three-pence a bay.*"

A *bay* is an architectural term of not uncommon occurrence in old descriptions of houses, in reference to the frontage: Coles (*Lat. Dict.*) has "A bay of building, *Mensura viginti quatuor pedum.*" But here "*bay*" has been changed to "*day*" by Pope and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 463. (41) "*by your readiness*"

The folio has "*by the readinesse.*"—"Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the Mss. of our author's age *y<sup>e</sup>* and *y<sup>r</sup>* (for so they were frequently written) were easily confounded." MALONE.

P. 464. (42) "*He hath but as offended in a dream!*"

i. e. He hath only, as it were, offended in a dream.—This line is altered by Mr. Grant White to "*He hath offended but as in a dream!*"

P. 464. (43) "*sects,*"

"Possibly an erratum for '*sorts*'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 17.

P. 465. (44) "graces!"

"'grace!'" Walker's *Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. i. p. 248.

P. 465. (45) "fault,"

The folio has "faults" (here, as elsewhere in the case of sundry other words, improperly adding the final *s*).

P. 466. (46) "But you might do't,"

The folio has "*But might you doe't.*"—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. ii. p. 250).—Compare, in Isabella's preceding speech but one, "I do think that *you might* pardon him."

P. 466. (47) "back"

Was added in the second folio.

P. 466. (48) "If He, which is the top of judgment,"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "—— the God of judgment,"—most wantonly. That very expression which did not suit the taste of the Ms. Corrector occurs in another great poet, one whose fame is as imperishable as Shakespeare's;

"Chè cima di giudicio non s' avvalla," &c.

Dante, *Purgatorio*, c. vi. 37.

P. 466. (49) "condemns"

The folio has "condemne."

P. 467. (50) "If that the first that did th' edict infringe"

The folio has "*If the first that,*" &c.; and Mr. Knight admires the "retardation" of the line so given.—It has been variously amended. I adopt the reading of Walker (*Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. ii. p. 264).

P. 467. (51) "that shows what future evils,—  
*Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,*  
*And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,—*  
*Are now to have no successive degrees,*  
*But, ere they live, to end."*

The folio has

"  
*Either now, or by remissnesse* . . .  
*But here they live to end."*

Pope altered "now" to "new;" Hanmer "here" to "ere" (and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—Malone prints "*But, where they live, to end.*"—Walker considers as unquestionably right the readings which I have adopted in this passage: see his *Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. ii. p. 215.

P. 467. (52) "O, it is excellent  
 . . . . . but it is tyrannous"

Most probably Shakespeare wrote

"O, 'tis excellent  
 . . . . . but tyrannous."

P. 467. (53) "but man,"

The editor of the second folio, to assist the metre, gives "O, but man."

P. 468. (54) "We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:"

Warburton reads "We cannot weigh our brother with yourself;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "You cannot weigh our brother with yourself."

P. 469. (55) "Ang. At any time 'fore noon.  
 Isab. Save your honour!"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 214) would arrange and read,

"Ang. At any time 'fore noon.  
 Isab. God save your honour!"

P. 469. (56) "evils"

*Evils* = *foricæ*.—In *The Parthenon* for August 2, 1862, p. 442, the late Mr. W. W. Williams writes; "The Perkins folio alters 'evils' to 'offals;' but Mr. Collier prints 'evils,' remarking that the meaning of the two words is the same. It would not be difficult to show that by 'evil' or 'evils' our forefathers designated *physical* as well as moral corruption and impurity. I am told that the word retains this sense among the Americans; and I find that a newspaper correspondent, writing from the camp of General M'Clellan after his late defeat before Richmond, and detailing the distress of the Federal army, speaks of 'the *offal* of hecatombs of oxen, impossible to cart away,' and afterwards varies his phraseology by describing the 'grinning heads of oxen, hides mosaic'd into *evil* by rains.'"

P. 469. (57) "Subdues me quite:—ev'èr till now,  
 When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how."

Nothing is wanting here. Frequently, when our early dramatists introduce a couplet, they make the *first line shorter* (sometimes *much shorter*) than the second: compare *The Merchant of Venice*, act ii. sc. 5;

"Fast bind, fast find,—  
 A proverb never stale in thrifty mind."

and see my notes on Middleton's *Works*, i. 424, ii. 7, 307.—No annotator, I believe, has cited the following passage of Petrarch as resembling the present one;

"Lagrima ancor non mi bagnava il petto,  
 Nè rompea il sonno, e quel ch' in me non era,  
 Mi pareva un miracolo in altrui." *Canzone* 1.

P. 470. (58) "flames"

The folio has "flawes."—Corrected by Davenant: see note 17.

P. 471. (59) "Showing we would not spare heaven"

"*Spare heaven*,"—i. e. spare [or forbear] to offend heaven." MALONE,—a somewhat forced explanation.—Here "*spare*" has been altered by Pope to "*seek*," and by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "*serve*."

P. 471. (60) "And I am going with instruction to him.

Jul. *Grace go with you!*

Duke.

Benedicite!"

The whole of this is given to the Duke in the folio.—Ritson first pointed out that a portion of it belongs to Juliet.—Here Walker (*Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. i. p. 214) would read "*God's grace go with you!*"

P. 471. (61)

"O injurious love,

*That respites me a life, whose very comfort*

*Is still a dying horror!*

Prov.

'Tis pity of him."

Mr. Arrowsmith has shown that Hanmer's alteration of "*love*" to "*law*" is quite wrong, being inconsistent with the words "*a life whose very comfort is still a dying horror*," and with the Provost's reply, "'Tis pity of him." "*Petruchio's 'me' in 'knock me here soundly' (The Taming of the Shrew, act i. sc. 2), and Juliet's 'me' in 'respites me a life,' bear just the same import. It is a very hackneyed mode of speaking, not peculiar to the English language, used both in prose and verse, either in light or serious discourse.*" *Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators*, pp. 13, 15.

P. 471. (62)

"intention,"

So Pope.—The folio has "Inuention."

P. 471. (63)

"Heaven in my mouth,"

Rowe printed "*Heaven's in my mouth*,"—rightly perhaps.

P. 471. (64)

"*sear'd*"

So Lord Ellesmere's copy of the folio:—most copies have "*feard*" (a misprint which the folio has again in *Cymbeline*, act ii. sc. 4, "*in these fear'd hopes*").

P. 471. (65)

"*Blood, thou still art blood:*"

The folio has "*Blood, thou art blood*" (and Mr. Grant White thinks that "*the pause after the exclamation fills out the line with a rhetorical effect*").—I adopt Malone's emendation; which I prefer to Pope's "*Blood, thou art but blood*," and to Walker's "*Blood, blood, thou art blood*" (*Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. ii. p. 142).



P. 472. (66) "swoons ;"

The folio here has "swoonds ;" as it usually spells the word,—but not always, for the modern spelling "swoon" is also found in it. See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale*.

P. 472. (67) "part,"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "path."

P. 473. (68) "Say you so ?"

Pope gave "And say you so ?"—rightly perhaps.

P. 473. (69) "or,"

The folio has "and."

P. 473. (70) "than accompt."

The folio has "then for accompt,"—the "for" having been repeated by mistake.

P. 473. (71) "craftily ; and that's not good."

So Davenant (see note 17).—The folio has "crafty," &c. ; which (though Shakespeare often uses adjectives adverbially) is shown by the metre to be a misprint.—*Just under that word*, in the next line, the folio has another blunder,—it omits "*me*."

P. 473. (72) "as these black masks  
*Proclaim an enshield beauty*"

Here, if "*enshield*" be right, it is equivalent to *en-shielded* (i. e. covered and protected as with a shield).—Tyrwhitt would read "en-shell'd" or "in-shell'd" (which latter is given by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).

As to "*THESE black masks*,"—Tyrwhitt in his earlier days conjectured that Shakespeare alluded to "the masks of the audience when the play was acted at court:" but he afterwards repudiated that most extravagant conjecture ; "My notion at present," he says, "is, that the phrase *these black masks* signifies nothing more than *black masks* ; according to an old idiom of our language, by which the demonstrative pronoun is put for the prepositive article." So afterwards we have in the present play (p. 492),

"volumes of report

Run with *these* false and most contrarious quests  
Upon thy doings!"

And compare Webster ;

"We that are great women of pleasure use to cut off  
*These* uncertain wishes and unquiet longings,  
And in an instant join the sweet delight  
And the pretty excuse together."

*The Duchess of Malfi*, act v. sc. 2.

(I cannot but feel surprised that Tyrwhitt's discarded conjecture, about *these*

*masks* meaning the masks of the audience, should have been brought forward by Mr. Halliwell as a probable one; and that he should conceive it to be supported by a passage (to which he only refers) at the conclusion of Fletcher's *Beggars' Bush*, where Higgen, *speaking the epilogue*, says to the "ladies,"

"If you be pleas'd, look cheerly, throw your eyes  
Out at your masks.")

P. 473. (73) "*Than beauty could, display'd.—But mark me ;*"  
To this line Hanmer, for the metre, added "well."

P. 474. (74) "*But in the loss of question,—*"  
"This expression, I believe, means *but in idle supposition*, or *conversation that tends to nothing*." STEEVENS. "Question is used here, as in many other places, for *conversation*." MALONE. Yet Mr. Collier declares that "no sense has been extracted" from the old reading, and adopts (in his sec. ed.) his Ms. Corrector's alteration, "*But in the force of question*."

P. 474. (75) "*all-binding law ;*"  
So Johnson (after Theobald) and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*all-building-Law*."—Rowe substituted "*all-holding law ;*" which Mr. Grant White prefers.

P. 474. (76) "*or else to let him suffer ;*"  
"Sir Thomas Hanmer reads more grammatically '*or else let him suffer*' [and in the earlier part of the line gives, with the folio, '*supposed*']. But our author is frequently inaccurate in the construction of his sentences," &c. MALONE. A very doubtful passage.

P. 474. (77) "*That longing I've been sick for,*"  
The folio has "*That longing haue bin sick for,*"—a reading which, as far as the ellipsis "have" for "I have" is concerned, need not be objected to. "But," observes Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "I cannot think that any writer, in any stage of our language, would have written '*I longing*' or '*longing I have been sick for a thing*.' I would read '*That long I had been sick for*.'"—Mr. Knight prints "*That longing had been,*" &c., and says in all seriousness that here "*'longing'* is clearly a substantive."

P. 474. (78) "*lawful mercy is*  
*Nothing akin to foul redemption.*"

Stands in the folio thus,

"*lawfull mercie,*  
*Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.*"

P. 475. (79) "*If not a fedary, but only he,*  
*Owe and succeed this weakness.*"

The folio has "*succeed thy weaknesse ;*" which, I think, cannot possibly be

right, for Isabella would not so express herself in reference to that *general frailty* just spoken of by Angelo (who has not yet explained to her his wishes).—Rowe gave “*succeed by weakness* ;” Capell, “*succeed to weakness*.”—I adopt the conjecture of Malone (which is also that of the Ms. Annotator in Lord Ellesmere’s first folio).—*Fedary*, i. e. colleague, associate, confederate: see *Glossary*.

P. 475. (80)

“*Aloud*”

None of the editors, I believe, have thrown out this word: but is it not an interpolation?

P. 476. (81)

“*O perilous mouths*,”

Altered by Theobald to “*O most perilous mouths*.”—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 18) cites the passage with “*O pernicious mouths*,” which he seems to have thought was the modern reading, and which he approves.

P. 477. (82)

“*a breath thou art,**Servile to all the skye influences**That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,**Hourly afflict* :”

The folio has “*That dost this habitation*,” &c.—Porson says; “Sir T. Hammer changed *dost* to *do* without necessity or authority. The construction is not ‘the skye influences that do,’ but, ‘a breath thou art, that dost,’ &c. If ‘*Servile to all the skye influences*’ be enclosed in a parenthesis, all the difficulty will vanish.” Now, what could the great critic have been thinking of when such a note dropt from him? Can any thing be plainer than the poet’s meaning here, viz. that “the skye influences hourly afflict” the body (“this habitation”)?

P. 477. (83)

“*affects*,”

Johnson’s conjecture.—The folio has “*effects*.”

P. 477. (84)

“*unloads*”

Altered by Pope to “*unloadeth*.”

P. 477. (85)

“*sire*,”

The folio has “*fire*.”—Corrected in the fourth folio.—1863. Mr. Collier’s copy of the second folio, we are told, has “*sire*.”

P. 477. (86)

“*Becomes as aged*,”

This has been much suspected: but the attempts made to amend it are, all of them, very unhappy.

P. 477. (87)

“*What’s in this*. . . *Yet in this life*. . . *yet death we fear*,”

The folio has "*What's yet in this,*" &c.,—an error undoubtedly caused by the occurrence of "*yet*" in the next line and in the line after that.

P. 478. (88) "Duke. *Dear son,* . . .  
Claud. *Most holy sir,*"

The folio has "*Duke. Deere sir,*" &c.,—"sir" having crept in from the next speech.—"*Dear sir*" is too courtly a phrase for the [supposed] Friar, who always addresses Claudio and Isabella by the appellations of *son* and *daughter* [though he calls Barnardine "*sir*," p. 500]. I should therefore read '*Dear son.*'" MASON.

P. 478. (89) "*Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be  
Conceal'd.*"

The folio has

"*Bring them to heare me speak, where I may be conceal'd,*"—

the words "*them*" and "*me*" being transposed by mistake.—The editor of the second folio altered the passage to

"*Bring them to speake, where I may be conceal'd, yet heare them.*"

P. 478. (90) "Though"

The folio has "*Through.*"

P. 479. (91) "Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From flowery tenderness?"

"After the high Roman fashion Isabel lectures her brother about death, and obtrudes her fears of his courage to meet it; whereupon poor Claudio naturally enough resents this imputation upon his manhood, and disdains to be beholden to his sister, to a woman, to '*flowery tenderness,*' for a resolution to die; outbidding withal the tone of superiority assumed by the weaker sex in an extravagant boast, soon to be falsified, that he would '*encounter darkness as a bride, and hug it in his arms.*'" Arrowsmith's *Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators*, p. 12.

P. 479. (92) "Claud. The priestly Angelo?  
Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,  
The damned'st body to invest and cover  
In priestly guards!"

The folio has "*The prenzie, Angelo!*" and "*In prenzie gardes.*"—The editor of the second folio altered in both places "*prenzie*" to "*princely,*"—an epithet which, in the repetition at least, has little propriety.—On a careful consideration of the passage, it appears to me that Hanmer's (Warburton's) reading "*priestly*" (given also by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector) is far preferable to any other. (Tieck's conjecture "*precise*" has the accent on the wrong syllable, and seems objectionable in the combination "*precise guards.*" Of the other readings which have been proposed here, some are almost too ridiculous to be noticed.)—For "*guards*" (i. e. facings, trimmings) Mr. Collier's

Ms. Corrector substitutes "garb,"—improperly, as is shown by what precedes, "the livery of hell."—I now (1863) find that Walker fully approves of "priestly:" see his *Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. iii. p. 19 (where he compares "our priest-like fasts" in *Coriolanus*, act v. sc. 1).

P. 479. (93). "Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,  
So to offend him still."

This passage (which has not escaped alteration by some editors) means, according to Steevens, "from the time of my committing this offence, you might persist in sinning with safety. The advantages you would derive from my having such a secret of his in my keeping, would ensure you from further harm on account of the same fault, however frequently repeated."

P. 480. (94) "regions"

The folio has "Region:" but the plural is positively required here on account of "floods" in the preceding, and "winds" in the following line.—See, too, the next note.

P. 480. (95) "thoughts"

The folio has "thought."

P. 480. (96) "penury,"

The folio has "periury."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 480. (97) "Die, perish! might but my bending down"

Not believing in "elegant retardations," I consider this line as unmetrical.—It was altered by Pope (not happily) to "—— might my only bending down."

P. 481. (98) "do not satisfy," &c.

Hanmer (Warburton) reads "do not falsify," &c.—Steevens explains the old reading, "Do not rest with satisfaction on hopes that are fallible."—See note on the passage of *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 1,

"Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied."

P. 481. (99) "Let me ask my sister pardon."

I may notice that, after these words, an "acting copy" of the play has the stage-direction, "Crosses to Isabella, and kisses her hand."

P. 482. (100) "to resolve him, I had"

i. e. to satisfy, or inform him, that I had.—The usual punctuation is wrong.

P. 482. (101)

"She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath,"

The "by" was added in the second folio. (Here "She" is used for "Her.")

P. 483. (102) "in course, now follows all :"

The folio has "in course, and now," &c. (The Cambridge Editors try to force a sense from the old reading by making "and now follows all" parenthetical.)

P. 483. (103) "scaled."

Mr. Grant White substitutes "foiled." "The only object of the Friar-Duke," he observes, "as far as Isabella, Claudio, and Mariana were concerned, being to foil the corrupt deputy."

P. 483. (104) "his attempt."

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 222) would read "this attempt." Why?

P. 484. (105) "[Exeunt severally.

SCENE II."

Here the folio has only "Exit" [Isabella]; and it marks no new scene.

As soon as Isabella had quitted the stage, the audience were to suppose that the scene was changed from the interior to the outside of the prison.

P. 484. (106) "Fie, sirrah! a bawd,"

Qy. "Fie, sirrah, fie! a bawd."

P. 484. (107) "array"

The folio has "away."

P. 485. (108) "Free from our faults, as from faults seeming free!"

The folio has "From our faults, as faults from seeming free."—The second folio has "Free from our faults, as faults," &c. (The fourth folio, "Free from all faults, as faults," &c.)—The transposition "from faults" was originally made by Hanmer.

P. 485. (109) "it"

A modern addition.

P. 485. (110) "What sayest thou to't?"

Grey's correction.—The folio has "— thou Trot?" (Compare *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, p. 371 of the present vol., "What say you to't, Sir John?" and *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. 1, "What say you to't?")

P. 486. (111) "Then, Pompey, nor now."

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 257) would read "Then, Pompey? no, nor now."

P. 486. (112) "his"

The folio has "the."

P. 486. (113) "the downright way of creation:."

The folio has "this downe-right," &c.,—which, though perhaps not irreconcilable with old phraseology, I believe to be a decided error; the compositor's eye having caught what (in the old copy) stands exactly above,—"*this Angelo*."

P. 486. (114) "a motion ungenerative;"

The folio has "a motion generative."—"This may be sense; and Lucio perhaps may mean, that, though Angelo have the organs of generation, yet that he makes no more use of them than if he were an inanimate puppet. But I rather think our author wrote 'a motion ungenerative,' because Lucio again in this very scene says, 'this ungenitured agent,' &c." THEOBALD.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "a motion ingenerative."

P. 487. (115) "A sly fellow"

So Hanmer.—The folio has "a shie fellow." ("The meaning of this term [*shy*]," says Malone, "may be best explained by the following lines in the fifth act;

'tis not impossible

But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,

May seem as *shy*, as grave, as just, as absolute,' &c."

But assuredly the passage just cited does not support the reading "*shy*" in the present one.)

P. 487. (116) "dearer"

The folio has "deare."

P. 488. (117) "He's not past it yet; and I say to thee,"

So Hanmer.—The folio has "He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee)."

P. 489. (118) "and it is as dangerous"

So the third folio.—The earlier folios have "and as it is as dangerous,"—a reading adopted and defended both by Mr. Collier and by Mr. Halliwell; though nothing can be more evident than that the "as" (a word which occurs again *twice in the sentence*) was inserted by mistake.

P. 489. (119) "constant"

"Is it not plain the poet wrote 'inconstant'?" asks Mr. Staunton, who, however, retains the old reading.

P. 490. (120)

"to know,

Grace to stand, and virtue go;"

Mr. Staunton proposes

"to show

Grace to stand and virtue go"

(that is, to show grace how to stand, and virtue how to go).





P. 493. (127)

“*greed?*”

The folio has “agreed.”—[Read] ‘*greed*,’ as a few lines above, and elsewhere; e. g. *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 6, ‘—this ‘*greed* upon,’ &c.” Walker’s *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 21.

P. 493. (128)

“*for yet our tilth’s to sow.*”

The folio has “*for yet our Tithes to sow.*”—That Hanmer (Warburton) was right in altering “Tithes” to “*tilth’s*” is demonstratively shown by the notes of Farmer, Tollet, and Steevens. (Yet what says Henley in defence of the old misprint?—that the Duke is speaking in the person of an ecclesiastic,” &c.!)—Mr. Collier’s Ms. Corrector also gives “*tilth’s*.”

P. 494. (129) “Abhor. *Every true man’s apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, . . . . . fits your thief.*”

The folio has

“*Abh. Euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.*

*Clo.* [i. e. *Clown=Pompey*] If it be too little for your theefe,” &c.

“The argument of the hangman is exactly similar to that of the bawd [Pompey]. As the latter puts in his claim to the whores, as members of his occupation, and, in virtue of their painting, would enroll his own fraternity in the mystery of painters; so the former equally lays claim to the thieves, as members of his occupation, and, in their right, endeavours to rank his brethren, the hangmen, under the mystery of fitters of apparel or tailors.” HEATH. But *qy.* if something has not dropt out?

P. 495. (130)

“*spirits*”

“Perhaps ‘*spirit*,’ the error having originated in the ‘*spirits*’ three lines below: yet I very much doubt, for ‘*spirits*’ seems to be the word required here by Elizabethan usage.” Walker’s *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 248.

P. 496. (131)

“*unsisting*”

“May signify ‘never at rest.’” BLACKSTONE.—The fourth folio gives “*insisting*.”—Conjecture has substituted “*unresisting*,” “*unresting*,” “*unshifting*,” “*unlist’ning*,” “*resisting*,” “*unlisting*,” “*unfeeling*,” and “*unwisting*”!!

P. 496. (132)

“*This is his lordship’s man.*”

The folio has “—Lords *man*.” (“Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the Ms. plays of our author’s time they often wrote *Lo.* for *Lord*, and *Lord.* for *Lordship*; and these contractions were sometimes improperly followed in the printed copies.” MALONE.)—The folio gives the above words to “*Duke*,” and the next speech to “*Pro.*,”—which Tyrwhitt long ago pointed out as wrong: “The Provost,” he observes, “has just declared a fixed opinion that the execution will not be countermanded, and yet, upon the first appearance of the Messenger, he immediately guesses that his errand is to bring Claudio’s pardon. It is evident, I think, that the names of the speakers are misplaced,” &c.; and Mr. Knight, in adopting Tyrwhitt’s correction, notices

the strange inconsistency of the Provost's first saying, "Here comes Claudio's pardon," and presently after, "I told you [*that he had no chance of a pardon*]."

P. 498. (133) "*Shave the head, and trim the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death.*"

The folio has "— and tie the beard," &c.—I adopt the conjecture of Mr. Swynfen Jervis. (In *The Comedy of Errors* "*trimming*" is misprinted "*trying*" in the folio; see note 32 on that play.)—Simpson proposed "— and dye the beard," &c.; which is adopted by Mr. Grant White: but it is less suited to the context ("*so bared*") than the reading now given; and in *All's well that ends well*, act iv. sc. 1, we have the expression, "*the baring of my beard.*" Nor can I agree with Mr. Grant White in thinking that the lection "*dye*" is supported by what the Provost says in the next scene about Ragozine—"his beard and head just of his colour."

P. 499. (134) "*perchance entering into some monastery,*" &c.

"The Duke tells the Provost that in Angelo's letters of strange tenor everything is written conjecturally, perchance of the Duke's death, perchance entering into some monastery, 'but by chance nothing of what is writ,' *i. e.* except as a matter of chance nothing of what is writ—nothing of what is writ in the letters received by Angelo is set down otherwise than uncertainly." Arrowsmith's *Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators*, p. 43. The passage has hitherto been misunderstood.

P. 499. (135) "*Dizzy,*"

The folio has "*Dizie*" (which, Steevens conjectures, "*might have been corrupted from Dicey, i. e. one addicted to dice*").

P. 499. (136) "*Forthright*"

The folio has "*Forthlight.*"

P. 499. (137) "*are now 'for the Lord's sake.'*"

Pope printed "*are now in for,*" &c.; and so reads Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector. (Malone, defending the old text, compares "*and they are for the town's end, —to beg during life.*" *First Part of King Henry IV.* act v. sc. 3.)

P. 500. (138) "*friend,*"

The folio has "*friends.*"—Corrected in the third folio.

P. 500. (139) "*O gravel heart!—*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*O grovelling beast!*" which is adopted by Mr. Grant White, though Mr. Collier himself has not ventured to insert it in his text!

P. 501. (140) "*do*"

An interpolation perhaps.

P. 501. (141) "Let this be done,—put them in secret holds,  
Both Barnardine and Claudio:"

The arrangement in the folio is,

"Let this be done,—

Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio;"

and possibly it may have been the author's: see note 2 on *The Sec. Part of King Henry VI.*

P. 501. (142) "Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting  
To th' under generation,"

The folio has "*To yond generation*," &c.—I give the correction of Hanmer (who saw that the "yond" of the folio was nothing else than "yond" = "*the under*"),—a correction made, says Johnson, "with true judgment." Yet how unaccountably has it been misunderstood! Steevens (defending it), and Mr. Knight and others (rejecting it), agree in supposing that "*the under generation*" can only mean *the Antipodes*! But, surely, the following passages,

"Approach, thou beacon to *this under globe*,

That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter!"

*King Lear*, act ii. sc. 2.

and

"You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—

That hath to instrument *this lower world*

And what is in't," &c.

*The Tempest*, act iii. sc. 3.

might have shown them that "*the under generation*" is equivalent to "*the generation who live on the earth beneath,—mankind in general.*" (Let me add, that this misconception on the part of Steevens and his successors,—long time a matter of surprise to me,—did not escape the notice of my acute friend Mr. W. N. Lettsom, who, in a letter with which he lately favoured me, mentions it as astonishing.)—Since the first edition of this work was printed, I have met with the following lines in the opening speech of Settle's *Female Prelate*, &c. 1680;

"So a translated soul, caught up to heaven,

Stands on the battlements of his new Paradise,

And with a wond'ring eye surveys how far

He has left the distant *under-world* beneath him."

P. 502. (143) "well-balanc'd"

The folio has "weale-ballanc'd."

P. 502. (144) "comfort"

The folio has "comforts."

P. 502. (145) "Mark what I say to you, which you shall find"

The words "*to you*" were added by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (whose addition seems preferable to that of Pope, "— *you shall surely find*").

P. 502. (146) "covent,"

Has been altered to "convent:" but "*covent*" (which occurs again in our author's *Henry VIII.* act iv. sc. 2) is a very old form of the word. (E. g. in *A Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*;

"The abbot sayd to his *covent*,  
There he stode on groundes," &c. *Fytte* ii.)

P. 503. (147) "If you can, pace your wisdom  
In that good path that I would wish it go;"

In the folio there is no comma between "*can*" and "*pace*:" and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 22) "believes that a line is lost after '*go*'."

P. 504. (148) "*redeliver*"

The folio has "*reliuer*;" the second folio "*deliuer*."

P. 504. (149) "*dares her no*;"

Is explained by Warburton, "*dares her to reply no to me, whatever I say.*"—Mr. Grant White prints "*dares her on*," which Becket conjectured.

P. 504. (150) "*bears so credent bulk*,"

The folio has "*beares of a credent bulke*."

P. 505. (151) "*our special drift*;"

"Is '*our*' an erratum for '*your*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 9.

P. 505. (152) "*Flavius' house*,

*To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus*," &c.

The folio has "*Flauia's house*," and "*To Valentius*,"—which Capell altered to "*To Valentinus*."—Pope and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector give "*Unto Valentinus*;" which reads very awkwardly with the following "*to Crassus*;" and besides, twice before in this play we find "*notice to*," pp. 502, 504.

P. 505. (153) "*to vailful purpose*."

So Hanmer,—improving on Theobald's "*t' availful purpose*;" and so, too, Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*to vaile full purpose*."

P. 506. (154) "*you forth to*"

Mr. Grant White chooses to print "*forth to you*."

P. 507. (155) "*here*!"

An interpolation?

P. 507. (156) "*it is*"

An interpolation, in all probability.

P. 508. (157) "ne'er"

The folio has "ere,"—which can only be reconciled to the text by a very forced explanation.

P. 508. (158) "And hide the false seems true."

i. e. "And hide the false *which* seems true."—"I agree with Theobald [Warburton] in reading 'Not hide the false seems true.'" MASON.

P. 509. (159) "The matter;—proceed."

HANMER reads "The matter then; proceed;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector "The matter?—Now proceed;" while Capell omits the words "The matter," which perhaps were repeated by mistake from the preceding line.

P. 509. (160) "surfeiting,"

The fourth folio has "forfeiting."

P. 509. (161) "likely!"

Here Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "like," on account of the "like" in the next line.

P. 510. (162) "be practice.—"

The folio has "be a practise."—Compare the preceding speech of the Duke. (In both places, of course, "practice" means—stratagem, conspiracy.)

P. 510. (163) "this"

i. e. "this is." (So in the folio.)

P. 510. (164) "on my trust,"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "on my truth;" and Mr. Singer "on my troth:"—why?

P. 511. (165) "a strange fever."

Walker (*Crit. Exam. &c.* vol. iii. p. 23) would read "a strong fever."—The late Mr. W. W. Williams (*The Parthenon* for Nov. 1, 1862, p. 849) observes; "In Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *A King and No King* I find Mardonius saying,

'His fit begins to take him now again;  
'Tis a *strange fever*, and will shake us all anon,' &c.

proving, as I submit, incontestably, that the old text in *Measure for Measure* is right."

P. 511. (166) "her face,"

The folio has "your face."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 512. (167)

“*knew*”The folio has “*knowes*.”

P. 513. (168)

“*unto*”The folio has “*to*.”—Capell prints “*even to*.”

P. 515. (169)

“*We'll touse you**Joint by joint, but we will know your purpose.*—”

The folio has “—— *his purpose*,” which Boswell defends (I now think, most preposterously) on the ground that “the close of the sentence is addressed to the by-standers.”—Hanmer substituted “—— *this purpose*.”—The alteration of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, which I have adopted, appears to be the least objectionable.—Malone says, “I believe the passage has been corrected in the wrong place; and would read,

— we'll towse *him* joint by joint

But we will know *his* purpose’.

P. 516. (170)

“*Hark, how the villain would gloze now, after his treasonable abuses!*”

The folio has “—— *would close now*,” &c. (We frequently find that the letters *c* and *g* at the beginning of words are confounded by early printers, most probably in consequence of their having been capitals in the Mss.)—The emendation “*would gloze now*” was first printed by Mr. Halliwell, from a Ms. correction in a copy of the third folio, in a note *ad l.* to Tallis's *Shakespeare*, and about two years previous to its appearance in Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare* 1853;—so much for Mr. Collier's assertion that I “silently purloined” it from his Ms. Corrector. Indeed, to any one who carefully considers the passage it is an obvious enough emendation: Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 172) never imagined that he was not proposing it for the first time, when in a note on the passage he observed, “Why ‘close’? The word is plainly, in my judgment, a misprint for ‘gloze’,” &c.; and long before Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector was heard of, or before Messrs. Halliwell and Grant White were known as critics, I had altered “close” to “*gloze*” in my copy of the *Variorum Shakespeare*.—Mr. Staunton, speaking of the present passage, in the “Addenda and Corrigenda” to his *Shakespeare*, says; “‘close,’ and not *gloze*, despite of all Mr. Collier can adduce in favour of the latter, is the genuine word. In proof of this take the following unanswerable quotations;

‘It would become me better than to *close*,

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.’ *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 1.

‘This *closing* with him fits his lunacy.’

*Titus Andronicus*, act v. sc. 2.

‘I will *close* with this country peasant very lovingly.’

Webster's *Works*, Dyce's ed. p. 281.

‘Thus cunningly she *clos'd* with him, and he conceaves her thoughts.’

Warner's *Albion's England*.”

Now I could very easily cite several passages exactly similar to those cited by Mr. Staunton (e. g.

"And I'll *close* with Bryan till I have gotten the thing  
That he hath promis'd me," &c.

Peele's *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*,—  
*Works*, p. 503, ed. Dyce, 1861);

but what then? Those passages are *totally different* from the passage of our text as given by the folio; inasmuch as the expression "*close with*" is *totally different* from the simple "*close*:" and I seriously think that if Mr. Staunton had wished to show that "*close*" is *not* the true reading here, he could hardly have done so more effectually than by bringing forward those "*unanswerable quotations*,"—1869. Though I find that Mr. Arrowsmith (*Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators*, p. 43) forbids the alteration of "*close*" to "*gloze*," I confess I feel great unwillingness to replace the old reading in the text.

P. 516. (171) "made"

The folio has "mad'st."

P. 517. (172) "remonstrance"

i. e. manifestation, declaration.—Mr. Arrowsmith cites

"Your sonne shall make *remonstrance* of his valour.'

B. Barnes's *Divil's Charter*, 1607, act i. sc. 4, sig. B 3.

'with all *remonstrances*

Of love,' &c.

*The Lost Lady*, 1639, p. 4.

'manifested in such visible *remonstrances*.' Taylor's *Sermons*, 1653, 4, page 162, Sermon 13, Part 2; 'to make *remonstrances* and declarations of what he thinks.' South's *Posthumous Sermons*, ed. 1744, Sermon 3, p. 78, vol. 9." *Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators*, p. 28.

P. 517. (173) "That brain'd my purpose :—but now peace be with him!"

The "*now*" was inserted by Hanmer.—"Possibly '*purposes*;' yet an old writer would scarcely have used the plural. Qu. 'but, *God's* peace be with him!' the name of God having been omitted in deference to the well-known act." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 263.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—— *but all peace be with him!*"

P. 517. (174) "of"

Altered by Hanmer to "in."

P. 518. (175) "fault"

The folio has "fault's."

P. 518. (176) "confiscation"

The folio has "confutation."—Corrected in the second-folio.

P. 520. (177) "[Unmuffles Claudio."

"It is somewhat strange that Isabel is not made to express either gratitude, wonder, or joy, at the sight of her brother." JOHNSON. To this remark

Boswell rejoins, foolishly enough, "Shakespeare, it should be recollected, wrote for the stage, on which Isabel might express her feelings by action."—In an "acting copy" of the play now before me, I find

" [Claudio discovers himself—Isabella runs and embraces  
him—Angelo falls on his knees.

*Isab.* O, my dear brother !"

P. 520. (178) " *Then is he pardon'd ;*"

The folio has "*Is he pardon'd.*"—Hanmer printed "He's pardonèd;" and Capell gave "*Is he too pardon'd*" (which is objectionable on account of the "too" in the next line but one).

P. 520. (179) " *her worth worth yours.*—"

"That is," says Johnson, "her value is equal to your value, the match is not unworthy of you."—Hanmer printed "*her worth works yours ;*" Heath proposed "*her worth's worth yours ;*" and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 295) conjectures "*her worth work yours.*"

P. 520. (180) " *Wherein have I deserv'd so of you,  
That you extol me thus ?*"

The folio has "*Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,*" &c. — I adopt Pope's emendation, which at least restores the metre. — Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads

" *Wherein have I so well deserv'd of you,  
That you extol me thus ?*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 151) conjectures

" *Wherein have I so undeserv'd of you,  
That you extol me thus ?*"

P. 520. (181) " *Is any woman*"

The folio has "*If any woman.*"—The usual modern reading is "*If any woman's :*" but I prefer that of the Cambridge Editors.

P. 521. (182) " *that's*"

The folio has "*that.*"—Corrected in the second folio.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

LONDON :

ROBSON AND SONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAS ROAD, N.W.









